The Best of SCOOTERING

1990-1994

Our favourite scoots, rallies and reviews from Scootering 1990-1994

£5.49

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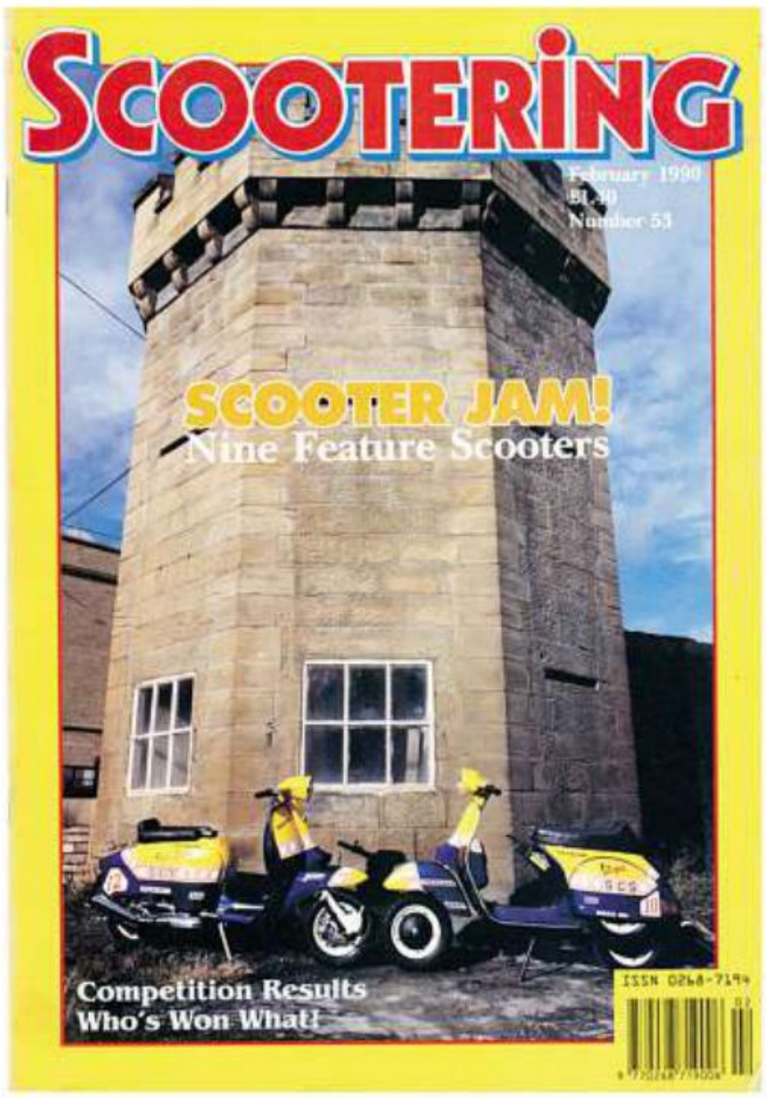

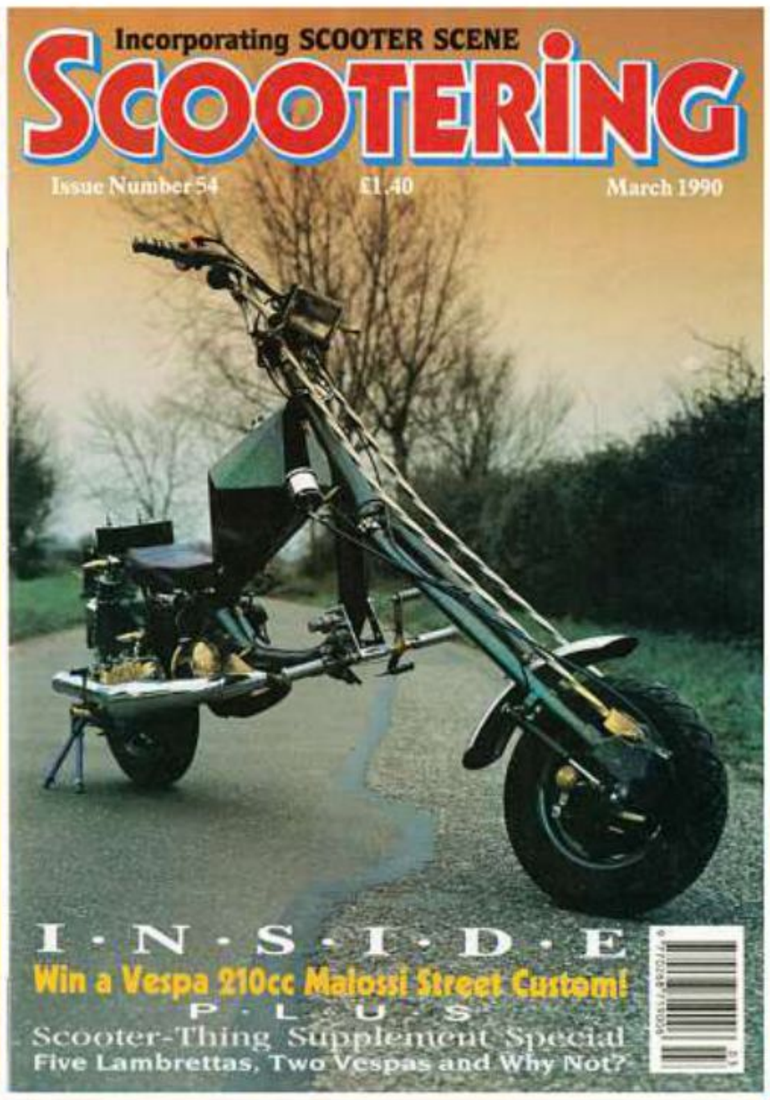

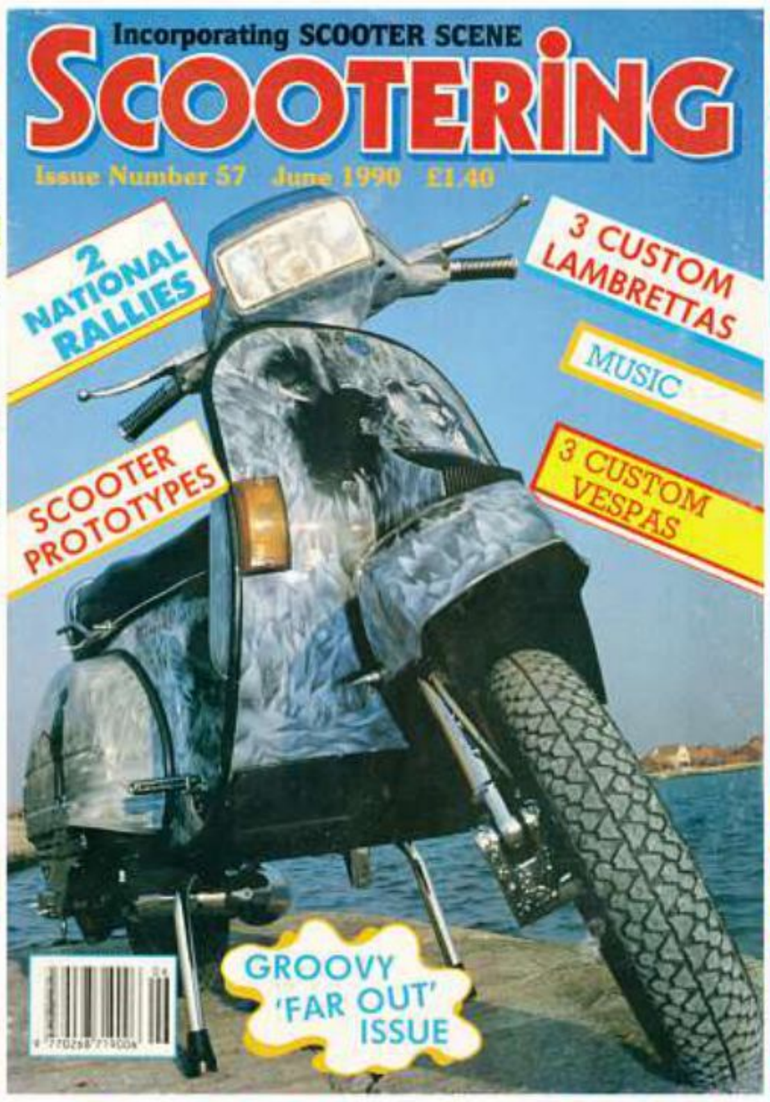

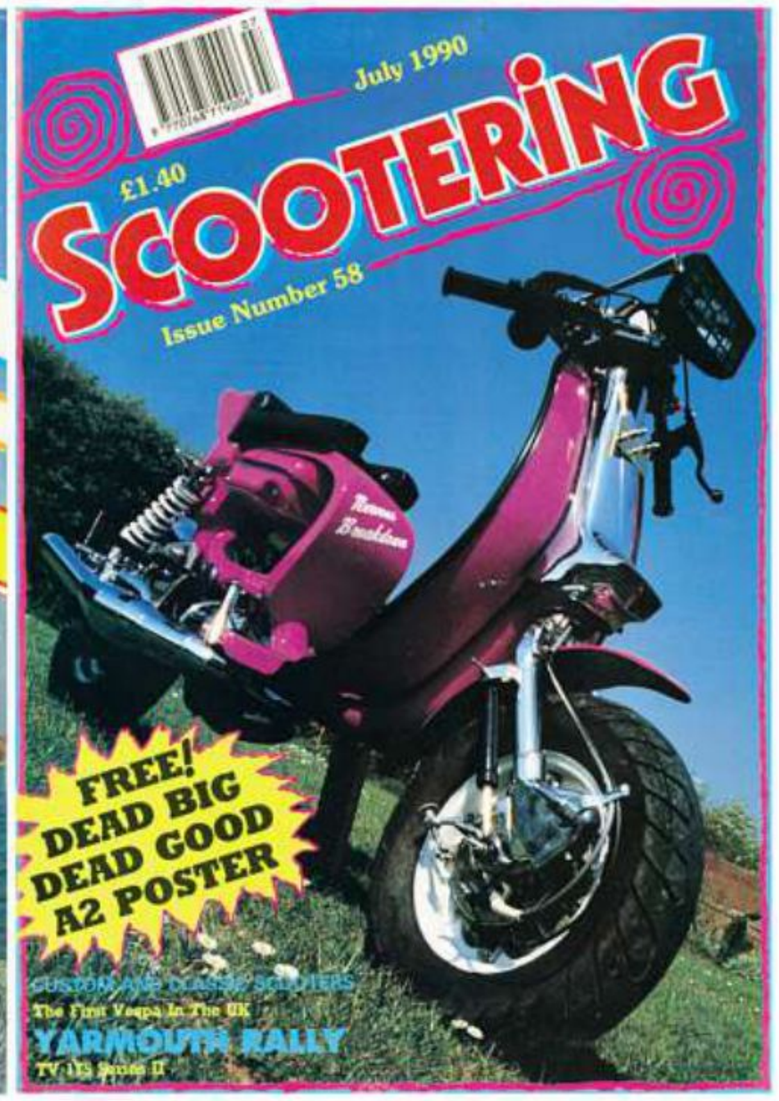

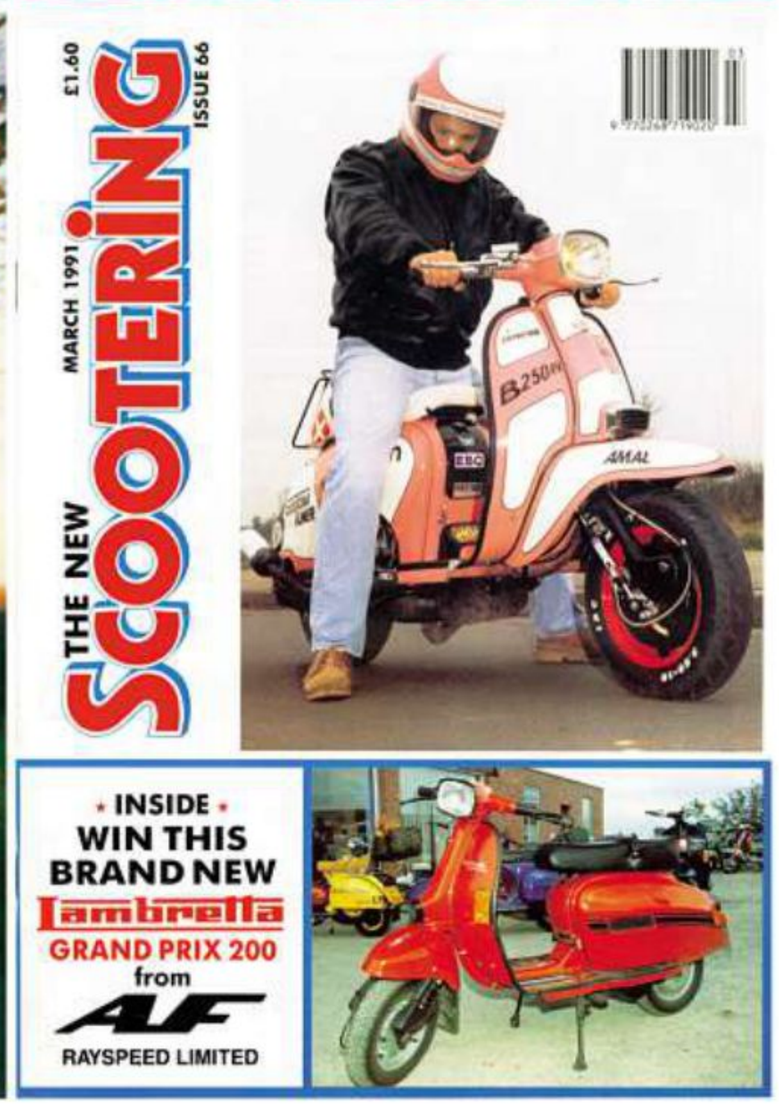

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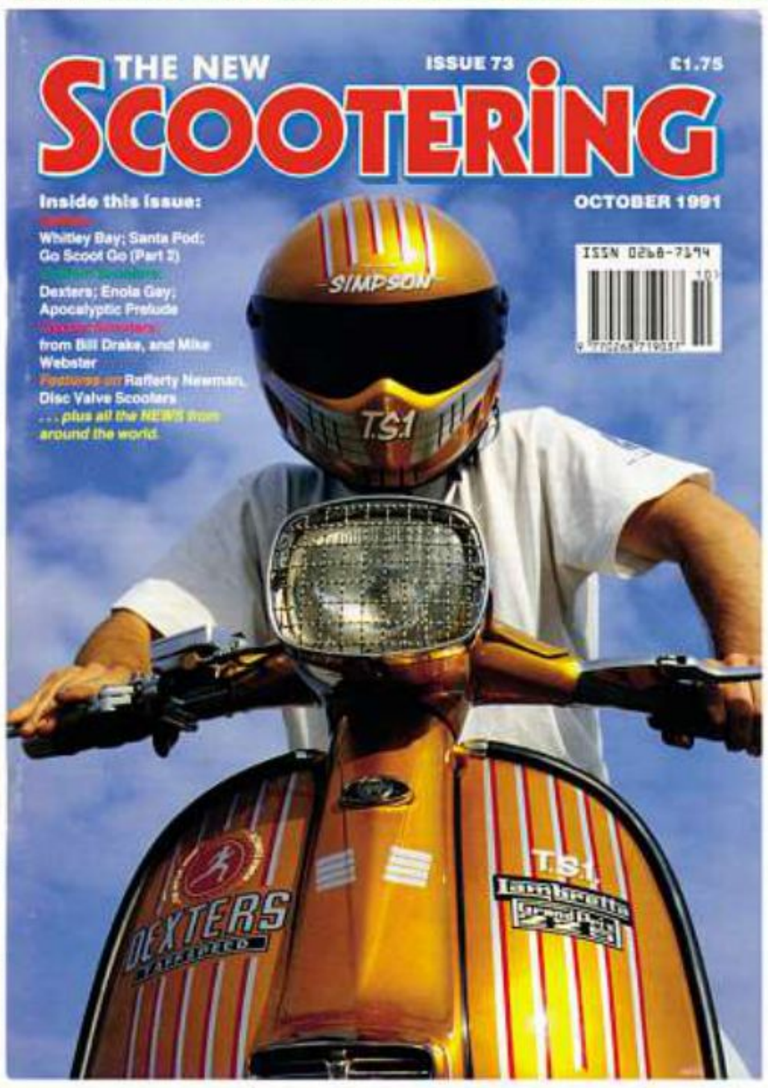

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Welcome to the second in this series of publications featuring some of the very best bits of Scootering magazine from its launch in 1985 through to the present day.

The early nineties saw Scootering itself undergo some important changes. Firstly it bought rival title Scooter Scene then there was a change of editor, before it was sold back to a consortium of scooterists led by the ex-editor of Scooter Scene and was relocated to Weston-super-Mare.

Subtle changes to the magazine title can be seen on the cover spreads included in this bookazine. I was to join the staff in March of 1993.

Attendances on UK national rallies started to drop off from the eighties, although many riders also began to venture across the channel in larger numbers – firstly through the NSRA (National Scooter Rallies Association) euro rallies and then the infamous Holiday in Holland rally, the first one of which was partly organised through this very magazine.

So, I hope you enjoy looking back at this snapshot in time as much as I enjoyed putting it together.

Gary Thomas

Editorial adviser and Advertising sales since 1993

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SCOOTERING

January 1990 No.52 £1.40

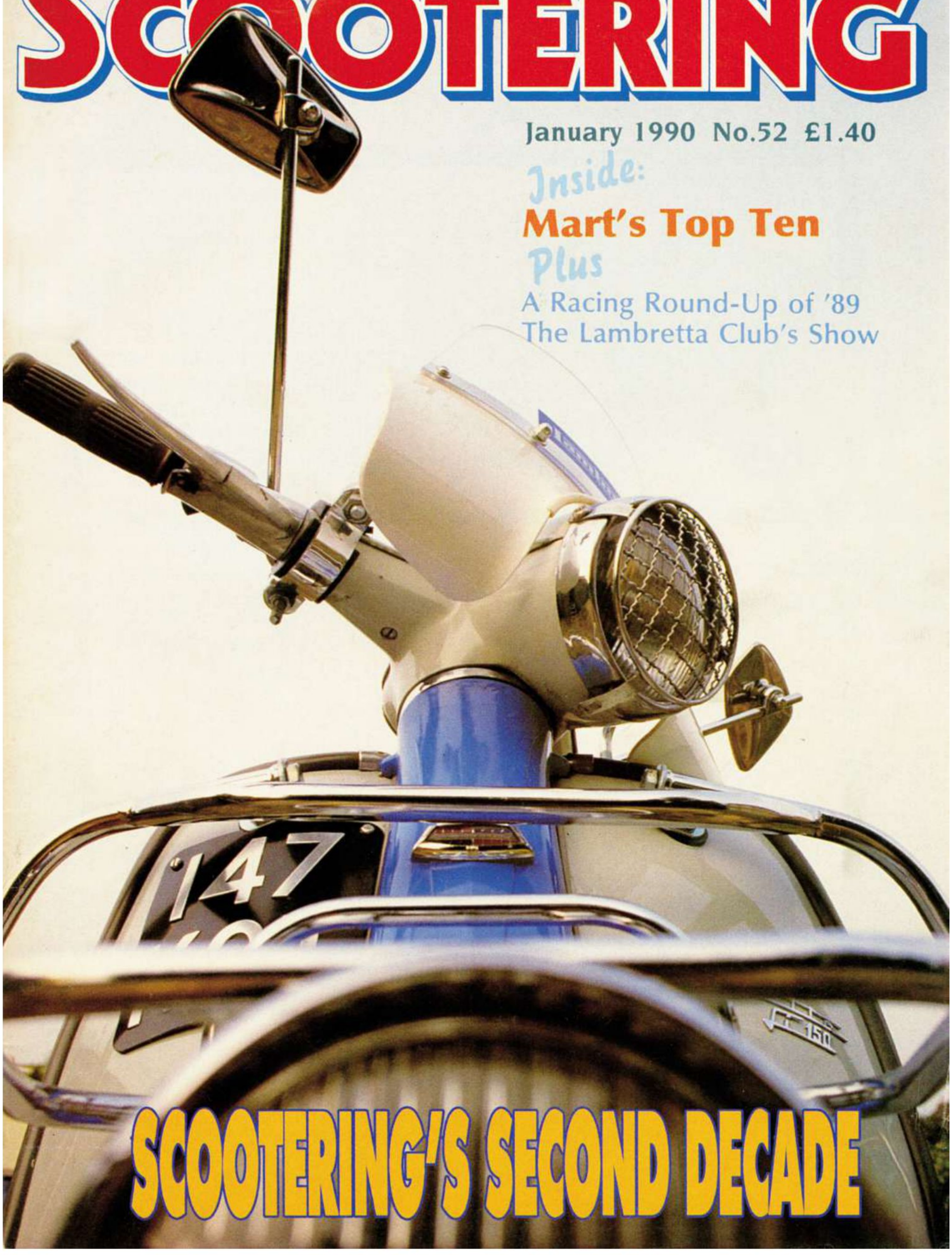
Inside:

Mart's Top Ten

Plus

A Racing Round-Up of '89

The Lambretta Club's Show



SCOOTERING'S SECOND DECADE

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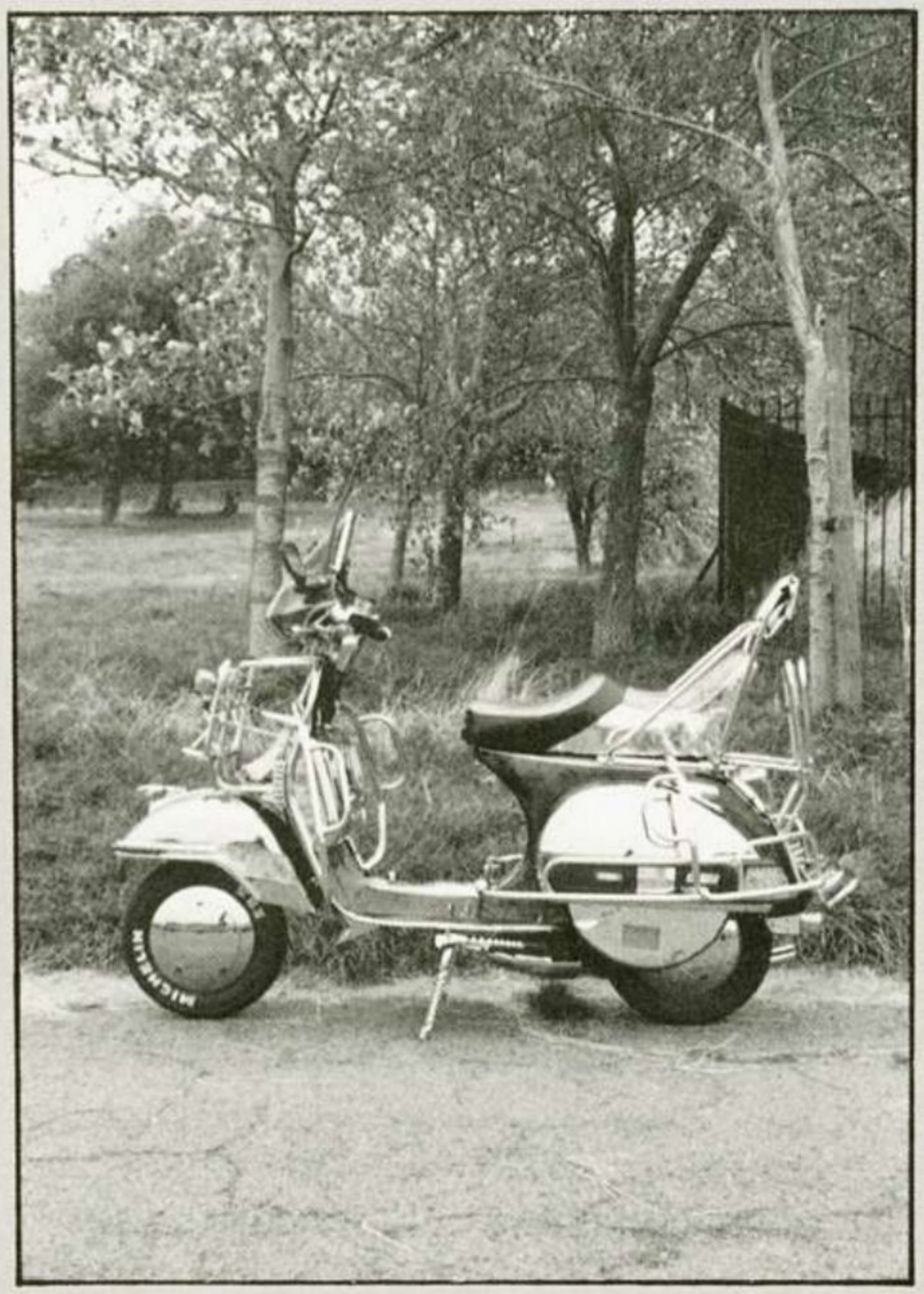
Mart's Top Bleedin' Ten . . . And Why Not?

Yep, it's that time of the year again; you've had all the turkey and mince-pies that a reasonably-sized human being can accomodate, and a whole new year – nay, a whole new decade – is upon us. But as we prise open our festive Christmas crackers, what do we find but a silly hat, a plastic trumpet . . . and, yes, Mart's Top Ten; the ultimate revue of the year's scooters – as featured in these very pages! These very glossy pages.

It's been another jolly interesting twelve months. I'm almost exactly a year older, Gareth's taller and balder, we're *still* waiting for Stu Lanning to get the beers in, Alison still hasn't grown into that nice duffel coat we got her from Oxfam in '85, and picking a mere ten scoots from a year's worth of Scooterings is trickier than ever (especially as we did thirteen issues through '89).

We'll start at number ten with Pure Sex (just as you would if you were my age and had a bad back), which was featured in issue 40. This machine was so far over the top it kept meeting itself coming back; a Mod machine for the Nineties – aching with chrome-plate and dripping with so many crash-bars it looked like the sort of post-Modernist building that would have HRH sending architects to be beheaded. Still don't understand why it's called Pure Sex though . . .

Number Nine, and Issue 50 saw a terrific hybrid – the chest of Dolly Parton on our Alison's body – yes; the GT500 Suzuki motor stuffed inside a Lambretta – but poking out like a badly stuffed olive in a half-drunk Martini *(eh?)*. Finished in a straight, flat blue, it's an absolute gem – and doubtless the owner will get an OBE for bravery in the New Year's Honours List . . . and a tastefully-worded obituary in The Times shortly after. ➔



No 10
Pure Sex

No 9
Lamzuki 500

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No 8 Scooterin'

My scoot in at Number Eight was jolly pretty and ever such a credit to it's owner . . . but Bully-Boy Brown told me I had to include Scooterin' out of this issue. So that's me put in my place. See it elsewhere in this edition, I guess. Wonder what it's like . . .?

They say 'The South Will Rise Again', but if the above-mentioned Brown is the best they can do, I reckon they'll struggle. *Eh? Aaah!* The *American* south – oh, I see. Yes, that must be the Civil War Lamby in issue 45. Nice murals, nicely done, and I reckon that the number plate came *first* and inspired the theme – but then I'm not as generous as Bob Martin. Well up to John Spurgeon's standard, and zooming in at Number Seven. Rising with a bullet, I could almost have said . . . Oh, never mind.

Vesperatta is at Number Six and comes hot-foot from issue 44; a really terrific idea, beautifully followed through. Well, that's one way of seeing it – alternatively you could ask why John Leech wanted the worst of both worlds – if you were a real dickhead, that is. The Malossi 166 sits snugly in its new abode – a Series Three Li frame, and the gay hues of yellow and red make doubley sure that you don't overlook the finished job. As I haven't: See! It works.

As a total contrast, I loved the restrained approach to the Benetton GP featured in Issue 46, and, indeed, seen on the cover. There's not a lot more to say about this, my choice for the Number Five position; I saw it, I liked it, and you don't see that many bikes of any kind finished in green – which, if nothing else, was certainly the colour of the year politically in '89.

Back to wild drama with Number Four; Psycho! And what a terrific cover and centrespread that made for Issue 47 (a house that an estate agent would probably describe as having an 'open aspect' . . .). I thought I was bored with muralled Vespas – but not when they're this original and this well done. And you know, you don't see that many bikes of any kind finished in →

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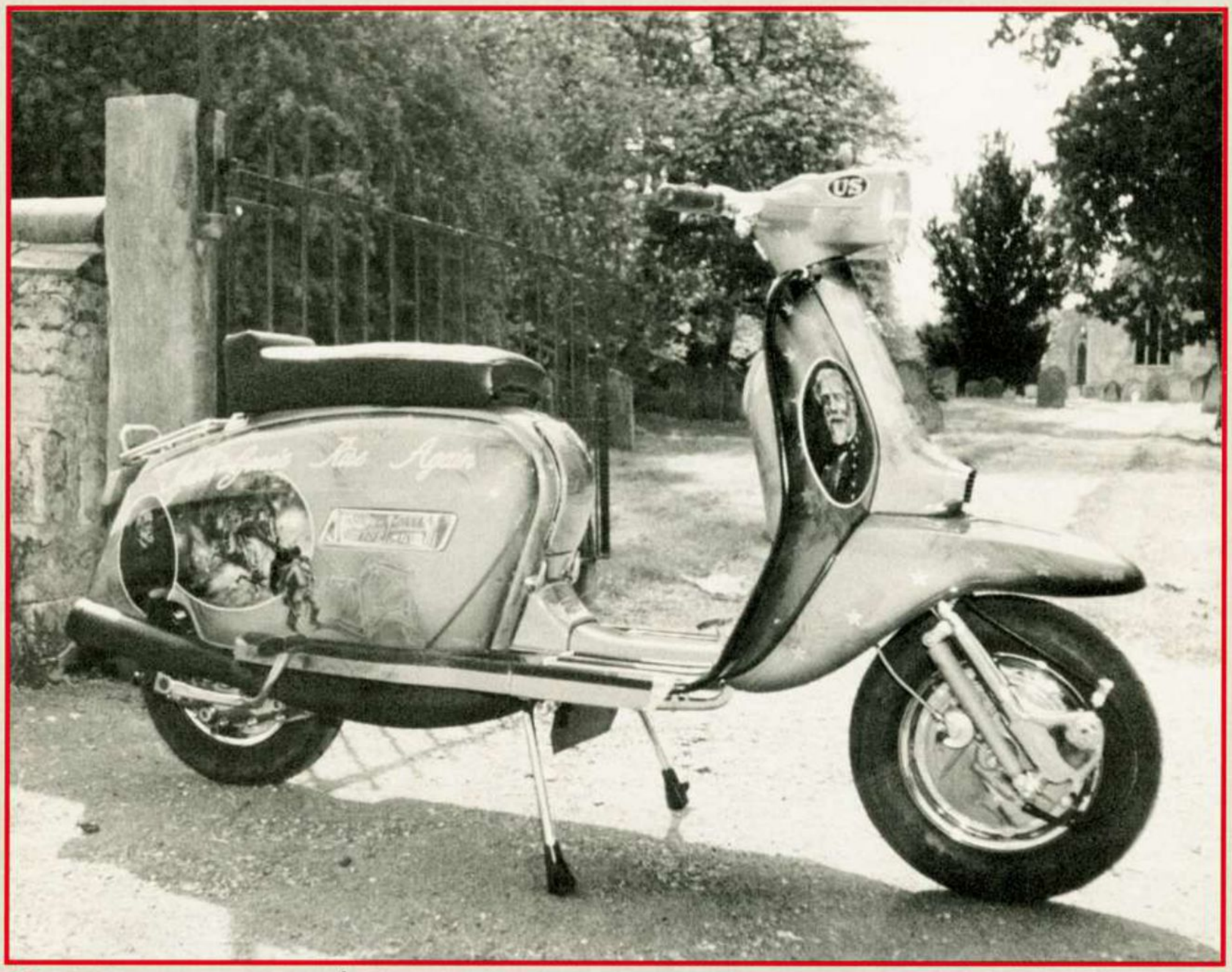
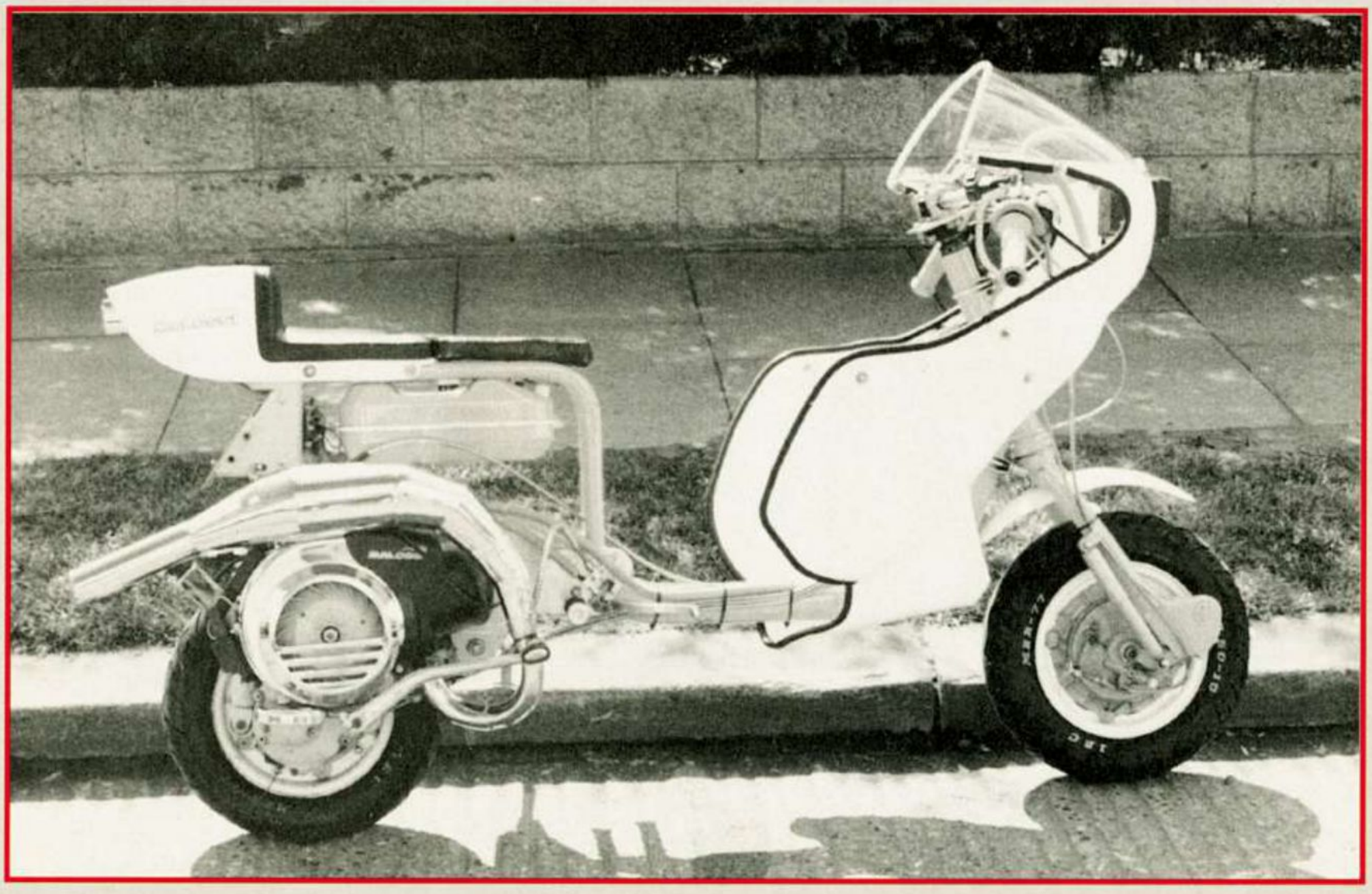


No7 South's Gonna Rise

No6 Vesparetta



Scootering

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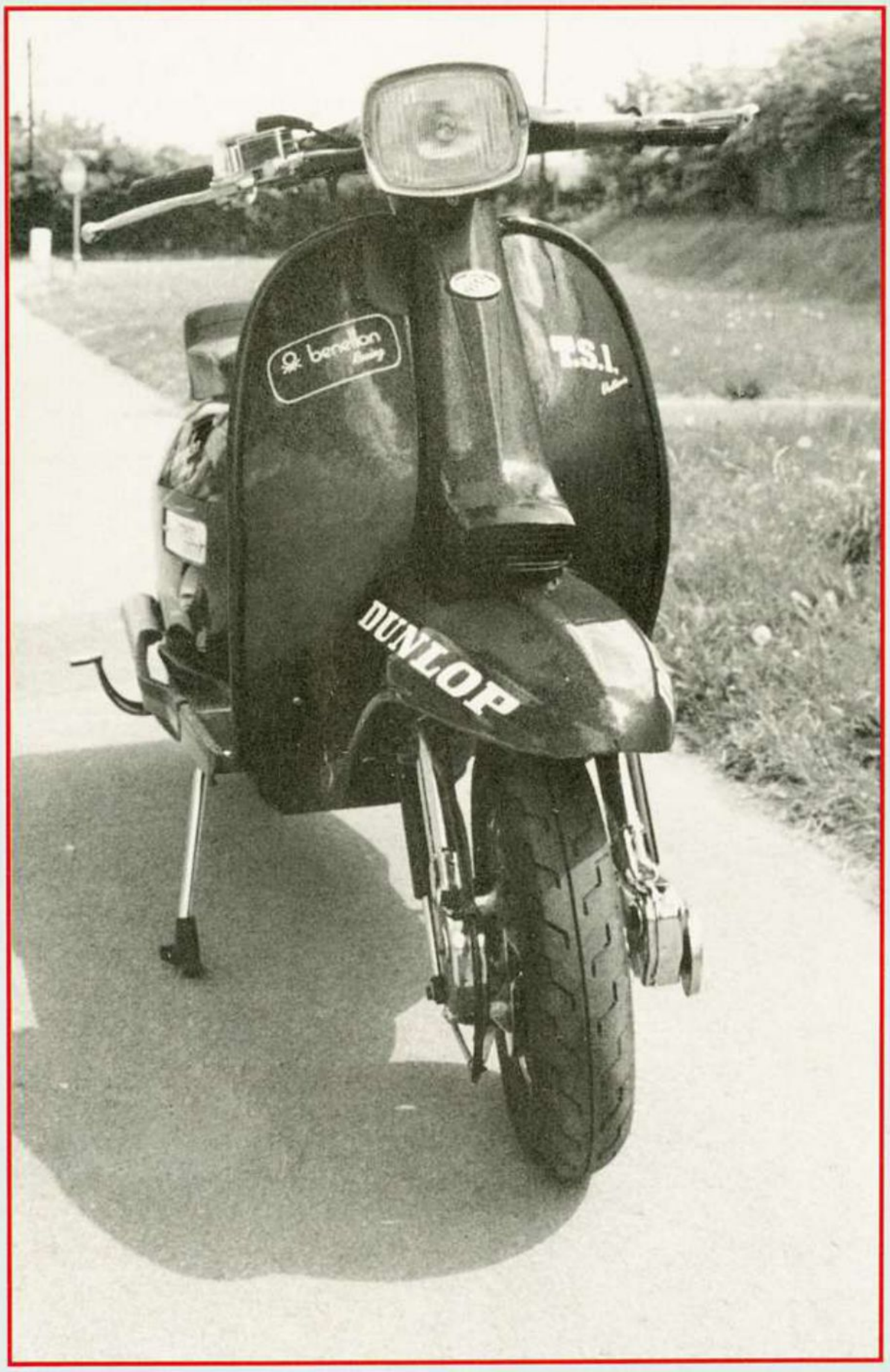

No 5 Benetton

green . . .?

Now into the final few, we have classic styling and beautiful lines on our joint Number Three, pictured with an absolute peach; Little Vicky. Together, they're the most stunning things I've seen in Scootering all year. Desireable, stylish, every young man's dream ride (and a few old ones' too), colourful, rivettingly fashionable, and economoical to run. The scoots were nice too!

Number Two *(gosh* how the tension's mounting), has got to be Headhunter, which was revamped for '89. This was the most dramatic scooter featured all year. It was seen in Issue 47 (and what a smashing issue that was! Amazing value for money, and including **my** photos of Exmouth – *no* photo credit though, but I'm not one to winge), and the machine is truly a masterpiece – this year's equivalent of New Gold Dream. Loved the colours, too; deep blues with gold leaf, and set off by just the right amount of chrome. A gem. . .but just pipped to the post by Aliens – the Vespa on the cover and centrespread of Issue 44. Deep blues again, on a virtually unmodified Vespa, but simply very classy. It's always the subtle and restrained murals that get my vote; it's dead easy to shout at people but it's far more effective to whisper in the ear. Well, in my ear anyway. And what nice folk the owners were. A worthy Top Of The Pile from a very distinguished year of scooters and Scooterings. The solid gold, five foot high, commemorative plaque is in the post; hope you're in when it arrives cos we sent in COD!

Well that's it for another year; Mart (but not the second hand).

No 4 Psycho

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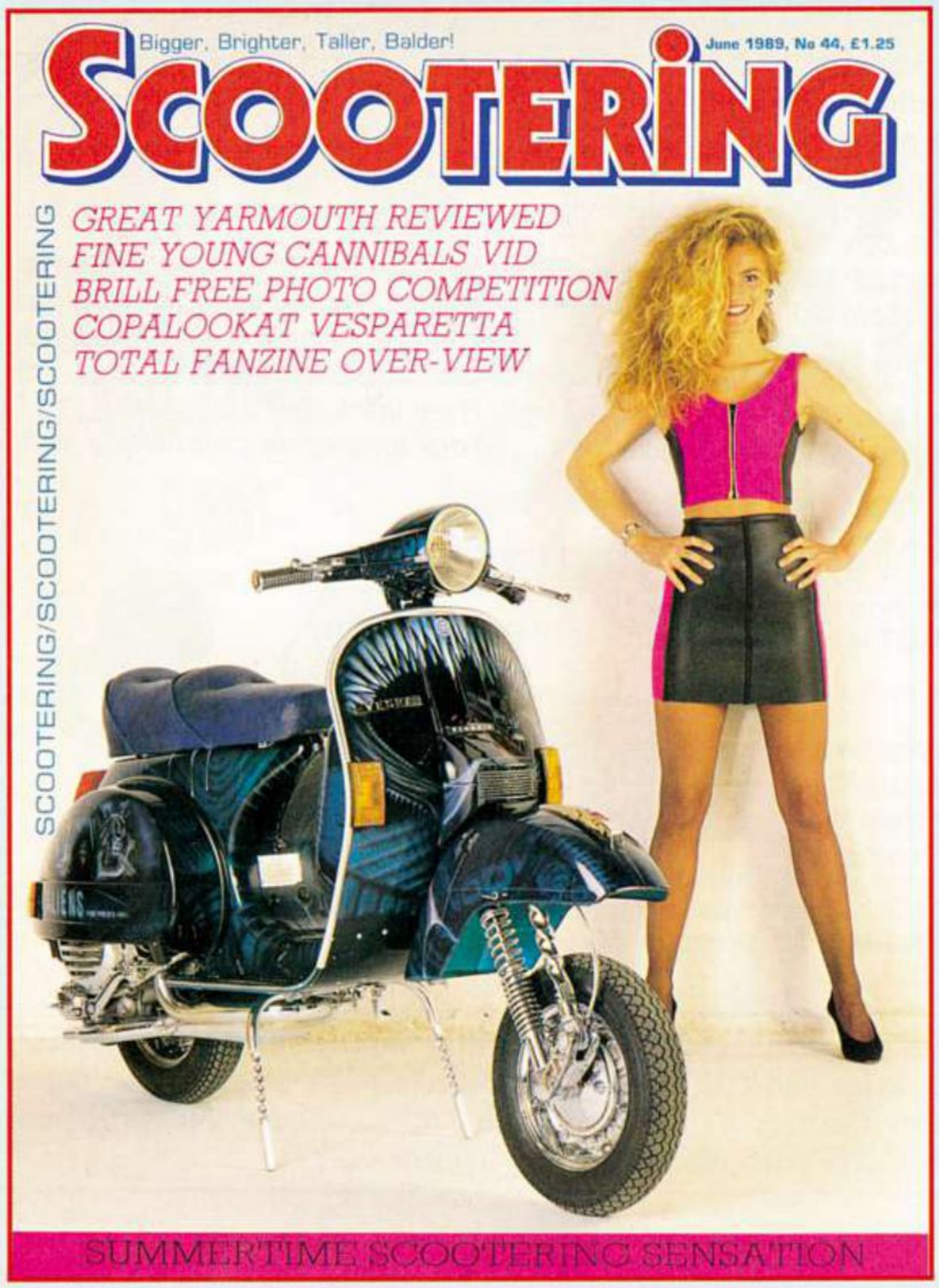
No 3 (left) Joint third here, the Vespa Sportique and Lambretta Li from issue 49. Two perfect examples of the growing trend in scooter renovation.

No 2 (below) An old favourite, the Lambretta Chopper entitled 'Head Hunter', which was re-vamped for '89, and featured in issue 47.



No 1 (left) This beautiful Vespa full-frame from issue 44 – the best of '89.

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HOLD ON TO YOUR MIZET AREAS ...

IT'S SCOOTERTHING

KAWASAKI SPECIAL

It's funny innit, the way scooter fashion changes over the years; I mean lights and mirrors, chops, cutdowns, standards, you wouldn't imagine the things that could be done to a scooter. Which brings me to the interesting scoot of Arnold Boghead.

It started off as a 1967 SX200 which Arnold bought about 3 years ago off an old bloke who had it in his shed for 10 years and only cost him 50 quid. After a while however Arnold became bored with the standard performance and opted for a Japanese piston conversion and a Mikuni carb which pepped the performance up a bit. At the same time he uprated the braking and suspension using parts from a motorcycle which compensated for the uprated power output.

Still he was not satisfied and soon he had cut down his scoot and fitted forks off a bike, a tank off a Kawasaki and dumped the engine in favour of a GPz1100 lump which gave him the performance he wanted.

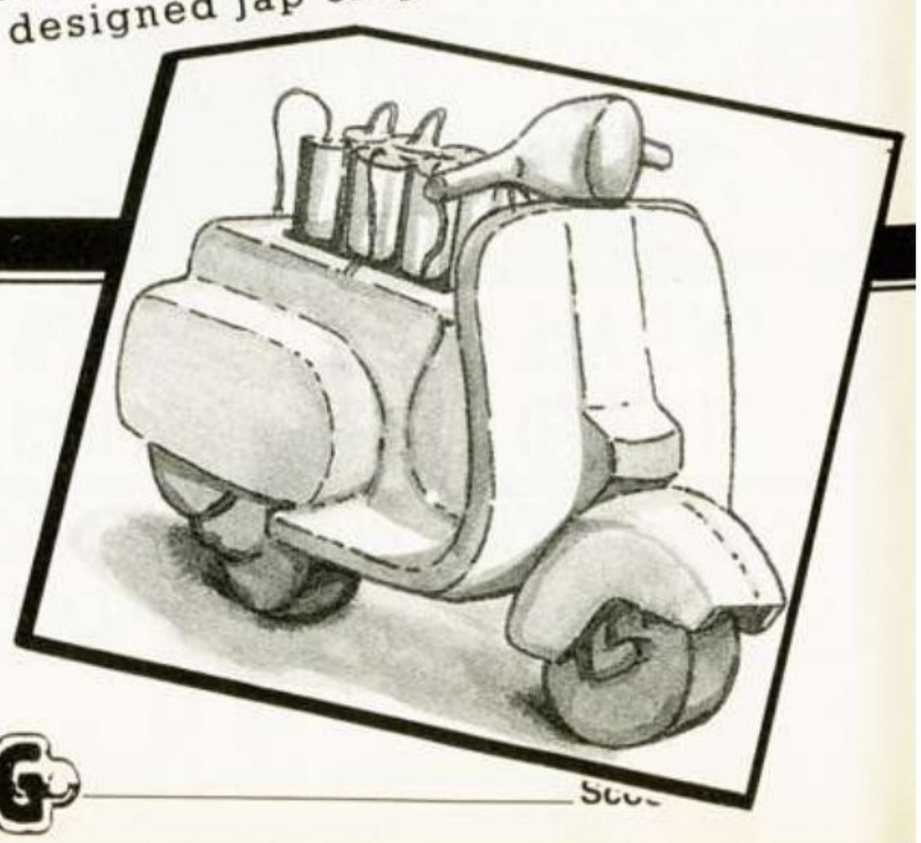
He found with the extra power however the Lammy frame tended to flex a bit and also the wheels were a bit too small, hence he was using too many tyres out. So he decided to substitute the standard wheels and frame with those from a GPz and it worked well.

He then added some of the final details like the lights and electrics, off a bike and a new seat obtained from a motorcycle shop. All topped off with a respray in Kawasaki colours.

Which brings us to the machine we see here. I asked Arnold if there were any Lambretta bits left, he said one of the nuts on the engine casing was original but he hopes to replace this with a lightweight Japanese item in the future.

This machine is a radical one and I asked Arnold if he thought he was departing from the original concept and styling of the Lambretta scooter, and that if he wanted a dirty ugly rocker bike why didn't he just go out and buy one. To which he replied that he thought he was advancing the concept of the scooter for modern day driving conditions and why didn't I get back on my hairdrier and go and iron my parka before he got the rest of the Iron Maiden fan club around.

So as Barry Norman would say there you have it, like it or like it not, but whatever you think you cannot help but ignore it when it is parked with all the other computer designed Jap crap.



GIRLS! *MENSTRUATE IN STYLE*

Menstruate in style with this ceramic tampon holder – only

£4.99

From Bleedspeed, Flapsville, Pubeston.

SCOOTERTHING

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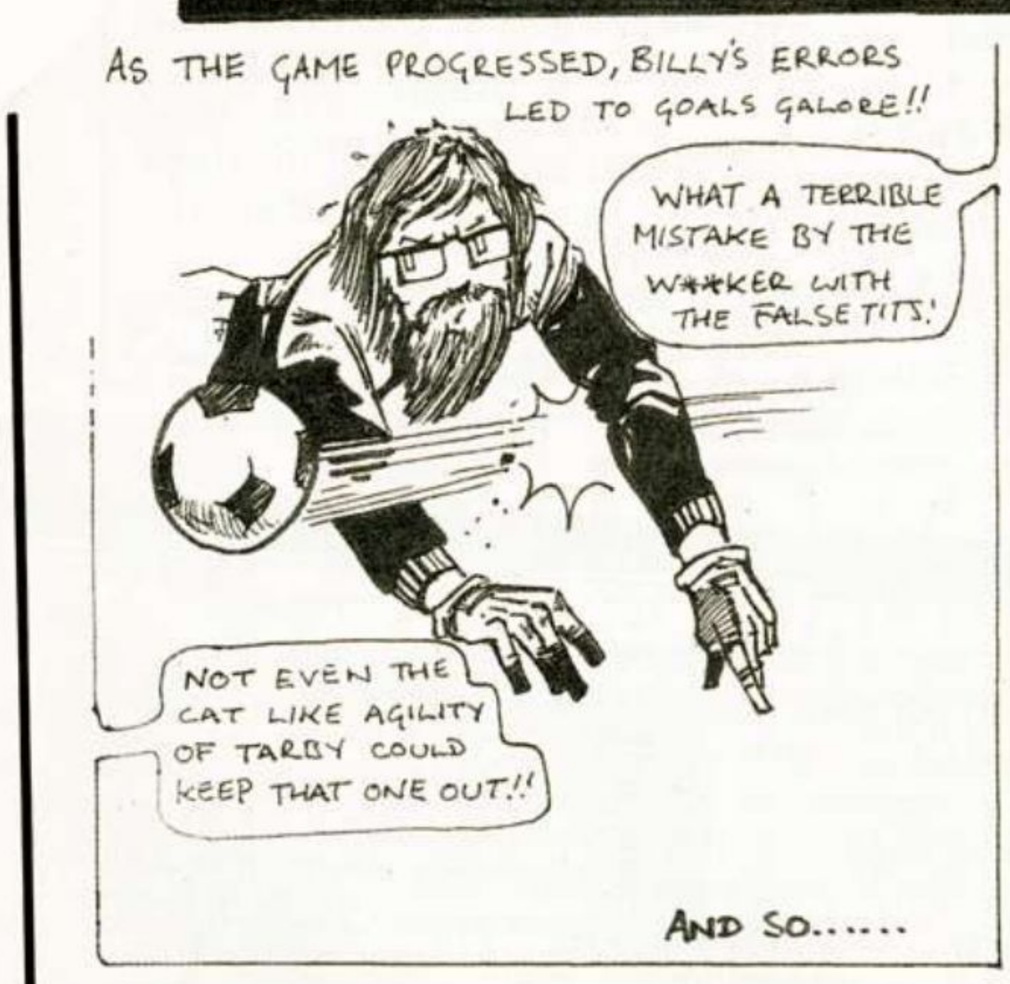
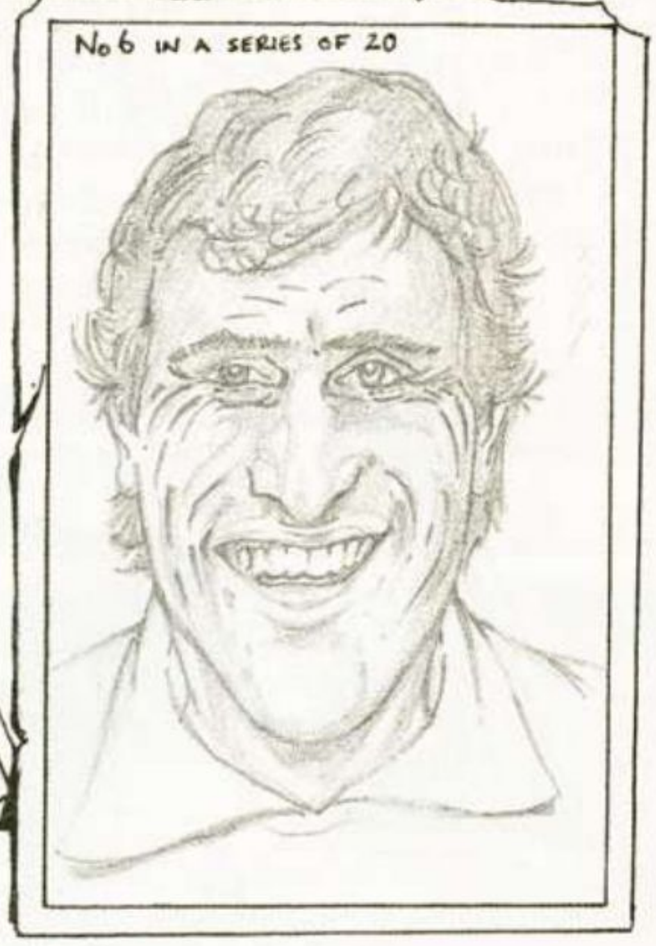




WEBSTER JOINS BROS!

DAVE RELAXING WITH HIS NEW PALS
(There much hunkier than Norrie)

This month SCOOTERTHING can exclusively report that Dave Webster the well known scooter racer and train spotter has announced that he is to join supergroup Bros as a replacement for superhunk Craig.

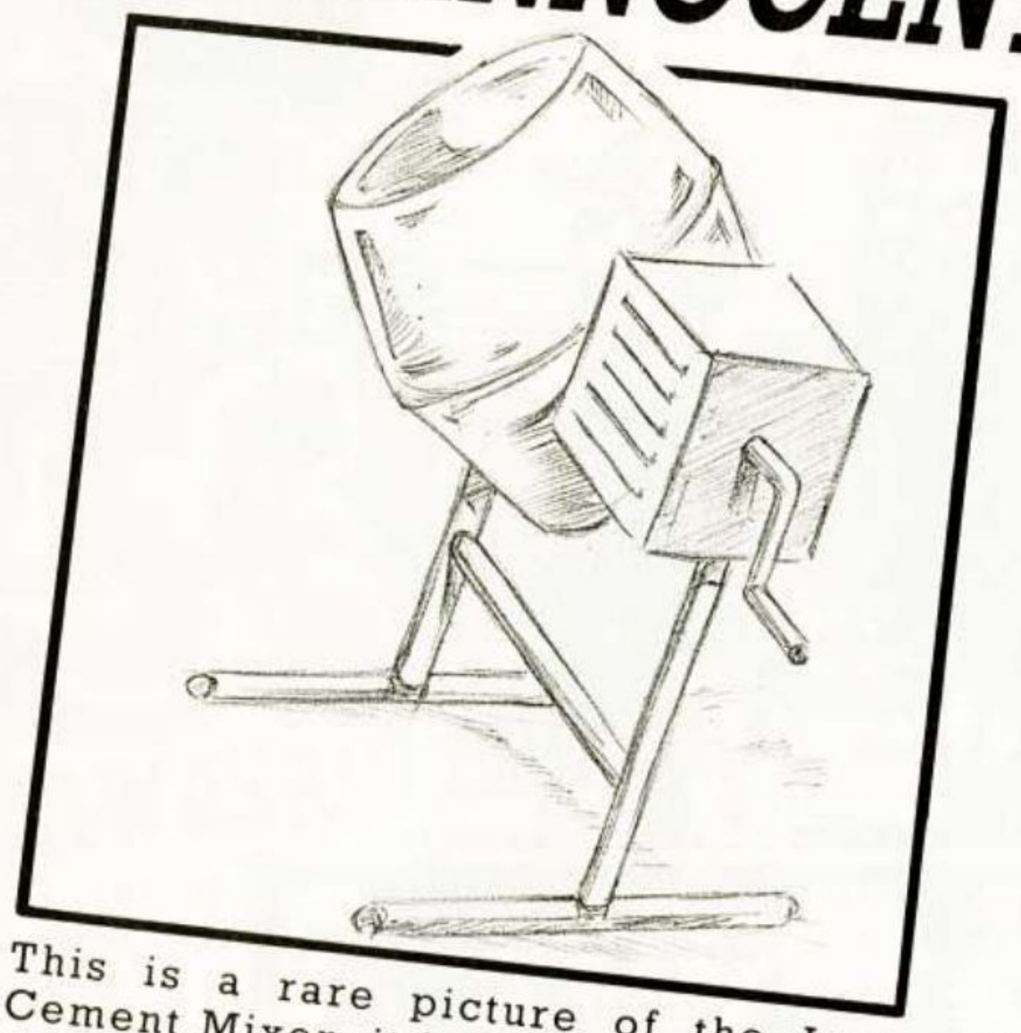
Dave who has been unemployed for some years now saw the job advertised in his local paper 'The Wippet Scrotums Weekly' which he gets every week, so Dave with CV in hand went along to the auditions in a disused shop in Station Road, Sandiacre, Notts and he really went for it.

SCOOTERTHING asked Dave what his plans for the future were – 'Well when I'm in the charts I'm really gonna go for it, if Kylie Minogue is in the charts in front of me, then for that week I HATE HER!!

Finally we at SCOOTERTHING would like to wish Dave every success in his new career and who knows one day he might be famous.

THE INNOCENTI CEMENT MIXER!

SCOOTERTHING



This is a rare picture of the Innocenti Cement Mixer, it is part of the vast collection of Innocenti memorabilia owned by Guiseppi Cornetto who I visited on my recent visit to Italy. Apparently Innocenti became bored with the success of their scooters and decided to branch out in the search for obscurity which as we all know was entirely successful. Which brings me back to the cement mixer which has been immaculately restored to its former yellow colour with a large brown motif down one side, this looks like a diesel stain but is in fact as Guiseppi informs me that when the designer, Butoni was designing it he and Innocenti couldn't agree whether to use hammerite or dulux on the finished article. Butoni was so enraged that he took his design to the toilet and used it in place of toilet paper, Innocenti kept the resulting stain as part of the colour scheme just to be bloody stupid.

Another thing that struck me was that the Innocenti badge was written in crayon I queried this but Guiseppi assured me that this was standard practice and proved this when he showed me the rest of his priceless collection all marked in the same way. Amongst the other rare items are the Innocenti fondue set, the Innocenti toilet cistern and the Innocenti heated rollers, all in pristine condition.

One thing that did make me laugh though was Guiseppis car. It was a Mini with some cheap alloy Innocenti badges stuck on it – who's he trying to fool?

Letters

dEer scooTrethynGe
why is iT evryboddy tHinkes thaT a SCootre witH hitlre on is Well owt oF oddRe i thInke hitlre wOz a goode BlOwke buTT i THInke thAtt they cood hAff sPelt ZIEGe HELL proPerlie by thE wey duZ ennywUn no wat this meens

CHeres
N F sKinne (mrs)

ED. yes – Pale Goat

Dear Mrs Scrotum
Since reading JCs letter on how to drive your Scooter Riding Men Crazy In Bed. I too have started to wear a bra and panties.

Yours
THE REV MILTON RANDALL
St Trevors Church, Margate

Dear Scooterthing
Until recently I was very happy, I had a wonderful wife, beautiful family, a well paid enjoyable job and a flash scooter but now I feel my life is falling apart. First my scooter broke down, then I lost my job and had to become a rent boy to support my family, then my kids went on a school trip and were killed in a horrific coach accident, then I came home one day to find my wife had run off with my only true friend. Please help me I'm very scared and confused and I don't think I can take it much more, what can I do.

DESPIRATE

Dear Despirate
First check the spark plug, if that is OK then work back along the ignition system checking for bad connections and breaks until you reach the points. If all is well here then carefully dismantle and clean the carb by blowing through the jets. Hope this is of some help.

ENDS

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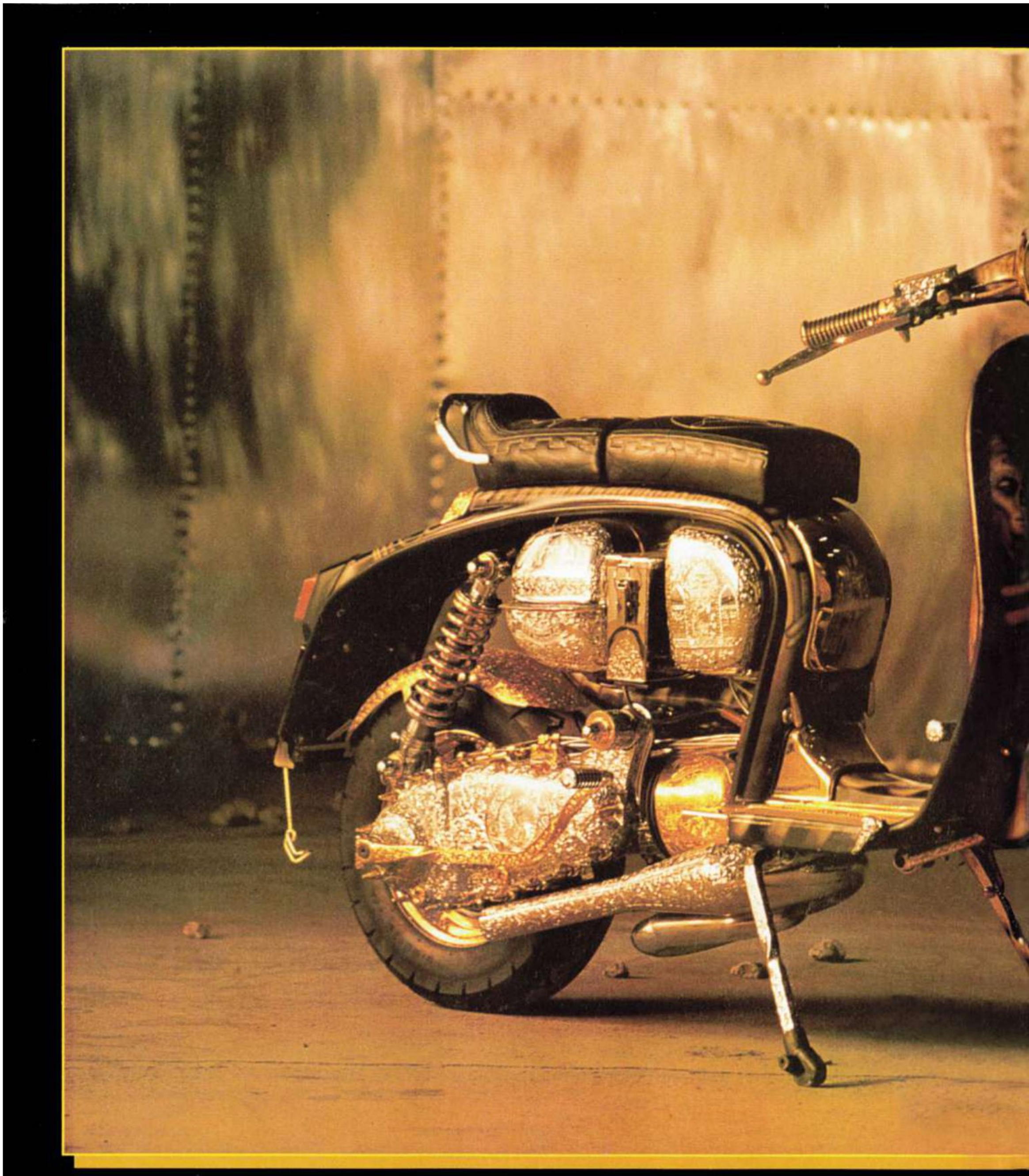

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W·A·K·E

The Outstanding Scooter of the Eighties, created by Jeremy Howlett

Pic. Stephen Berry © Scooter Scene

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TOASTER?

NOPE,

Two years after it appeared at the Milan show Piaggio's all-new scooter, Cosa (not 'the Cosa' as some would have it) has actually gone on sale in the UK. Those whose job it is to sell Piaggio's product have spent most of those those twenty-seven months manufacturing excuses for the fact that they didn't have any to sell and in its absence a rather puerile attitude towards it was popularised by people whose actual experience of the product itself was limited to the two-dimensional – or put another way they'd seen a couple of pictures of it in a magazine and that made them an expert.

I didn't pretend to be an expert but I had ridden one – eighteen months ago in Italy – and since then I've spent a lot of time arguing with people who refused to believe that it could possibly be any good at all because, 'It's made out of plastic.'

Of course it was good and now there's no need to take my word for it because you can buy one yourself; although you may not need to make that serious a financial commitment you've seen a price list then you'll know just how serious) as I'm sure that dealers will be letting prospective purchasers take one round the block – won't you dealers.

There's only one (proper) scooter magazine in the world and you're reading it. So the launch of the first wholly-new Italian scooter in more than a decade is, understandably, an important event so far as we're concerned and one that should given the appropriate amount of editorial. Only the importer doesn't see things that way. Alright, let's say just for a minute, that you're in the business of selling a new scooter; you've got to target your advertising so that you're getting through to the kind of people who would be most likely to be in the market for what you're selling and you're going to want to do with the minimum possible outlay. Aha, you're saying to yourselves, that's easy, if I'm selling scooters then the best place to promote them is in the only magazine on the planet devoted exclusively to that one subject. Well, no. You see they don't really envisage you as a Cosa person; you on your twenty year old Lambretta that you insist on riding even though it's unreliable, noisy and just about as basic as you can get, I mean come on you have to mix the oil and petrol *by hand*, the indicators don't even make a bleeping sound. What, they don't have indicators? You're having me on.

No, you're definitely not the kind of customer that they want to be buying Cosa. You see you're just too much like a scooterist. So when it came to allocating Cosa's to the press we had to get in the queue so that the motorcycle magazines can all have a good laugh and write their articles full of really good original jokes about wing mirrors, fish-tail parkas and suede shoes. All very relevant, I mean we're only a scooter magazine.

So we borrowed one. It was supplied by CJ Scooters and we're very grateful even though we could only keep it for a couple of days on account of the fact that the customer that had ordered and payed for it actually wanted it himself, like now.

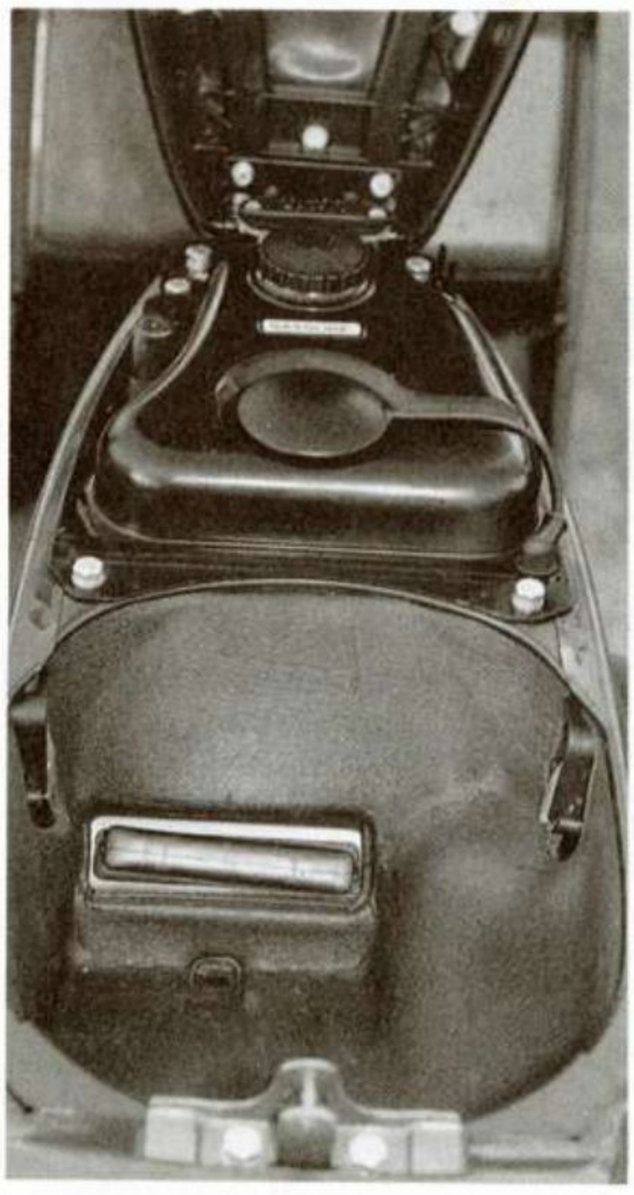
What follows is only the opinion of one man – that one man being the Editor – gained over a couple

Above – Cosa comes equipped with a pair of Testarossa-style mirrors that do actually work – that is, you can see what you just went past in them

of days concentrated use. A more comprehensive and detailed report will follow but for now here's what he thought.

Although the Cosa is here it's not here in any great numbers, the ones that are here are mainly the LX (electric start) type and are either 125 s or 200 s. The one that I had was a top-of-the-range LX 200. First Impressions- It's a very 'neat' machine and looks very smooth and well finished. There is a lot of plastic used on it, a hell of a lot, just quickly here are some of the components that aren't made out of metal – mudguard, toolbox, outerskin of front, spoiler, headset and seat – my own opinion, for what it's worth, is that too much of it is plastic.

Instrumentation – When you're sat on the scooter the headset looks like this; on the left hand side there's the indicator button, the horn and electric start switch. Because of their monochromatic nature it won't be apparent from the accompanying photo's but the electric start button, which has 'start' written on it for easy identification, is red. You don't need to bother with the petrol tap and choke lever, because there aren't any, Cosa takes care of all that itself. Starting was easy with only a couple of prods with the digit of your choice needed even from cold. In the centre you'll find the speedo and a rev counter considerably bigger than that on the T5, whether you need it or not on a machine that could be described as 'pedestrian' if it wasn't for the fact that it's got wheels, is open to debate. On the right is the light switch and for the first time a button that gives you the facility to flash at other road-users – should you feel the inclination.



Above – Underseat storage for 'crush helmet'

Ignition and steering/toolbox locks are key operated from inside the legshields. The ignition will not work unless the key is turned to'on' and the machine is in neutral. Indicators have a 'bleeper' the legality of which is doubtful – and annoying. One complaint was that the switches are too fiddly and close together if you're wearing thick gloves and it's easy to sound the horn when you really want to indicate a turn – and vice versa.

Performance – Although it puts out slightly less power than its predecessor it recorded the same top speed which may have something to do with it's 'wind tunnel tested' design. Running it flat out for long periods is not recomended though as at 70 mph the rev counter is just into the 'stop giving me grief you bastard' section that begins in red at 7,500 rpm.

Whilst the handbook is conspicuously bereft of any mention of top speed it does give a figure for fuel consumption – 266km's to a full tank – which in the real world translates as 60 mpg or approximatly 165 miles on the 1.6 galls that it will take.Clutch and Gears – Effortlessly smooth.

Brakes – Just in case there is actually someone out there who doesn't already know the brakes are linked by a hydraulic system.

This isn't a particular revolutionary idea – Moto Guzzi have been equiping their motorsickles with something very similar since the seventies – but it is a good one. What it means in practice is that when you apply foot to pedal it sends eighty per cent of the pressure to the back brake and the rest – that's right twenty per cent – to the front. The front can be operated independantly, as it has to be by law, by lever should you feel the need. I can't tell you how good these brakes are a massively large improvement on the PX.

Handling – A revelation, makes the PX feel like a step ladder strapped to a skateboard.

Just a couple of observations before I go. The under-seat storage space for a helmet is a great idea and will take the largest lid with ease including my Bell Aerostar which is massive – not that I've got a big head or anything you understand, it's just a big helmet. The filler for the oil bottle is akward and you really need to have a funnel handy to stop it going all over the place, like I didn't. To open the toolbox you unlock it and then push the key in to release the catch, the problem is that it has a tendency to come open unbidden should you encounter an undulation in the road surface.

Alright that's it. Thanks to CJ Scooters who I know for a fact would love to sell you a Cosa. Look out for that extended road test in the summer, assuming we have one.

Steve Berry **Stuart Lanning**

Scootering

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Convicts' Scooter Weekend

I was well chuffed to be asked to report on what was to be for some the experience of a lifetime and I could have filled the whole of this issue with what went on. I am referring of course to the Convicts SC Scooter Weekender that went on between 23 and 25 February. This was the fifth such event that the Convicts have organised and there have been a lot of changes in that time. At that first event we had no more than two dozen lads from the British mainland in attendance; this year we had to restrict the number of people coming and were told that the ferry from Liverpool to Belfast was fully booked. Undeterred scooterists from as far south as Plymouth, London and the Home Counties travelled up to Stranraer in south-west Scotland and caught the boat out of there. And still they came, arriving in Eire and then crossing the border into Ulster. Some even flew into Belfast on a flight that we had helped to schedule.

We didn't have the Larne sight this year and the event ended up much closer to the City of Belfast itself; West Belfast actually which has a reputation for being the roughest part of the city. This is the area of the city that is made up of the Falls Road, New Lodge, Shankhill Road, Ardoyne, Ballysillin and the (in)famous Crumlin Road where the event was to be held. I know for a fact that there were some who bottled-out of attending because of the location but those who knew and trusted us turned up confident that it would be a great do.

Our main concerns had been to make sure that everyone had somewhere to stay in an area where they weren't likely to get into trouble and equally important we wanted to make sure that a good time was had by all. To make sure that this happened we met everyone at either the ferry terminal or the airport. We had made up a list of guest houses that were suitable and the manager of the Swiss Lodge (the venue for inside activities) had agreed to let people kip in there.

Friday night got underway early at seven with yours truly as DJ and I don't particularly care what anyone else says I thought I was brilliant. The place was soon packed with bodies and there was waitress service so everyone got served with beer, food or whatever else they wanted. There was even a van outside dishing up hot food laid on by a member of our club.

The night ferry from Liverpool was met and although some ended up lost in the Falls Road and Andersonstown area, they all eventually arrived at the do safely. There were people there from all over the UK, many were old mates who hadn't seen each other since the last run and there was much backslapping and – inevitably – buying of beer. It was an excellent night and free of any kind of trouble and what surprised us was the number of people who had to be carried (dragged) out in an unconcious state brought on by the drinking of too much beer at the end of the evening. The landlord was a good bloke and had let about forty people doss down in the bar.

Saturday dawned and the club had arranged a coach trip into the city. The reason for this was that we didn't want anyone to go wandering about somewhere they shouldn't really be. The whole thing took the form of a St Trinians outing, so off we went. The coach driver thought that the whole thing was hilarious and drove down the Shankhill and Crumlin Roads so that everyone could get a good look at the murals. This prompted Selby from Stockport to ask, 'Does the government paint the walls so that tourists know where they are?' In Belfast centre everyone bought their souvenirs, tried out the pubs and then got back on the coach to get back to the disco that started at two.

Zanders Scootz and General Embroidery (allegedly so called because Zander is always sweating) were there to sell you bits for your bike or stitching your name on your socks while you waited. Also there of course was the young Mr P Smith who had done his unique brand of rally patch and had manage to cajole me into selling them. All told, there must have been more than five hundred scooterists there and not a hint of trouble. One local miscreant was caught glue sniffing and soon had the error of his ways pointed out to him. In the hall itself DJ Vince, who is as old as the hills, spun a variety of records to the unrestrained joy of the thronging masses, while all around people disscussed what sort of fibs they would tell when they got home.

That night we had to end the proceedings at midnight because the place didn't have a Sunday entertaiments licence. Upstairs there were supposed to be about forty scooterists dossing down when, in reality, this figure was more like a hundred.

First thing Sunday most scooterists went up to the nearby market – to pass the time till the bar opened more than

anything else. Later on in the afternoon the main body of those there started to get ready for the off. I ran around like someone not right getting scooters that wouldn't go anymore to the dock, directing people to the airport or ferry terminal and getting all of the clubs gear out of the venue. But it wasn't over yet.

That night the whole club went down to the Somerton Inn along with twenty English lads who had decided to stay on. We were joined there by some of the lads who had got fed up of waiting for their boat to sail and decided to catch a 'quick' drink. However the whole thing developed into a serious session that carried on well into the early hours at somebody's flat. We all knew that they had missed their boat but I don't think that any of us cared.

That night (Sunday) the Belfast–Liverpool ferry turned back after two hours at sea because its stabilisers weren't working, and it was sailing into some of the worst weather this century. Although I wasn't there I'm told by those who were that the captain actually announced over the PA that if they tried to carry on to Liverpool then there was a good chance that they might never make it (Gulp). The ship berthed back in Belfast later that night and stayed in port until the morning, then the crew hurriedly tried to remove all of the scooterists on board with no indication of when they might be allowed back on and nowhere to go until such time.

Understandably this made a lot of people rather unhappy and they refused to disembark. The port authorities then decided to call in the RUC who have had lots and lots of experience in dealing with 'unruly mobs'. They duly arrived with the dogs and all the gear on as if they were expecting a riot; which there nearly was with one hundred angry English scooterists refusing to get off the boat until they knew when they'd be going home. The attitude of the ferry company is all the more remarkable when you consider that the last time there was a problem with the boat (1987) they put everyone up in Hotels until they could sail.

After the RUC had listened to what the scooterists had to say they told the ferry company that any passengers were their responsibility. Therefore as long as they remained passengers the ferry company was obliged to take care off them. Victory to the scooter pirates!

Later morning the ferry people told everyone that because of

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the continuing bad weather there was no possibility of sailing that day. So they wanted everyone off the boat but with no guarantee that when it did sail the scooterists would go with it. By now it was getting increasingly obvious that once the lads got off that boat the people who owned it would do anything to prevent them getting back on again.

After a lot of arguing and grief the ferry company gave in. They agreed to put the scooter lads up in the ferry terminal overnight, but that was that, no food, no washing facilities, no TV and nothing but a concrete floor to sleep on. The Irish lads explained to the ferry manager that this was unacceptable and that if something wasn't done – quickly – then there was a real possibility that he was going to have a riot on their hands.

Stevie from our club went to the nearest police station and informed them of the situation. The senior officer told the ferry people that he was disgusted at their attitude and that they should do something about it – like now. This seemed to bring about a remarkable change in the attitude of the manager who now agreed that the lads should be allowed to use the facilities on the boat. The RUC sorted out some food for everybody and the ferry people sorted out cabins – replete with showers and TVs – to kip in.

That night there was an enormous drinking session held in the nearest pub that carried on back at the boat with almost the entire crew – except the captain – joining in. The captain was in a decidedly stroppy mood by now as the RUC had threatened him with a night in the cells if he didn't co-operate.

By now eveyone had seen the pictures of devastation in the papers and on TV and realised how well off they were. It was four pm on the Tuesday before the ferry could sail. Everyone said that they had really enjoyed themselves in spite of all the trouble and promised to a man that they would be back in 1991.

All said, it was an excellent do. Despite all the rumours there was no trouble or fighting and we've proved to people that Irish scooterists – from the North or South – get on together and that religion and politics are left out of it completely. The weather was beyond our control and the ferry company were keen to stress that the boat that had to turn back is about to be taken out of service and replaced with something bigger and a lot better. I think that this particular episode showed the lads from the mainland just what Irish scooterists have to deal with every time they attend a rally.

The money raised will be used to send a local girl to the USA for urgent medical care and we would like to thank the dealers who donated prize for the raffle – Belfast Scooter Services, Kegra, John Spurgeon, Paddy Smith, Rob Skipsey and Scootering Magazine.

Next year we hope to hold the event a few weeks later in the year, hopefully missing the worst of the weather. We are also investigating the possibility of chartering a plane to bring everyone over. Outside of UK we're hoping to expand with tours of the Greek Islands and Florida Everglades at the planning stage anyone who is interested can see me – Bill Mac – on Paddy's stall at any of the runs.

Bill McLoughlin

Club Profile – Convicts SC

The Convicts SC is now Ulster's oldest true scooter club and it all began back in 1983 with a group of six friends who had been for the previous two years attending the national runs over on mainland Britain. A few of the members had belonged to earlier mod clubs, Loughside SC and the Northern Coasters SC. In Northern Ireland at that time, 90% of all scooter riders were mods (who even hated Northern Soul) and the clubs were all mods. Cutdowns and tuned scoots were non existent and even DM boots were frowned on. The six friends had all outgrown mod and the scene at home and after the Southport Run in 1983 they decided to form a 100% Scooter Club, no mods, that would attend national runs, help each out and show people in Britain that Ulster had arrived on the Scene!!

When the six friends including two brothers Bill and Brian McCloughlin met to pick a name, two of the other lads knew they were due in court shortly and would probably go down for a few months. Another said 'We might as well be the bloody Convicts' and so it was – the club was formed.

Once formed and running in '84 and '85, we were the only real Ulster club attending all the runs by scooter, we had a member on almost everyone. Often the lads travelled via the Scottish ports even to the Weston and IOW runs because it was all they could afford. By '86, a few other scooter clubs had formed in Ulster yet the Convicts led the way. One member opened his own scooter shop, another did a Northern Ireland scooter mag and we did a roaring trade introducing and selling The British Scooter Scene as well as our own series of patches, T-shirts and other scooter mags. In nearly every trend from cutdowns to chops to backpatches, the Convicts led the way and in 1987 we staged our first scooterist all dayer which brought scooterists over from England, Scotland etc. We did also other numerous weekly discos in pubs and clubs around Belfast and helped other clubs do discos by DJing and supplying decks etc and we helped set up the Northern Ireland Scooter Club Association with others. To cap it all in 1987 we were runners up in the Club of the Year competition run by the Glevum Stax.

At this time, we had a good reputation and loads of people wanted to join it and we faced a choice, stay a small club of mates or become a large mega club! There were bitter arguments over other matters as well, which almost destroyed the club with fights and arguments. Needless to say it survived and the survivors vowed to keep to about 12 good members and that's the way its stayed.

The club has never had any real custom scoots, though a few have won local prizes and had the odd one featured in Scootering. Basically we always have been and will be a road-going scooter club and most of our members have to spend all their available cash on high priced ferry tickets to attend national runs. The other club pastime is raising money for local charities and it has easily raised over £1,000 for various charities in recent years.

Our weekenders are now mini runs and very successful, so much so the club has had to battle to keep them down to size. Next year's may well last longer than just a weekend as more and more mainland scooterists stay on in Ulster for a few days extra because they've enjoyed it so much. (Not including those stranded by car ferries!) The Convicts are going on from success to success, but as the present members often enjoy the clubs reputation and discounts, we remind them it was hard won and fought for earned by past members who are proud to have been in the Convicts SC – Ulster finest scooter club and one of the best anywhere!

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New Vespa, LML T5-200

This month saw the introduction of a new Vespa the LML T5-200 onto the British market. A/F Rayspeed (better known for importing Lambrettas from India) and Taffspeed Racing are responsible for importing this model from the Indian company LML Vespa.

LML Vespa are seen as one of the more progressive companies selling scooter within India, and although they don't actually make Vespas, they assemble them using parts supplied mainly by Piaggio. There are three models available in India in this T5 range the 100/150/200, although technically they shouldn't be called T5s as T5 stands for Five Transfers (as within the alloy barrel in the T5-125 imported into this country) and the engines within the LML range are from PX models, using the stardard three transfer ports within the barrel. In Europe Piaggio actually produce a similar range, mainly 200 models and are badged as either TX or GS depending in which country your in. Six months ago Vespa UK were even thinking of bringing the Piaggio model onto the UK market as the Cosa launch was constantly being delayed.

So far a small number of machines have been imported, into the UK all of which are 200 models, in three basic colours black, white and red with a choose of electric start (ES model) or kickstart. **The Bodywork:** is basically T5, however the Indian model a mixture of parts from both PX and T5 models. The mudguard and forks are PX, and instead of the impractical locking nut on T5s holding the forks and steering unit together, the LML model has the PX model arrangement with the captive bolt, which can easily adjusted and tightened. There is also no spoiler but one could fitted without problems. **Instruments:** Once again these are as standard, apart from the speedo display panel. This has no rev counter and the speedo reads in KPH instead of MPH, this will be rectified hopefully on future imports. In fact this whole instruments unit is new, but basic and doesn't contain the circuit board arrangement found on T5's in this country, but easily assembled M/F block connectors. **Engine:** As I've mentioned already it's a PX200 with an option of electric start. The only difference so far discovered was that the flywheel is slightly lighter than the European PX models. Performance is what you expect form a T5/PX200 as with handling, and there's nothing really new on that front.

Both A/F Rayspeed and Taffspeed are very pleased with the high quality and finish of the models supplied so far, of which come up to the same standards as the Italian machines.

Price

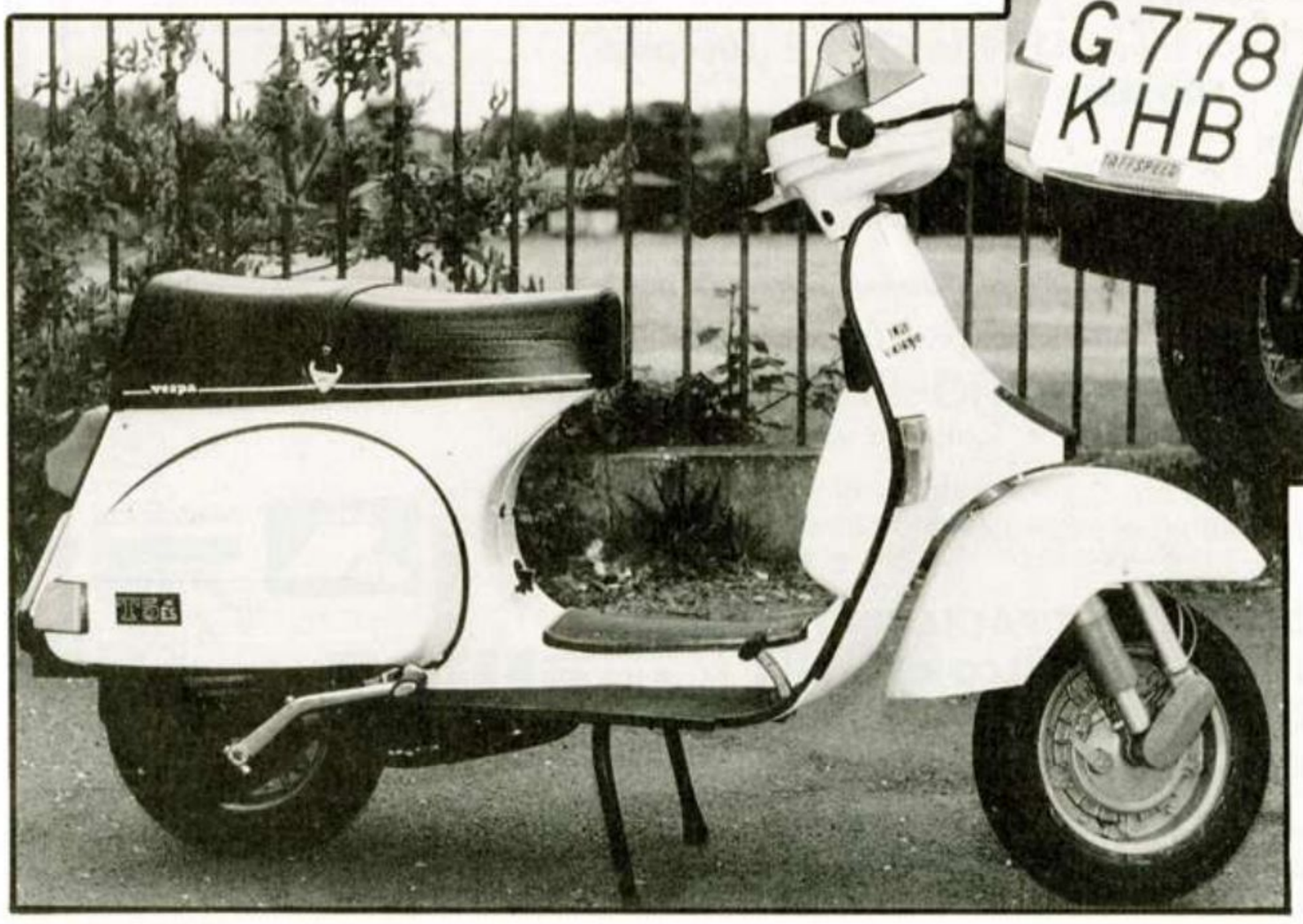
T5-200 (kickstart)	£1395 on the road
T5-200 (electric start)	£1465 on the road

(this price includes delivery, spare wheel, 6 month warranty, number plates, tax. All you need is your insurance, and the money).

For further information contact Taffspeed 0633 840450 or A/F Rayspeed 0944 70693.

Tech spec (taken from manual)

Top speed:	95 Kph
Fuel tank capacity:	8 Lts
Range:	250 Kms
Wheel base:	1235 mm
Handle bars width:	700 mm
Total Length:	1760 mm
Total dry weight:	109 Kg
Engine:	Single cylinder, two stroke, rotary distribution with three transfer ports.
Bore:	66.5 mm
Stroke:	57.0 mm
Displacement:	197.97 cc
Compression ratio:	9:1
Max output:	9.7 Bhp at 5000 rpm



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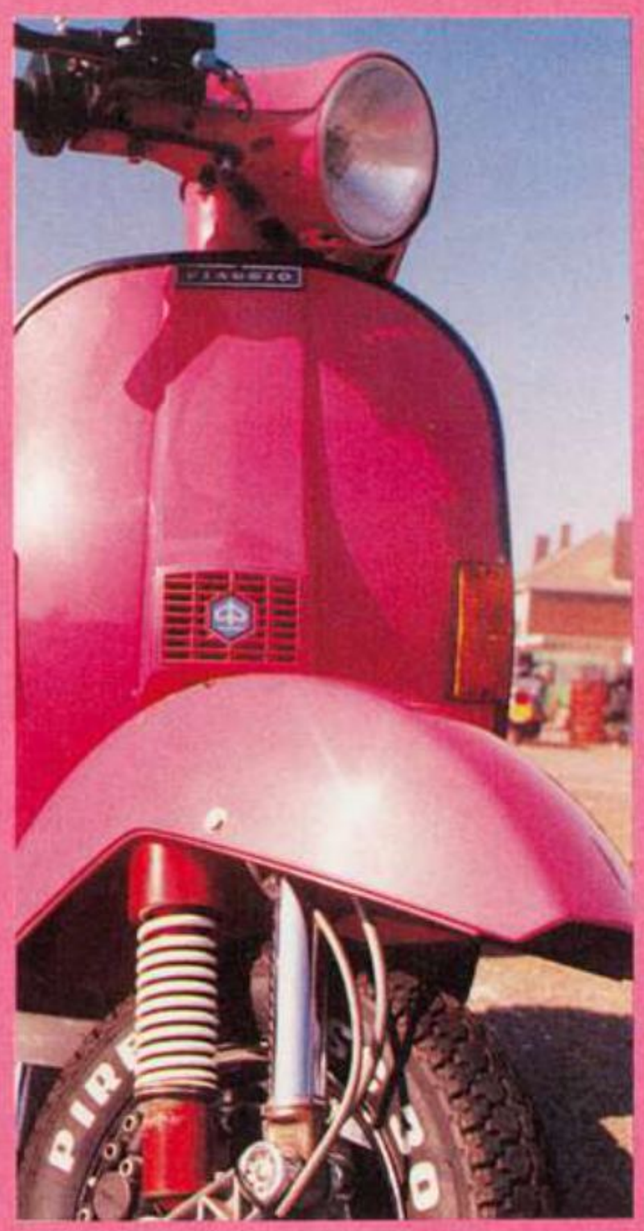
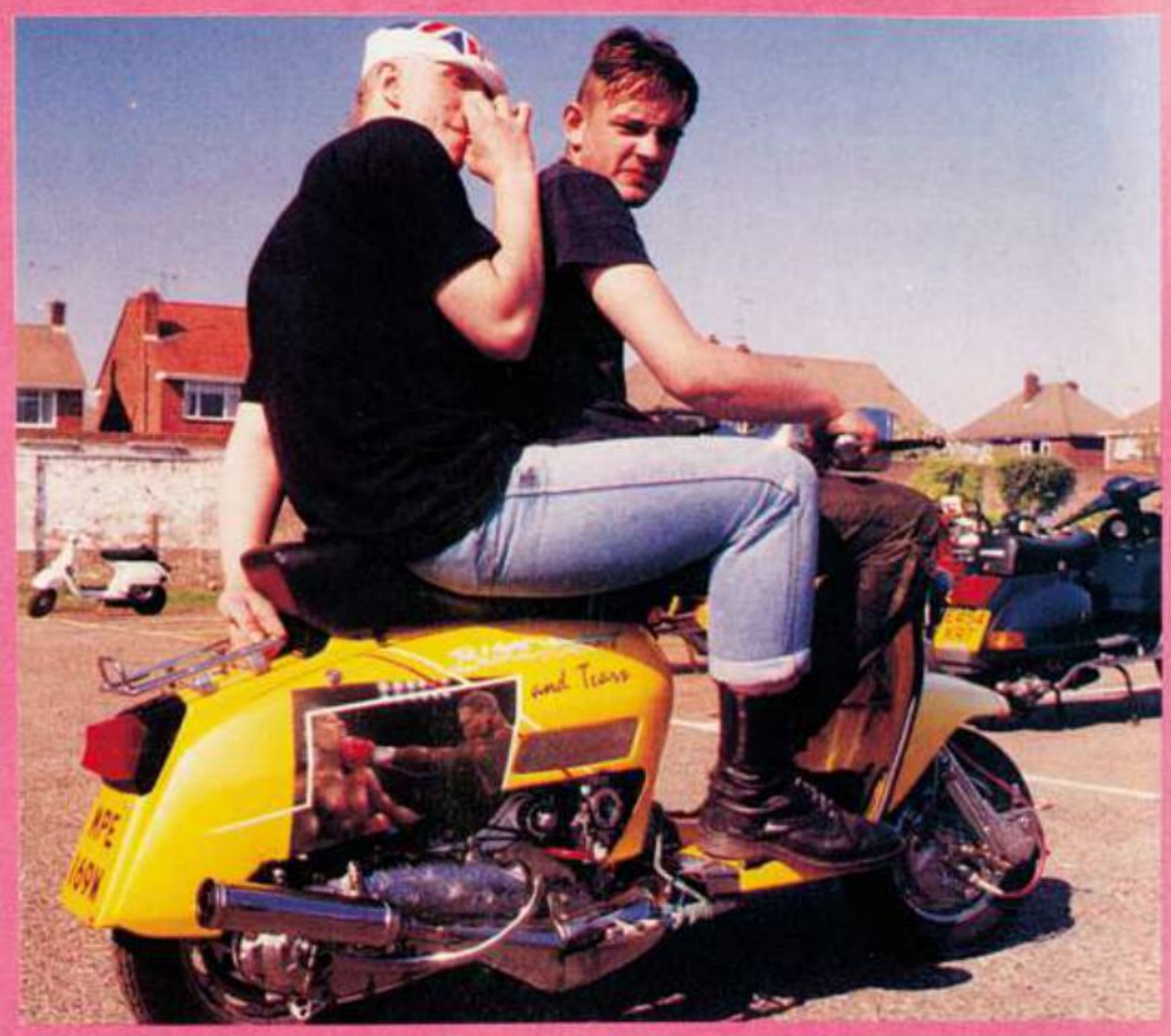
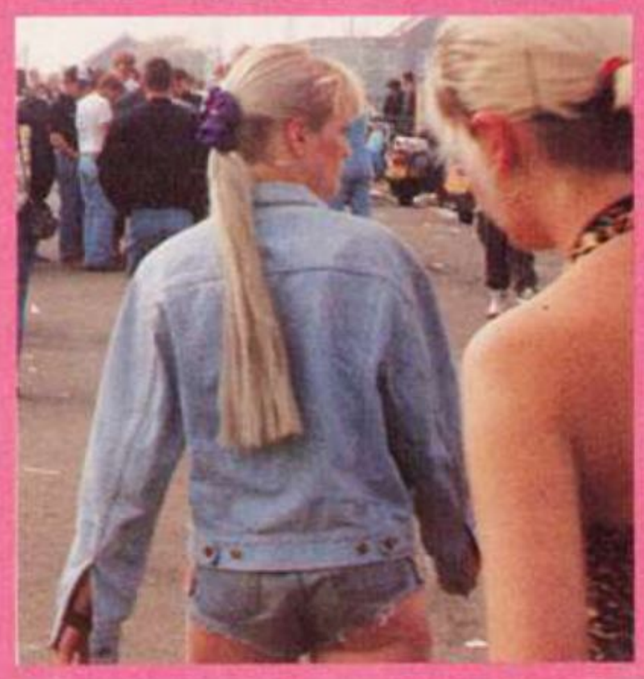
National Scooter Rally

Great Yarmouth May 4-7







The third national rally of 1990 was announced to be Great Yarmouth and while I can't say I was surprised, I will say I was pleased. Great Yarmouth is a run to be enjoyed, not endured and has been one of the most popular venues since '81 when the national rallies kicked off. The council have always made it plain they'd really wish we would go somewhere else, but they've never hassled us to the extent of some of the other councils, Morecambe, IOW, Skeggie, Scarborough, etc, etc. Not only that, but when they've known we're coming, they've jumped in and helped run it.

Yarmouth Council some years ago decided they'd run the site themselves and keep the profits too, which goes to show that councils and holiday resorts realise they *can* make a profit out of scooter runs. However, this evident co-operation is at a cost to the average scooterist. The NSRA has no power to fix any prices and in effect can only act in liaison with the local police, etc. The

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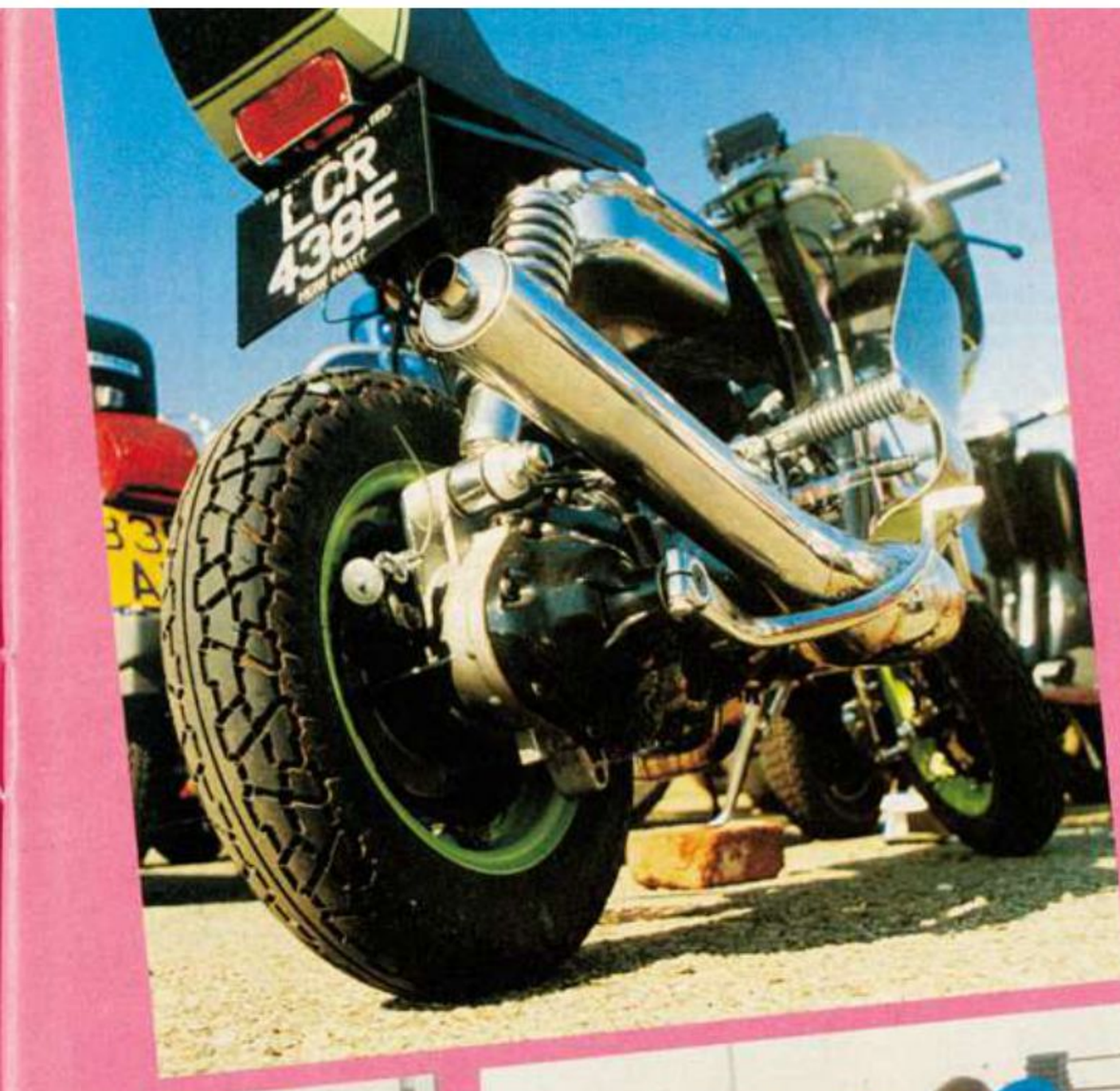

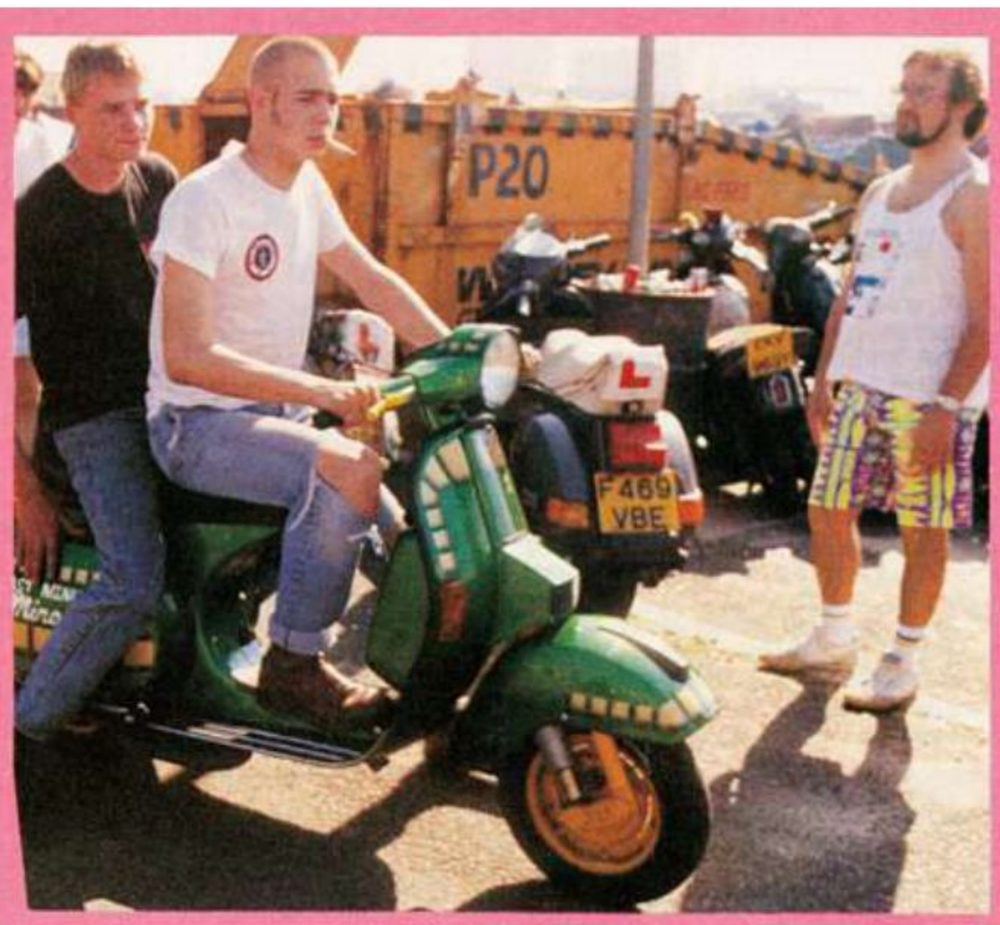

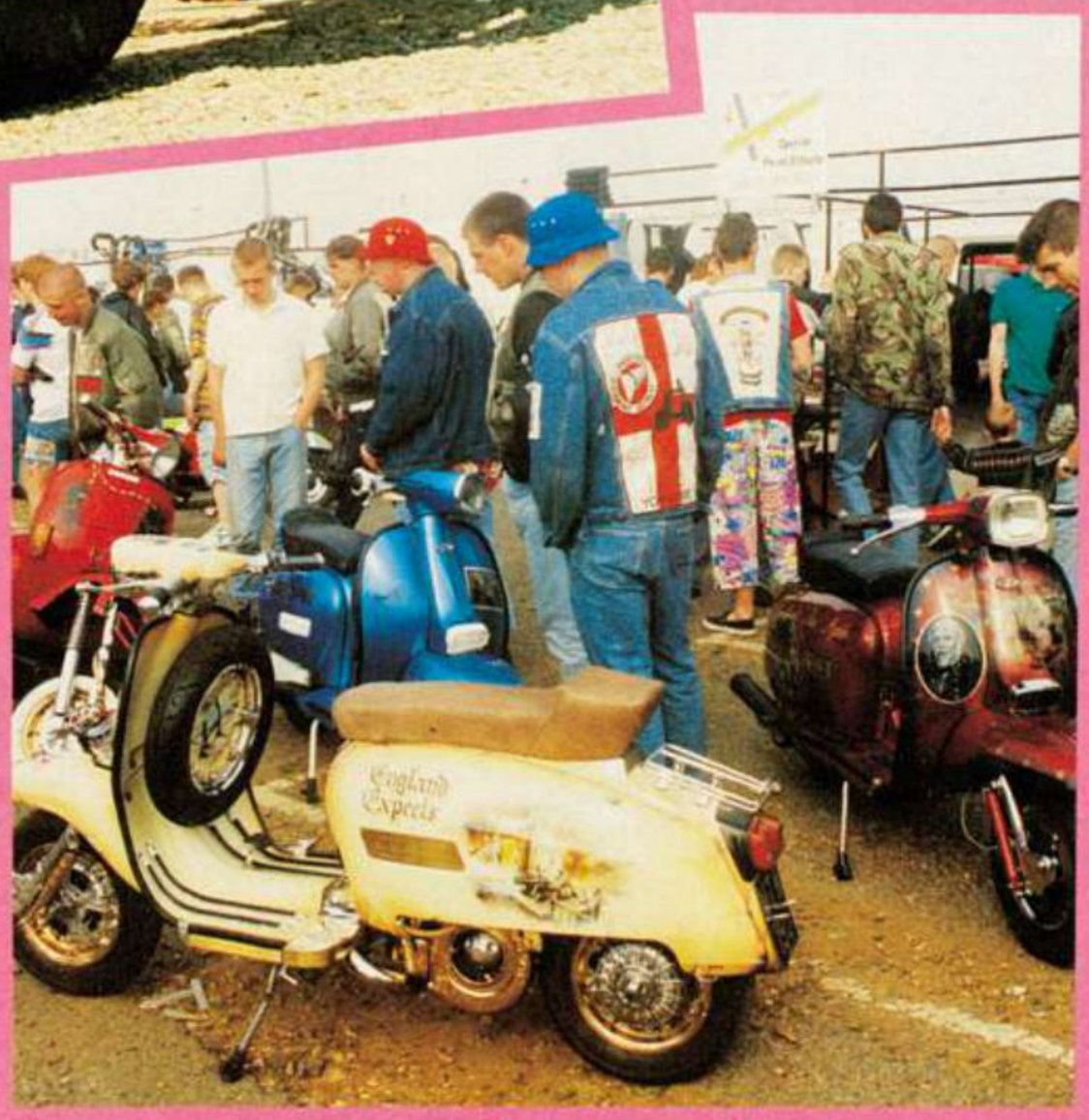

result of this is that Yarmouth council charged £5 for the weekend to gain access to the site which was indeed *very* steep. This means that with over 3,000 paying to get on the site and with the dealers' fees they made at least £17,000 out of us. It must be said the campsite at St Nicholas car park is and has been an excellent site right on the front, a four-minute walk from the town centre with all amenities nearby. Yet again this year, we were told this is the last year we can have a run at Great Yarmouth as the car park is due for redevelopment. We've been told this nearly every year since 1981 yet this year it unfortunately seems to be true as work had evidently begun only to be suspended for the Bank Holiday weekend and *us!*

The weather was great on the way to Yarmouth and I loved the trip to the run. It was gorgeous passing long lines of cars with their passengers feeling very hot and stuffy. My old Vespa seemed to enjoy the trip as if it knew a good weekend lay ahead and I made it in very good time, as usual. But the last round-about before you enter the town the police had a roadblock set up to check out the scooterists. It was pretty low key with the young policeman only asking to see my licence. In fact it was very funny as the little copper seemed so young and got very red when I asked did he lie about his age to get the job. I suppose I must be getting old when the coppers seem to be getting younger. (*You are getting old Bill* – Ed).

Once in town I could have driven blindfold to the site and seen the usual collection of early arrivals with dealers pitching their positions for the coming weekend. After a few words and jokes, a cup of tea courtesy of young Mr Paddy Smith, it was soon time to hit the town.

The great thing about Yarmouth, unlike Skeggie, Scarborough and a few other places I can mention is that all the pubs welcome scooterists. Most had either revamped their juke boxes, laid on piped music or even their own discos for the run weekend. Every pub I went into was playing ska, 6Ts soul or Northern and house. As usual the run favourites were filling up, Barking Smack, Boobs, TC's. Only the Long Bar was missing from the list – ah well!!

I slowly worked my way down the pubs saying hello to people I thought had packed it in or emigrated and, of course, I had a few beers as well. It's funny how many old faces you see at Yarmouth and who every year seem to be rejoining our little band of Brigands. At TC's where a disco was laid on, you could only get in with an NSRA card. I heard every excuse in the world being used from 'But my wife is in there!' to 'I'm meant to be DJing next!' A few people moaned about this but it was worth it inside as there were no cling-ons who had come on their Innocenti Cavaliers or Piaggio Fiestas.

Later on, we visited the Winter Gardens which was the large/massive greenhouse across the road where the

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Time for a break from scooters

Eastern Evening News

OPINION

AS work began on clearing the rubbish from the Yarmouth seafront Bank Holiday weekend scooter rally site yesterday, the question uppermost in the minds of police and councillors was a simple one: have we seen the last of the scooterists?

It is a question to which there is, as yet, no reliable answer, and we have no doubt it is one that we will hear repeated over the coming months.

In a nutshell, the overwhelming view of both senior policemen and local authority members is that the scooter riders should give the resort a miss next year. The scooterists, for their part, appear unlikely to accede to their request en masse.

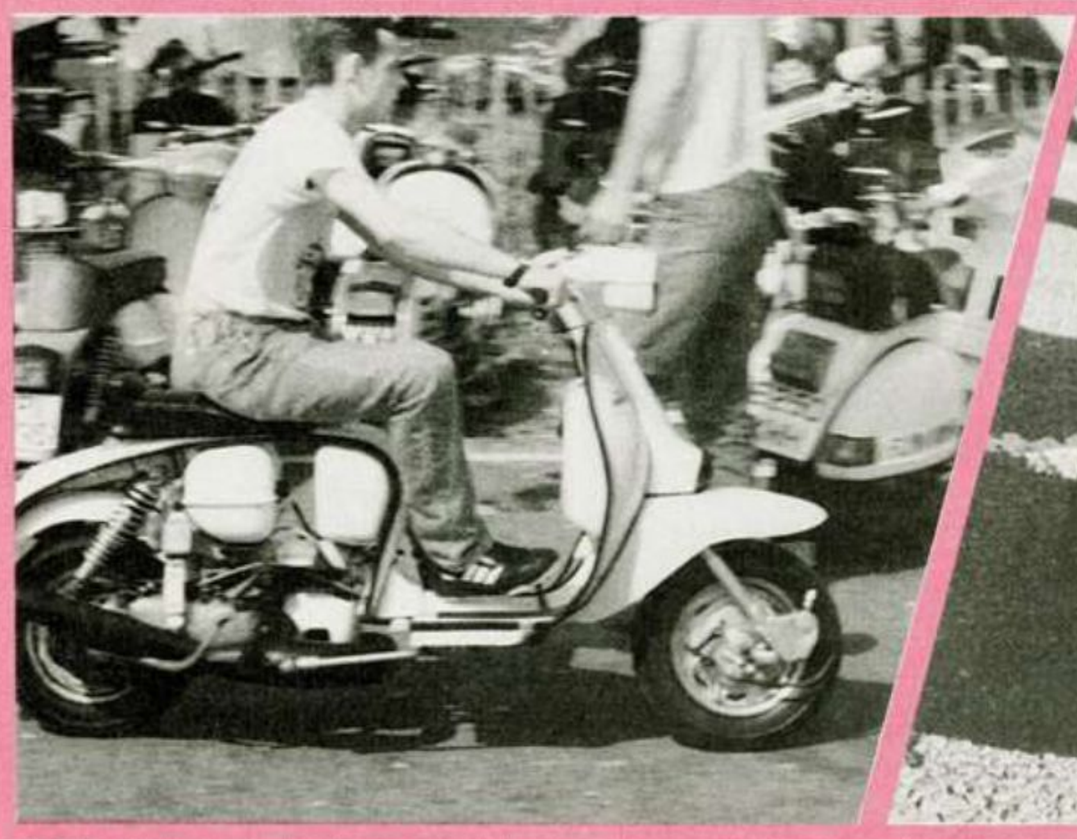
The critical factor in this latest debate over the future of a rally that has taxed the authorities and provided a lucrative pre-holiday season source of income for a great many guest house owners and publicans for nearly a decade is the imminent loss of the St Nicholas recreation ground site.

Over the years, we are absolutely convinced that this particular site, with its proximity to the seafront amenities, has been the key reason for the overall success of the rallies, both so far as the scooterists and the police are concerned. It has given the police the perfect means of containing the rally and preventing the kind of wholesale disruption that occured in the early days.

Now that the site is to be developed, we find it difficult to think of an acceptable alternative. As a result of that, and for that reason alone, we endorse the appeal to the National Scooter Riders Association to remove Yarmouth from their calendar for 1991.

Of course, such a request is not without its irony. Over the years the scooterists have done much to improve their image. This year's rally was the quietest on record and earned them deserved praise from the police. It is impossible not to contrast their behaviour with the appalling scenes witnessed over the same weekend by the citizens of the Dorset holiday resort of Bournemouth.

Yet while we sympathise with the scooterists, we believe the time has come to give Yarmouth a break. Nothing, of course, can prevent them from returning — except their own good sense.



NSRA discos were being held. A very large building, it's the perfect venue for the NSRA to have a do. Admittedly, on the Friday night as people were still arriving in town it was only about half full, I prefer it that way! Standing in a packed crowd and queuing half an hour to get a beer is not my idea of fun. It finished just after midnight and I made my way back to the campsite and after the dubious pleasure of a dogburger from one of the caterers, conked out for the night.

The next morning started quietly. Many scooterists were still arriving and didn't bother to go to the site until after they'd visited the pubs. Also with £5 a time, a lot of scooterists decided for a bob more to get a B&B. As I'm not as well paid as the editor, I wasn't one of those. All told, over 5,000 scooterists arrived for the run but only 3,000 or so actually stayed on the site. It must be said that a lot more simply climbed over the low wall to get on the site. There were a lot more tasty Lambrettas evident, not full blown custom jobs, but GPs with simple but tasty paint jobs. One of these, a GP called 'Memorabilia' was noticed by a few people. It was sprayed by John Spurgeon and Paddy Smith himself and featured a number of his past run patches. It had been built by Vince of the West Brom Olympics and looked lovely. One thing that was noticeable was the absence of Chopped Lambrettas. Although a few were still to be seen, they can definitely be said to have gone out of fashion.

The weather was lovely all day with a friendly atmosphere. The NSRA had another disco at the Winter Gardens in the afternoon but as the Winter Gardens had a glass roof, it was very hot inside, too hot for me. However there was a do on for members *if* they wanted to go. Many scooterists filled the pubs and spilled out on to the streets drinking their beers and enjoying the good weather – Skegness was just a distant memory. A few coppers got nervous when some of the more inebriated started chanting, but as I commented to a policeman, it was noticeable that they were mostly clingons who *hadn't* come on scoots: a shame as Joe Public when he complains to the council about yobbos will only say they were scooterists and it will be us that suffers as a consequence.

Saturday night the NSRA had another disco at the winter Gardens and further up the road, the VFM lads had a disco at the Nelson pub. At neither venue was there any trouble and both were excellent, catering for nearly every taste of scooterists' music. The VFM do even played a bit of Northern Soul, but it was noticed Lowey wasn't DJing?!!

Sunday morning I was eventually forced to get up to do a bit of work and listen to stories of various people's drunken exploits the night before, none of which we'd be allowed to print or publish. I spoke to a policeman who said a few cars had been vandalised near the site and outside one of the

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Question-mark over future of scooter rally

THE LAST thousand scooterists rode off into the sunset from Yarmouth yesterday, leaving a question-mark hanging over the whole future of the annual rally.

The weekend ended with 22 arrests from among 4000 riders, and police described it as one of the most peaceful for years, although more scooterists were given heavy fines yesterday.

Scooterists had ridden from as far as Italy for the event organised by the National Scooter Riders' Association, and one unlucky couple from France had their scooter stolen.

But next year's event is in doubt, and police and council officials are urging riders to "stay away".

The traditional St Nicholas Recreation Ground site will not be available because of work to build a new hotel and casino at the seafront venue.

But NSRA president Jeff Smith says there can be no decision until the riders' annual meeting in January.

Insp Bruce Granger, of Yarmouth police, said that the "remarkably low" level of arrests reflected the general behaviour of the scooterists, and the way they were policed.

In court yesterday, 24-year-old David Robertson, of Luton, was fined £500 with £30 costs for threatening behaviour.

Prosecutor Michael Cole said Robertson was arrested for throwing a bottle amongst a big crowd drinking at the Barking Smack pub on Marine Parade on Sunday afternoon.

As police officers detained him, he swore obscenities at them, gave a "Nazi-style" salute, and struggled violently before being overcome by more officers who came to their aid, Mr Cole said.

Christopher Bowles, defending, said it was idiotic behaviour, and Robertson had not thought about the effect of his actions on the crowd.

In related cases, 21-year-old Leo Drought, of Beckenham, Kent, and 24-year-old John Bellamy, of Clapham Common, London, were fined £500 each with £30 for threatening behaviour.

Each admitted throwing a bottle at police officers during the same incident on Sunday.

Darren Donnelly (21), of Cressing, near Braintree, Essex, was fined £100 with £30 costs after admitting possessing £50 worth of cannabis resin.

Australian Aleksander Jovicovich (30), of Leyton, London, was fined £100 with £30 costs after admitting possessing a knife with a 3½ inch blade.

Robert South (28), of Longley, Sheffield, was fined £100 with £15 costs for threatening behaviour.

Scooter hordes set for resort return

SCOOTERISTS may ignore "stay away" pleas and flock to Yarmouth for their rally next year.

The riders' top spokesman said it was likely they would come to the resort for their traditional spring gathering despite no accommodation.

The St Nicholas recreation ground site will be out of action as it is being redeveloped into a hotel and casino.

And both the police and the borough council have asked them not to return next year because there will be nowhere to go.

Insp Brian Gare, of Yarmouth police, said it was about time Norfolk was given a miss by the 4000-odd riders.

This year's rally cost £100,000, a sum which will have to be borne by community charge payers.

But Mr Jeff Smith, president of the National Scooter Riders Association which organises the rally, said no decision would be taken until the end of the year.

"I don't know whether they will be back or not, but there is a high possibility they will come as the hotels and pubs want them to come," he said.

He said he was very pleased by the behaviour of the scooterists this year. "It seems that everybody had a good weekend."

Numbers were down on previous years because of the Skegness rally just a fortnight before and the costs of the poll tax.

Members of the assocation would be deciding whether to return to Yarmouth at their annual meeting, due to be held in December or January, Mr Smith added.

pubs on the front. He wasn't sure who had done it, but I was informed in one instance it was by drunken scooterists taking it out on some clingons cars. Whilst I know there were a lot of scooterists upset by the squads of idiots who arrive in cars to the runs, vandalising of cars *can't* be condoned. For starters it could be some innocent tourist's car and secondly it's all bad press for us, and only makes life difficult for the NSRA.

The weather was a lot cooler on the Sunday so it was time to put away the shorts and shades and a lot of people thanked me personally when I covered my white knobbly knees. The site was much busier compared with Saturday and in the afternoon, a large collection of scoots gathered for the custom show, which was run by the NSRA this year with the results as follows:

Best Lambretta – Pseudo Satisfaction
Best Vespa – Apocalyptic Prelude
Best Cut/Chopper – Bogey Man
Best Street Machine – Gucci
Best Vintage – SX200

Meanwhile down town the pubs were full and outside the Barking Smack a bit of bother almost erupted when the police nicked a drunken bonehead not scooterist at closing time. A few plastic glasses were thrown. The police retired their nick completed and common sense prevailed as the scooterists let it go and a potential troublespot was avoided.

Sunday night again the NSRA had the Winter Gardens disco and the VFM had their do. With both these venues and of course the large numbers of excellent pubs the scooterists were all happy and got a drink or five.

Overall, it was an excellent run as Yarmouth always is and must easily be the best yet of 1990. There were only minor problems with only 22 arrests however. Looking at the newspaper cuttings it seems that only a few arrested were actual scooterists the rest being non scooter riding skins or boneheads. Although it was a low arrest rate we are still tarred with the same brush with the actions and arrests from those who have nothing to do with the rally, and yet these people are still tolerated, and even supported by some scooterists.

It's now sure we'll lose the St Nicholas car park site for future runs and whether we can find another site we can't be sure. However, it must be said we have had very good B&B. No site runs are hopefully one way or another we may not lose the Great Yarmouth venue.

Scooter boys praised

IN previous years I have been a critic of the scooterists. But this year I met some lads in the Cresscrow pub. They came from Harrow, Middlesex.

Two lads in particular were well behaved and very polite, namely Jim and David Potter. I am writing this letter to prove to Yarmouth and Gorleston public that some of these lads are all right.

RON RUMSBY,
Havelock Road,
Yarmouth.

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Lambretta SAL (Serveta) - A Brief History

It is necessary to appreciate a little of Spain's history to understand why Lambrettas were produced there at all.

During General Franco's reign, it was almost impossible to export anything to Spain apart from essential supplies. Innocenti in Italy were more than capable of supplying the Spanish market, but it was virtually closed to them. So as with many such markets at the time, they sold them the tooling to produce their own scooters under licence, but naturally did not allow them to export the machines they built. Production was always limited and it seems likely that the tooling they bought from Innocenti was actually the obsolete tooling which was no longer required by Innocenti as they developed new models. Thus production of the LD started in Spain in 1959 just as it ceased in Italy. Production of the Series 2 with a moving front mudguard started in the early Sixties when it ceased in Italy and of the LI/SX models in 1969 when Innocenti moved on to the GP models. The first Spanish machines seen in the UK were LI 150 Special models brought in during 1969 to make up for shortages in supply during industrial disputes in Italy. These models were identifiable by the 'Eibar' badge on the horncasting and were silver and had the SX-Special type handlebar but retained the LI-type horncasting and front mudguard. These models had 6v AC lighting and were virtually identical to the Italian Special models apart from the changes noted but gradually the Spanish factory introduced changes that allowed them to utilise parts from Spanish manufacturers. The flywheel assembly was changed to the Spanish Motoplat type; the air filter box was made integral with the toolbox and the filter and hose was modified. Another change was the use of stick-on floormats on the legshields and rear floorboards in place of the ribs.

When the Italian Lambretta factory finally closed in 1971 the UK Lambretta importers desperately needed a 200cc machine and production of the Jet 200 was started in 1972. Although marketed as a replacement for the SX 200, it was really just a LI Special with a 200cc engine. It had no disc brake and only 6v AC electrics. Both the finish and performance of these early machines was poor and supplies were limited. Early Jet 200s were nearly all mustard yellow and initially they retained the distinctive SX200 side panels although later models had LI slimstyle panels and the panel handles were discontinued in favour of the GP clip on type.

The Jet 200, a mixture of Li and SX with SX 200 engine

By the time the first Indian GP 150s appeared in the UK in 1976 the UK scooter market had dwindled to a few hundred machines per year and Lambretta Concessionaires now Heron-Suzuki split off the Lambretta sales to their accessory division Two-Four Accessories who decided to concentrate on the new Indian machines and between 1978 and 1980 no Spanish machines were imported. However, the Indian factory was unable to supply enough machines to satisfy the British market and a new company Crevnet Ltd was formed to import the Spanish machines. As the Indians owned the rights to the Lambretta name in the UK the Spanish machines were called Servetas. During their absence from the British market further changes and improvements had been made. All machines were now finished in metallic

The Lynx 200, a well built machine although many didn't like the headset

The Amiga, ugly Japanese-type machine that never went into production

paint and were of a high standard, A new CEV headlamp was fitted with beam adjusters on the side of the case. There were three warning lamps above the speedo for high and low beam and neutral indicator. The first batches of these new machines were built to American specification including a sealed beam headlamp which meant that you had to change the headlamp if you blew a bulb; the rear lamp was also changed to USA spec, so that it could be seen from the side and indicators on stalks were fitted.

In order to power the indicators they had a new Motoplat 6v DC electrical system. The ignition switch was a new isolator type fitted to the back of the machine and 2 new CEV handlebar switches were fitted. The petrol tap was moved to the floorboard bridge. LI 150s and Jet 200s were imported and although they were more expensive than the GPs they filled the demand for more Lambrettas. In 1982 the concession passed to Rafferty Newman Ltd and the first LI 125s arrived to meet the new L-rider regulations.

In 1983 Serveta decided to supply selected dealers direct from Spain and the new face lifted Lynx models were introduced. These had new body-line indicators fitted to the side panels and legshields. The toolbox aperture was sealed and a new plastic glovebox was fitted to the legshields. All models now had new larger front dampers and the much criticised reshaped fibreglass front mudguard and horncasting the GP style horn grille. The metallic point was dropped in favour of three basic colours, black, white and red, but all had black main-frame centres. The side panels had bold contrasting striping and badging, and all models had locking seats and 20mm carbs. During the next six years, further changes were made to these Lynx models the most notable being the re-designed fibreglass handlebar top to accommodate a new larger headlamp required by European regulations. On these models the ignition switch was returned to the handlebar and mounted on the top. The electrical system was also further improved initially to 12v DC and eventually to 12v AC and on the last models Electronic ignition. The rear lamp alternated between the GP type and the USA spec. item according to what was available. During the Mid 1980s the Spanish had experimented with a short stroke 125 engine using the 200cc engine case but a short stroke crankshaft and larger piston. Results were impressive, but problems were encountered with the exhaust system and although at least one prototype was imported here the engine never went into production.

The history of Spanish Lambrettas on the UK market has been chequered to say the least. Batch production meant frequent specification changes. Changes of ownership and location interrupted supplies of machines and parts. The new Lynx design was disliked in the UK although in its final form it was a good reliable machine. Despite many changes to meet USA Specification which included a leaner burning engine capable of running with just 2% oil mixture they were finally unable to meet the very strict US emission regulations which virtually outlaw all 2-stroke engines. They were never able to understand the UK scooter maker which is unique nor were they able to grasp the opportunity to supply us with the spares we wanted for which there is a much large market than the machines they wanted to sell us.

THE FUTURE

Spares for Serveta scooters will continue to be available for some time to come as significant quantities of spares remain in Spain although no more are being produced and shortages will arise. The tooling and plant for the manufacture of spares and machines is up for sale. The only likely purchasers are third world countries who require a simple basic machine for their own home market. But if you have a lot of money and would like to manufacture Lambrettas in your back garden, I would be happy to put you in touch.

Mark Haines

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Friends, Romans, Scooterboys (Lend Me Your Pliers) or Saintes 1990 Anglo-French Rally

A night without sleep made the events that led to my waiting for a ferry alone in Portsmouth Continental Docks at 4.00am on a Friday look like a bit of a conspiracy. Looking forward to a nine-hour crossing with no company, like I would a trip to the dentist, I was pleasantly surprised to find Martin and his mrs from the St George Elite pushing to the front of the queue for the ticket formalities two hours later.

Brittany Ferries are not well renowned in the motorcycling world, but they seemed to be going out of their way to be nasty to us. I was uncertain whether or not to board the dilapidated old tug parked at the end of the jetty in case they wanted me to row. The crossing would not have been a rough one had the ship been bigger than say a double decker bus, but as I crouched praying at the porcelain altar with a foul smelling liquid slopping across the room from corner to corner around my feet I decided that Brittany Ferries were crap.

St Malo eventually arrived in the nick of time as most of the passengers were exhausted from nine hours bailing out water. Worse was to come as everyone was searched for British beef by French Customs officers. Luckily the gendarmes only found ten thousand pounds worth of hard drugs in my luggage and not the large Cumberland sausage hidden down my trousers, so I was told to go and enjoy my holiday.

The journey from St Malo to Saintes was a simple and relatively quick one. After seven hours of deserted Route Nationale 137 passing flat-out through many picturesque but equally lifeless villages, the three of us arrived in a predictably desolate Saintes.

Both bikes were slowed to wedafukarwi speed and we cruised along until we came to the first group of people that were incapable of parallel movement. Sure enough, they were British scooterists. With voices that could fail a drink driving test at twenty paces, we were directed to the site, paid the equivalent of two pounds to the glum looking Frenchies on the gate and entered the courtyard of a very old looking church.

There were only 100 or so scooters parked in the courtyard and even fewer tents on the small patch of grass beside it. I erected my temporary abode and began making inquiries about entertainment. It was now 1am and the do organised at the Las Vegas discotheque about a mile and a bit away seemed to be the only continuing activity south of the Moulin Rouge. I decided to ride to the disco and try to remain sober.

Scooterists on site had warned me about the bar prices at the disco and upon entrance I discovered what they meant. Yes, in the land of duty free, the owner of this expensive emporium was charging £3 for a bottle of beer. What amazed me was that this was half price as he had been told where to stick his £6 bottles. Things had improved however once people discovered that the restaurant next door sold bottles of wine for a couple of quid.

Inside there were about fifty night owls left and only the Brits were dancing to sounds spun by the Olympics. As is usual for a Friday, everyone had a tale to tell about the journey. Gary from Essex had been asleep on the back of his F reg T5 with Mole from the Road Tramps driving when Mole decided he too needed 40 winks and they went on a 60mph investigation of the French roadside drainage system. Both of them were unhurt which was more than could be said for the Vespa, but more of that later.

Without doubt the best thing about foreign rallies is how much easier it is to meet other scooterists. Everyone is more amenable because they are in smaller groups than on UK rallies and, of course, it is the best place to watch foreign scooter boys in their own habitat. French scooterists however seem incapable of having a good time. Small groups of them would drink dance and endeavour to communicate with the English lads, but generally they would stand or sit around with long faces and try to look 'moody' or 'cool.'

The fact that the French didn't mix very well added to the 'drunken English abroad' syndrome and led to a couple of minor scuffles outside, but nothing came of it.

In the end, the only serious injury sustained that night was to Roger from the Dirty Mills and was to a certain extent self-inflicted. After more than a little to drink he attempted to give a girl a lift back to the site on his T5 wearing just shorts, a T-shirt and a bandana. It goes without saying that he too went ditch excavating, but without the protection of a crash helmet he was carted off to hospital in a coma. The lass was lucky to escape with a few nasty cuts and bruises. More of Roger later.

The following morning arrived a bit too early, but I had to get up to go on the organised ride to the seaside resort of Royan which left the site at 11. Once the site was displayed in technicolour daylight, I realised how good it was. Toilets, a free hot shower and a snack/coffee bar were all housed in the courtyard buildings. The NSRA stall and a French scooter dealer were parked up next to the scooters and on the fence separating the tents from a hundred foot drop were hung many Union Jacks, a Welsh dragon and a lone EEC flag (?).

I emptied my bowels in the shower, showered in the snack bar and ate breakfast from the toilets. At least that's what I though after I had eaten. I don't know who decided that the French were masters of cuisine, they will eat anything that has stopped wriggling so long as it can be covered in garlic or marinated in a white wine sauce. Their breakfasts are the pits.

By the time the convoy for Royan was ready to leave, most of the Brits weren't. I managed to catch them as they left and about fifteen bikes of both nationalities made our way along the twenty miles to the resort. The ride was nothing special which was mostly down to numbers and the same could safely be said about Royan. Even-

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tually more groups arrived from the site and everyone ate, attempted to sunbathe or went sightseeing while the sun played hide and seek behind the clouds.

After a few hours being ripped off in cafes and getting nowhere with a suntan, Sharon from the Modrapheniacs, her boyfriend and I make our way back to the site via a supermarket.

The site was now only inhabited by the people who were in the worst mess the night before an who were starting on the beers and wine early in order to get a headstart in making a mess of themselves again. Two more of my club arrived and dragged me down to the only decent food emporium in town.

The town was still pretty desolate even though it was Saturday afternoon. The only sound that rang from the Roman archways and mediaeval cathedral was the clattering wheels of a Union Jack – shrouded shopping trolley full of beer bottles being proudly negotiated round the streets by some of the West Country lads. Ten out of ten for patriotism, zero for subtlety.

As afternoon became evening, the bars around the town began to fill up with returnees from the beach. They joined people who hadn't bothered going and hadn't missed anything either.

The evening's disco was being set up in one of the courtyard buildings as we were no longer welcome at Las Vegas. The atmosphere in the nearest bar to the site was excellent, but devoid of any French people other than the bar staff who were now being educated in the English traditions of 'chip butties' and drinking till you drop.

During the evening, there was another scuffle with some Frenchies which was eventually sorted out by the gendarmes, but as before, nothing came of it.

The barman took this as a good time to close the bar and gradually everyone drifted back to the site disco. A good gesture was that half the entrance fee to the disco was donated to what the Dirty Mills termed 'Our Roger Fund.' Roger was by now out of the coma, but still in hospital, nevertheless he would need all the money he could get to pay his hospital bill and transport home. As an aside, you can obtain, for free, an E111 certificate which gives you either free or cheap rate hospital treatment in all EEC countries simply by filling in a form obtainable from your doctors, but as is usual, with our government, they don't go out of they way to tell anyone about it.

Meanwhile, back in Gotham City, the disco was successful if a little short as it had to finish at twelve. A few French scooterists had come out of their shells and were dancing and trying to out-sing the Brits with patriotic songs, but though vocal, they were also outnumbered. As the proceedings wound up the hall emptied peacefully and people either drifted off to their tents or sat around talking, drinking and causing a nuisance with fireworks.

I finished the evening sitting high in the gallery of a massive Roman gladiatorial amphitheatre with fellow insomniacs Fran and Nial from the East Midlands just talking and mellowing out.

The next day showed up and I made a half-hearted attempt to get up just before midday, but failed miserably. As I lay face down in the grass, I could see that about half of the tents were packed up or being packed. Mostly it was people leaving to get home for work, but others were touring further. Some of the Jokers were going to Italy for the World Cup, a couple of Speed Demons were off round the Alps and many others were just heading further south in the hope of some sun.

By the time I was awake, the custom show was setting up. The only 'full customs' were Pseudo Satisfaction, Dream Warriors and Gremlins from Paris, although some of the frogs had bought some concourse accessory-laden LDs.

Gary from Essex was already on the whisky, trying to drown out the depression of what was happening to his T5. Jeff had offered to take it back to England in the NSRA van, but it would have to be in bits. As they dismantled it, Gary was giving parts to other British T5 owners who had broken down. Then the Vulture Squadron landed and tried to buy this and that till in the end all he was left with was engine, frame, forks and a hangover.

Most attention of the small group who remained now focused on a French Vespa rider in the distance who was pulling massive wheelies and skids across a motorway bridge. Everyone was waiting for him to crash into a passing Citroen or fly off the side of the bridge on to the motorway below, but he never did.

I had seen enough and decided to make a move off home. As I rode homeward, I thought that the rally had been a success as everyone who went from England said they enjoyed it and would go again. The turnout had been poor; 190 Brits and 160 French which was much less than I expected, but the only real failure of the weekend had been the French scooterists themselves who were, with few notable exceptions, duller than seminars on gardening.

About halfway to St Malo it began to rain, so I stopped in a restaurant with the Moonrunners from Wrexham. Vainly trying to order a Cordon Bleu meal from an overworked waitress who plainly didn't speak any English was a laugh. The situation was not improved when she enlisted the help of a drunken old barman (who was like the policeman from 'Allo,'Allo in reverse) as a translator. While we struggled with our steak and chips the barman kept us amused with tales of 'Stickport' and the London districts of 'Seehee' and 'Pocodooly'. Eventually, we decided the rain wasn't so bad after all.

As the boat left the following morning, I was a happy man. This ship was built this century and at least ten scooterists numbered in the passenger list. This journey was going to be much better, I decided.

Seven hours later, I found myself once again saying 'Aaaargh' to Armitage Shanks, but what is being violently sick if not proof of a good time?

Sir Sticky the Green

PS Roger made it home alright, and even managed to fall off his scoot on his way to Fort William, he's Okay though.

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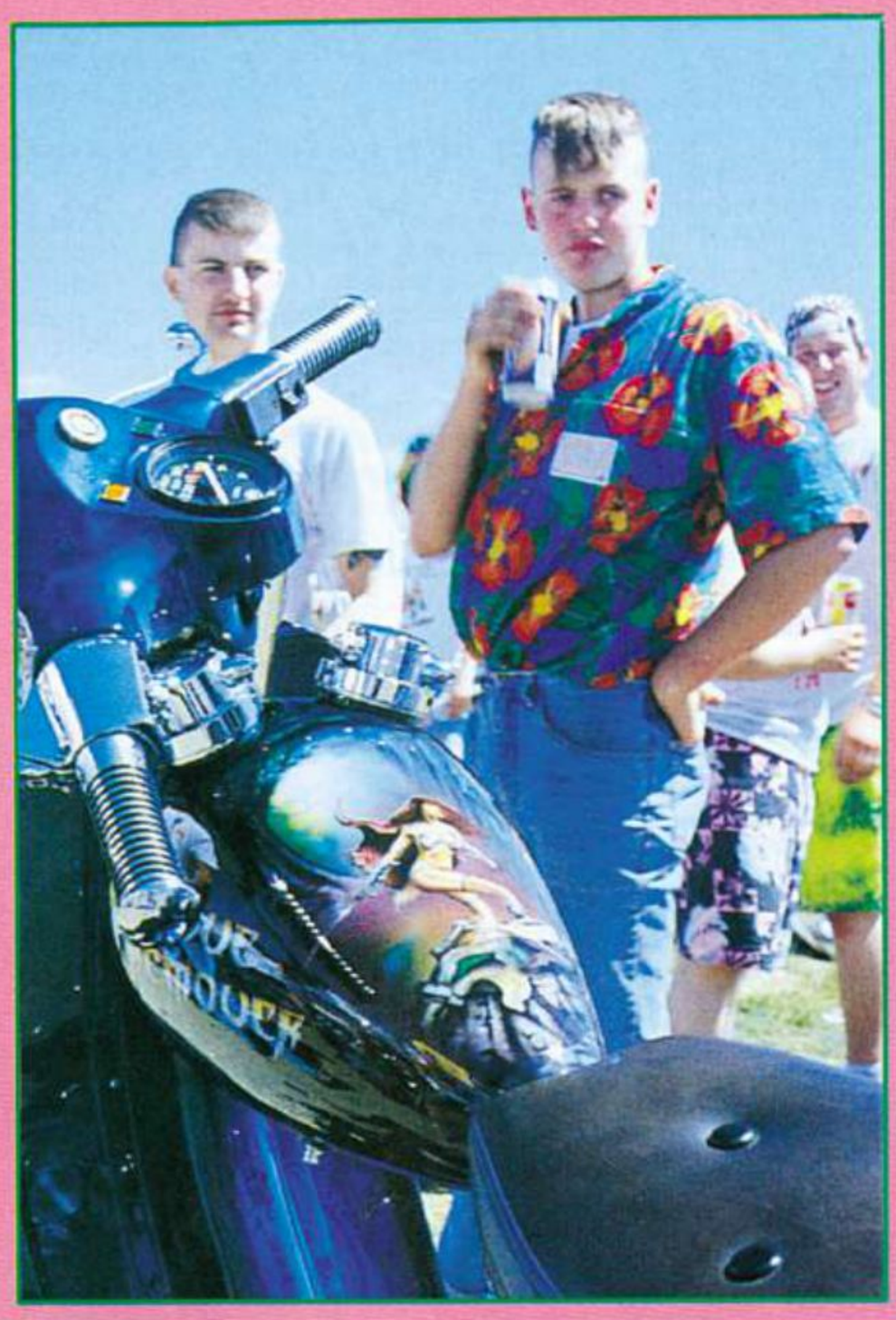
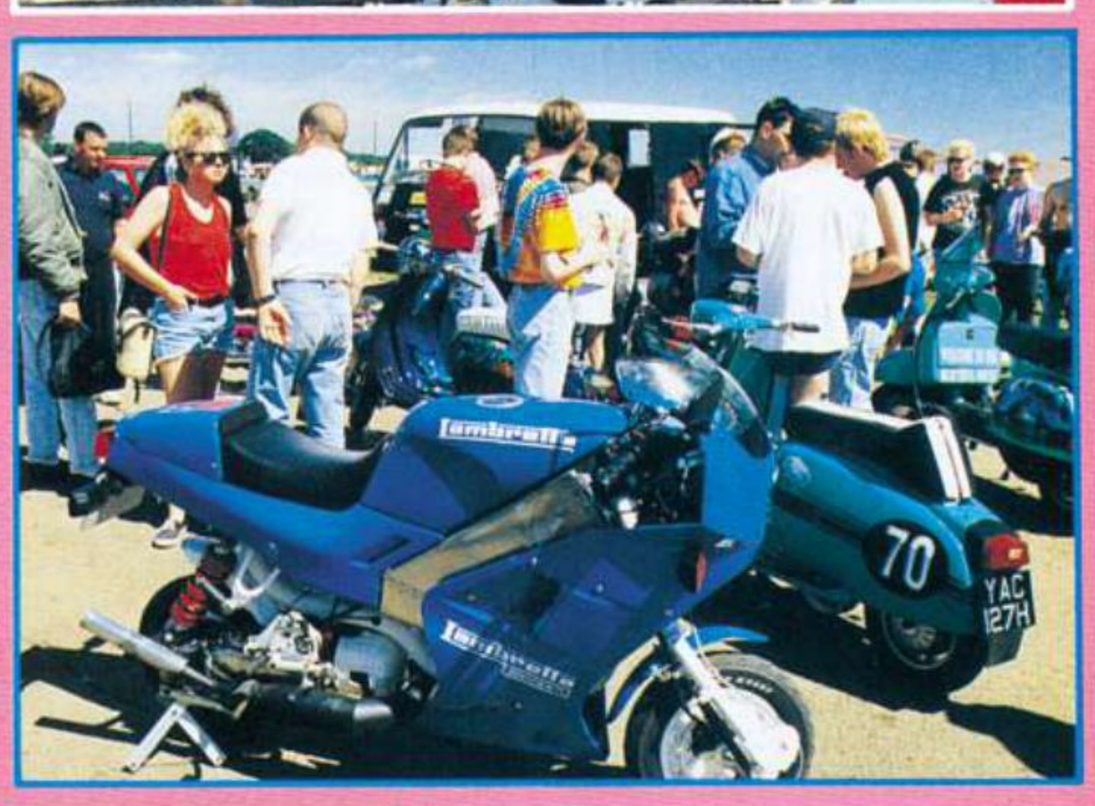
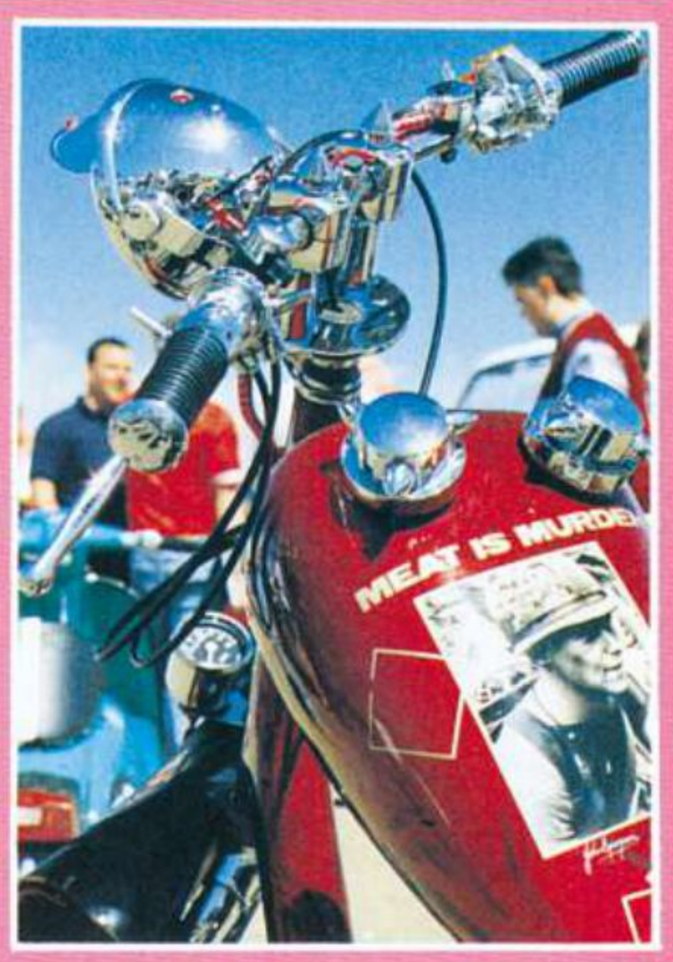
NSRA Weekender: Santa







What an excellent event this was.

A good friend of mine who travelled down with me – and who had been to Santa Pod before – said that the success, or otherwise, of the whole weekend would depend on the weather: if the sun decided to make one of it's all too infrequent appearances, and the quarter mile stayed dry, then it *could* be good, if it rained, it would be bad.

You won't find Santa Pod on the map. I know because I looked in about four different ones and it wasn't there. At a state-educated guess, I'd say that the management gave it such a daft name because it's just the sort of thing that would appeal to the hordes of Budweiser-swilling Bruce Springsteen fans who form the bulk (literally) of their clientele, and because 'near Newport Pagnell' doesn't sound very 'Rock 'n' Roll', does it?

So, what you had was a mini-rally with all the attendant facilities; camping, dealers, catering (whilst on the subject of 'catering', can I just ask why it is that on a day that would have made an iguana perspire, I could not get a cold canned drink. Obviously the only reason there can be for drinking fizzy pop is that it's cold and wet. So when it's the same temperature as a two-year-old's bath water, you might as well pour it over your head. No, hold on a minute, perhaps if you poured it over the head of whoever sold it you, they might get the message. I know it's only a little thing, but elsewhere in Europe, they just don't put up with this kind of shabby treatment and – IT MAKES ME MAD. God, I'm moaning already.)

Scootering

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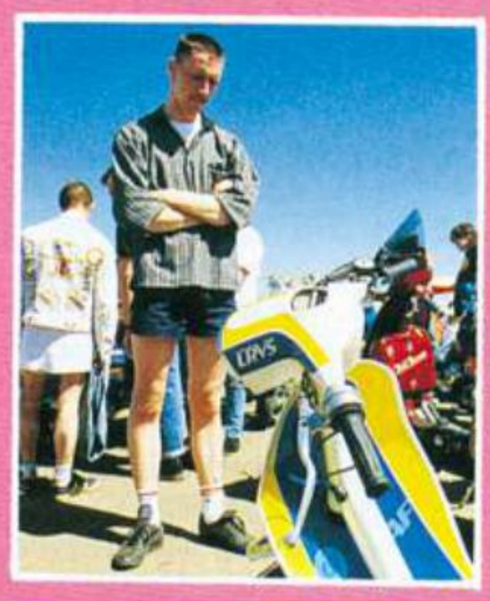
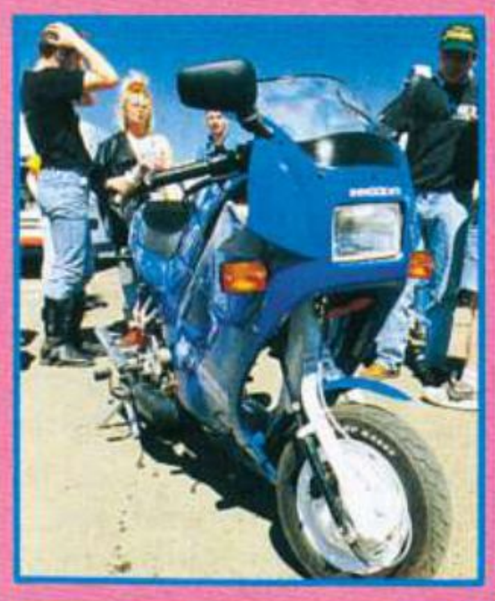
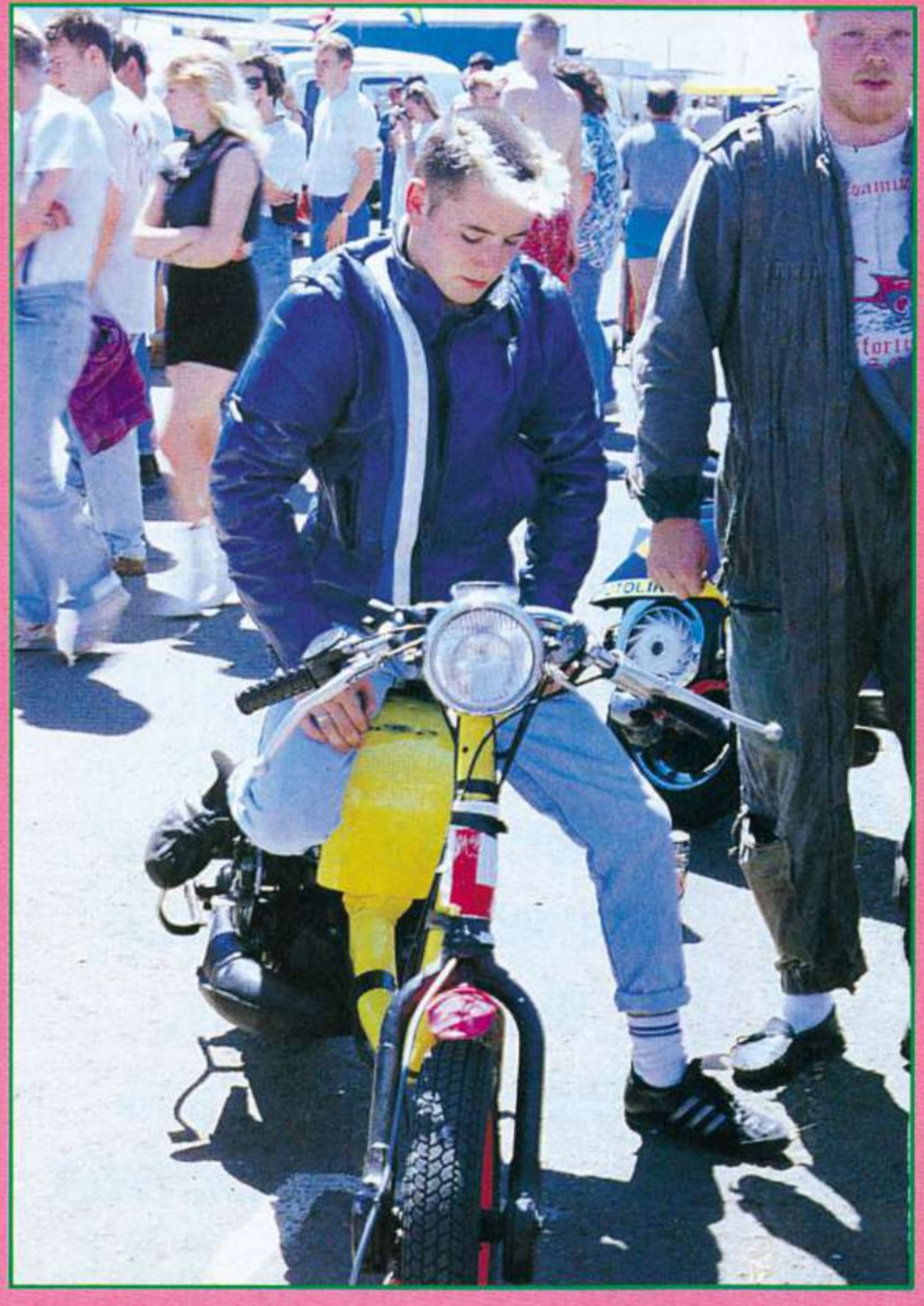
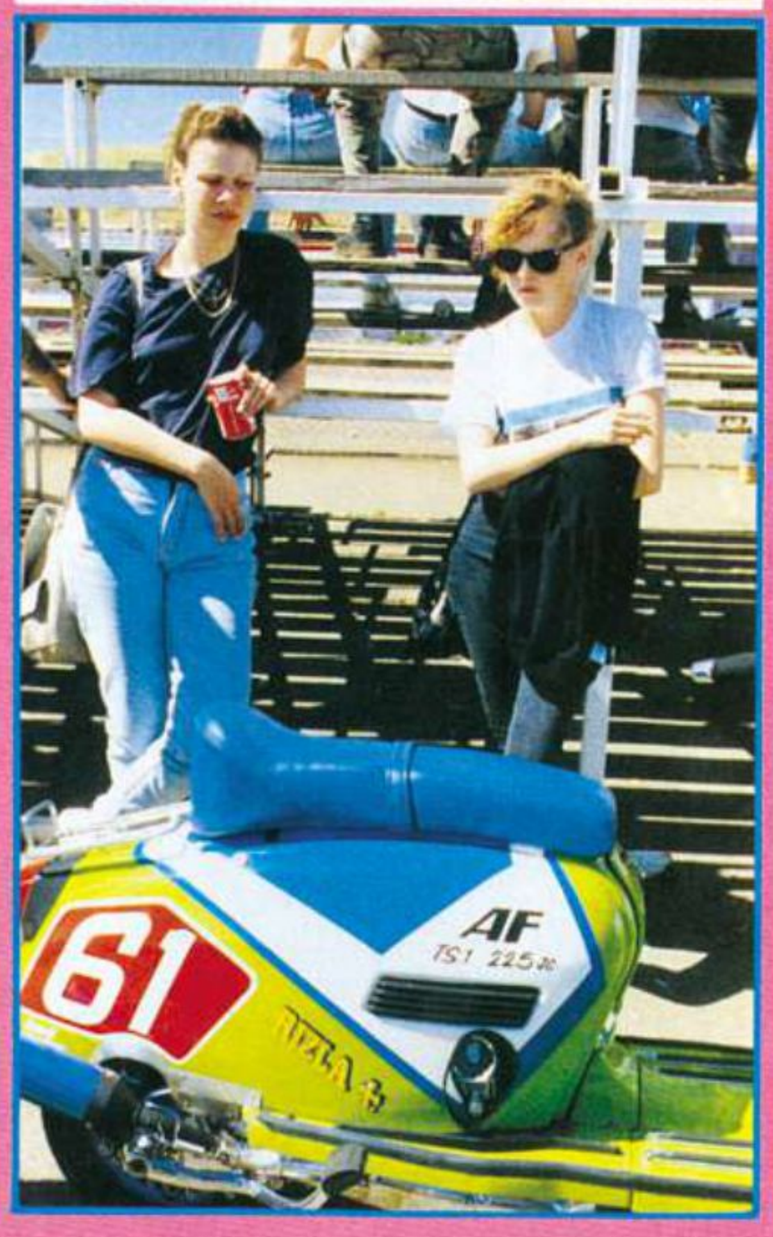
Pod 14/7/90 - 15/7/90









Anyway, back to the plot. The place itself was situated a couple of miles to the left of the middle of nowhere, and certainly more than a stone's throw away, as the crow flies. So, if the (undoubtedly strange) urge had taken you to wind open the throttle on your exhaust-free PK until it reached a noise level in excess of that achieved by The Rolling Stones doing the Honky Tonk Woman part of their set, you could do so safe in the knowledge that you wouldn't be causing the mildest of annoyance to the locals, because there weren't any. However, this kind of behaviour is on the decline I'm glad to say, and I can think of a couple of reasons why. Do it for long enough and (a) You will get your head kicked in by some big angry men wearing boots or (b) I'll kick your head in – hard-drinkin' granite-fisted Northerner that I am. Anyway, you never see any PKs on the rallies any more, except snidey ones with 200cc plus engines in, ridden by people like Martin from Surrey and Gary from Leeds who's never won anything in his life.

When I got there at about midday, the racing had already started. Or was it racing? I don't think anyone cared, they were too busy enjoying it. Before we go any further, can I just say that the best time of the day was recorded by Alan Rosser riding a totally standard Rossa 350 PVS – if that makes any sense. Which made me one mightily relieved person as I'd spend the previous six weeks assuring a lot of people of the unassailable superiority and ass-kickin' power (oh dear I think I like Brooce) of the Preston-built bike. It was bloody close though. I should have known

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better really, and you'd think that I would have taken into consideration that Harry 'Pro Porting' Barlow, is a famous name in the drag racing world and that his Yamaha-engined drag bike is the fastest two stroke in Europe. He turned up with a totally chopped flourescent Lammy with the loudest exhaust in Christendom and did a peculiar dance on the start line that could have lead onlookers to think that he had had an unfortune accident in his leathers (he hadn't). He also provided perhaps the most exciting moment of the day when he went up against what I think was a Yamaha XS1100, anyway it was a huge great motorbike and was ridden by what looked like that versatile and durable Aussie entertainer Rolf Harris in an open-face helmet, although it probably wasn't. Harry got a great start and pulled yards on the sickle. It really did look as if he was going to win and those of us in the stand were getting jolly excited I can tell you. However it wasn't to be and as they approached the line Rolf and his hog just it made before Harry, who reminds me more and more of Professor Pat Pending off 'Wacky Races' every time I see him. Another suprise on the day was Mike 'The Bike' Davis and his bizzarly named TS1 Lammy Rupert The Fridge. Mike attempted tro engage me in conversation but he is from Birmingham and no interpretor was available.

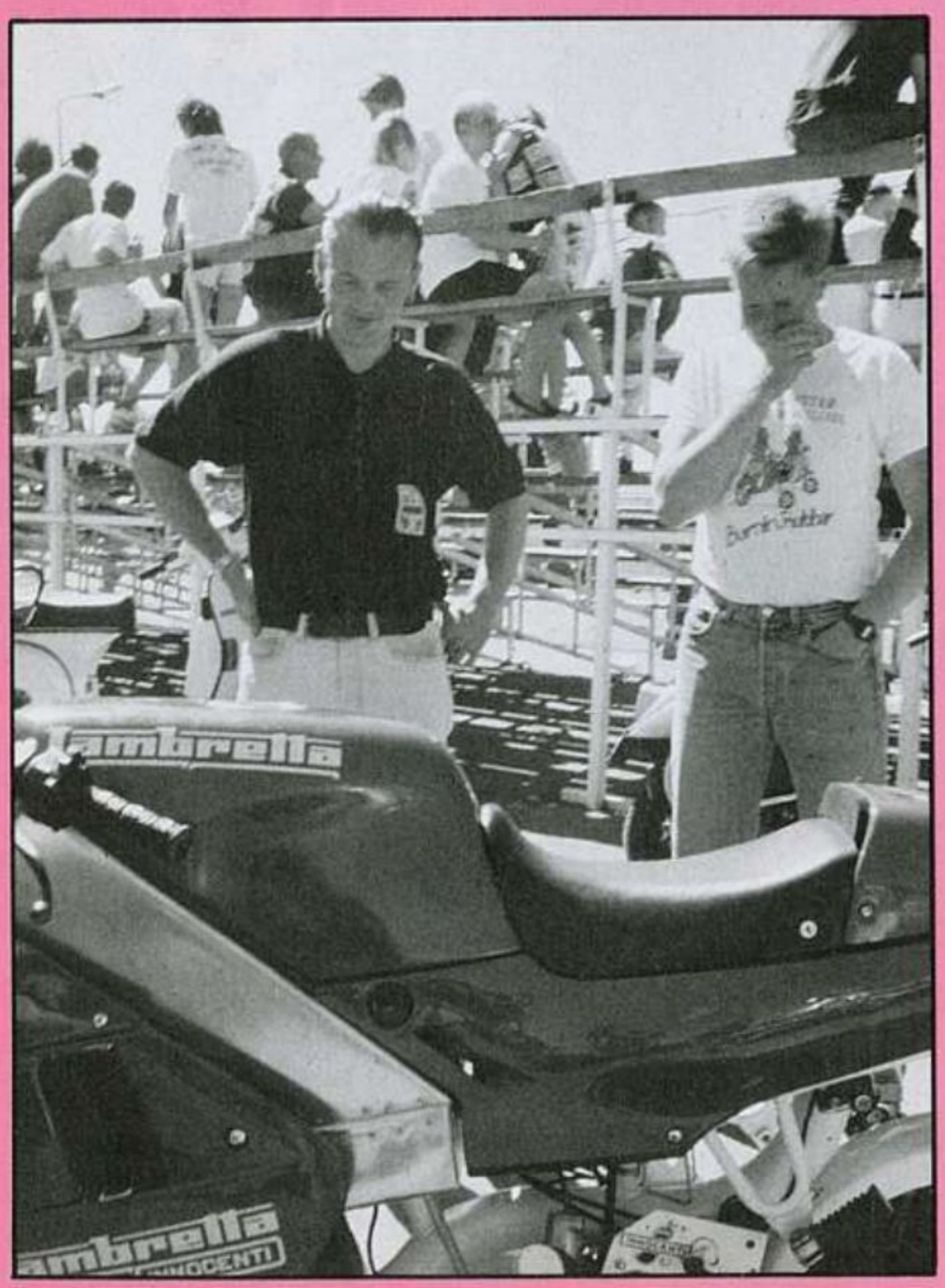
Amongst the custom bikes that went well were the Virgin Vespa ridden by Chris from Tring and Dave Barret's Rizzla Race Rep: that has won so many trophies that Dave's business card now reads – D. Barret. Ferrous and Non-ferrous metals. Cash or postal orders only. No cheques. Anyway, on the Sunday he did what you never, ever do when you are racing in the right hand lane . He turned left. Both he and the other rider were okay. Dave's bike was not, 'I think I've hurt it.' he said.

Amazingly no one managed to damage themselves and if you had then there were lots of highly paid people with more than enough put you back together again.

Talking to Jeff Smith a few days after the event he said that he felt that it was the best event that the NSRA had put on for a long time, but that it could have been a lot better and will be a lot better next year.

Keep your oil hot!

Words and pics: Steve Berry



Results - Santa Pod

GYMKHANA: SKILL RIDE

Expert Class – Small Frame: Barry Baker
Expert – Large Frame: Barry Baker
Novice – S/F: Michelle Hill
Novice – L/F: Alan Edbrooke

MALTESE CROSS

Expert – S/F: John Brooks
Expert – L/F: Barry Baker
Novice – S/F: Andrew Grant
Novice – L/F: Alan Edbrooke

SLOW RIDE

Expert – S/F: Shane Connolly
Expert – L/F: Barry Baker
Novice – S/F: Michelle Hill
Novice – L/F: Justin Ashworth

Best Overall Expert: Barry Baker
Best Overall Novice: Alan Edbrooke

Thanks to the Bats SC for running gymkhana

TUG OF WAR

1st Beer Drinkers
2nd NSRA Road Crew
3rd Loud Mouth SC

Thanks to Kev Jackson for running T-O-W

TYRE THROW

1st Andy Rae – 66.5 feet
2nd Glenn (Speed Demons) – 55 feet
3rd Kev (Rugby) – 54.5 feet

Thanks to Geoff Mason for running event

SPRINT

1. Fastest Lady: Jacky Brock, Ashford, Middlesex
2. Fastest Custom: Rizla – Dave Barratt
3. Fastest Race Bike: Stuart Lanning
4. Fastest Oddity: Ozone, Aldershot
5. Fastest Vespa: Oldershaws T5
6. Fastest Vespa Small Frame: Martin Murray
7. Fastest Lambretta: Rupert the Fridge, Mike the Bike
8. Dealer Special: Harry Barlow, Pro Porting

CUSTOM SHOW

Vintage: SX200 NCT 17G
Oddity: VWK 908 – Racing Bike Styled
Engraving: Living on the Bread Line
Lambretta: Pseudo Satisfaction
Cutdown: Love Remover
Vespa: Prelude
Chopper: ABD 347A
Mural: Majestic Realms
Street Bike: VWK 908
AM Paint: Quest for the Future
Proff Paint: Majestic Realms
Plating: Top Gun
Female Entrant: Batman
Best in Show: Majestic Realms

Thanks to Sam for running the show, the BMF rep, Andy Moore (Scooter Shack) and Zander (Edinburgh Scooters) for judging.

Disco courtesy of the Dynamic Duo, Ska Ste and Andy Rae.

EVENT SPONSORS:

AEROGRAPHICS
'HIGHWAY CLASSICS'
BANNER BODYSHOP
BEEDSPEED INT.
TAFFSPEED RACING
ARMANDO'S SCOOTERS
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SCOOTIQUE OLDERSHAWS
EDINBURGH SCOOTER CENTRE
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THANK YOU

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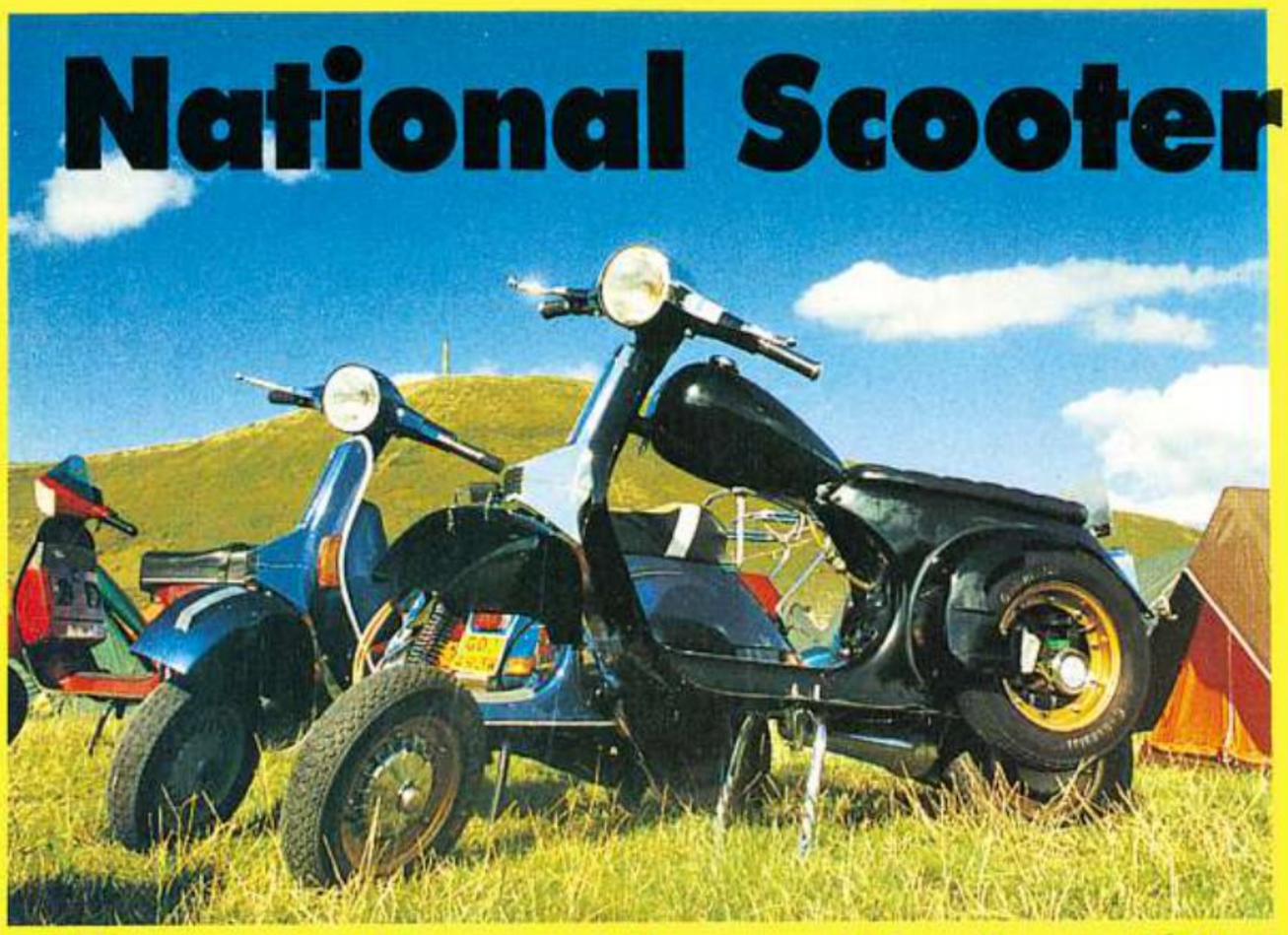
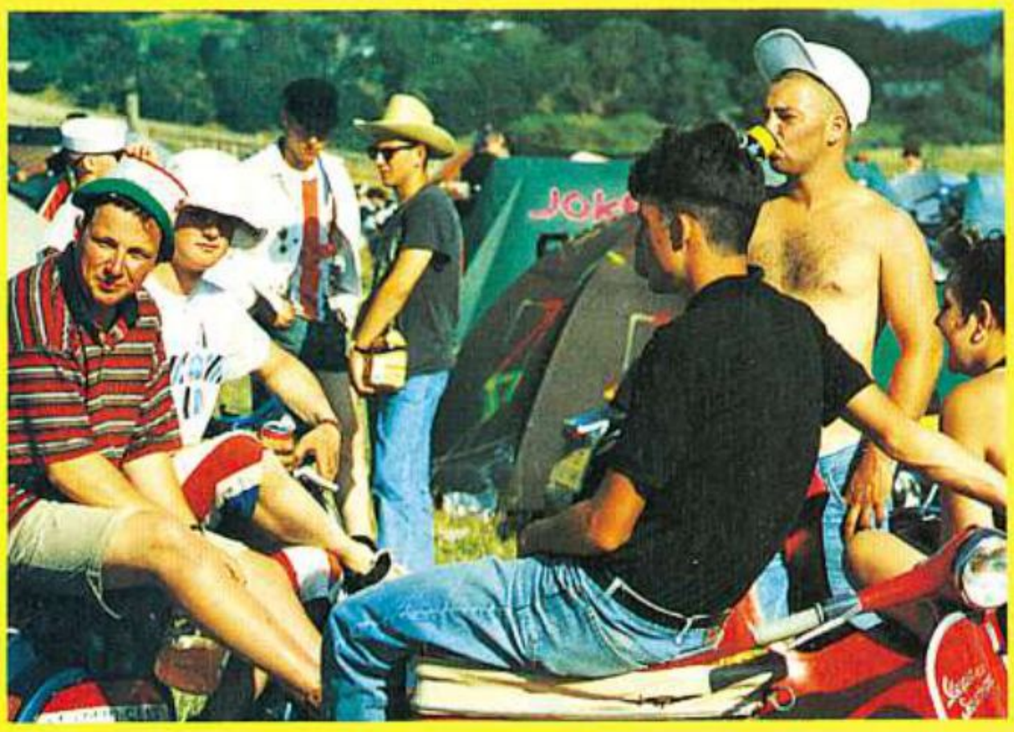
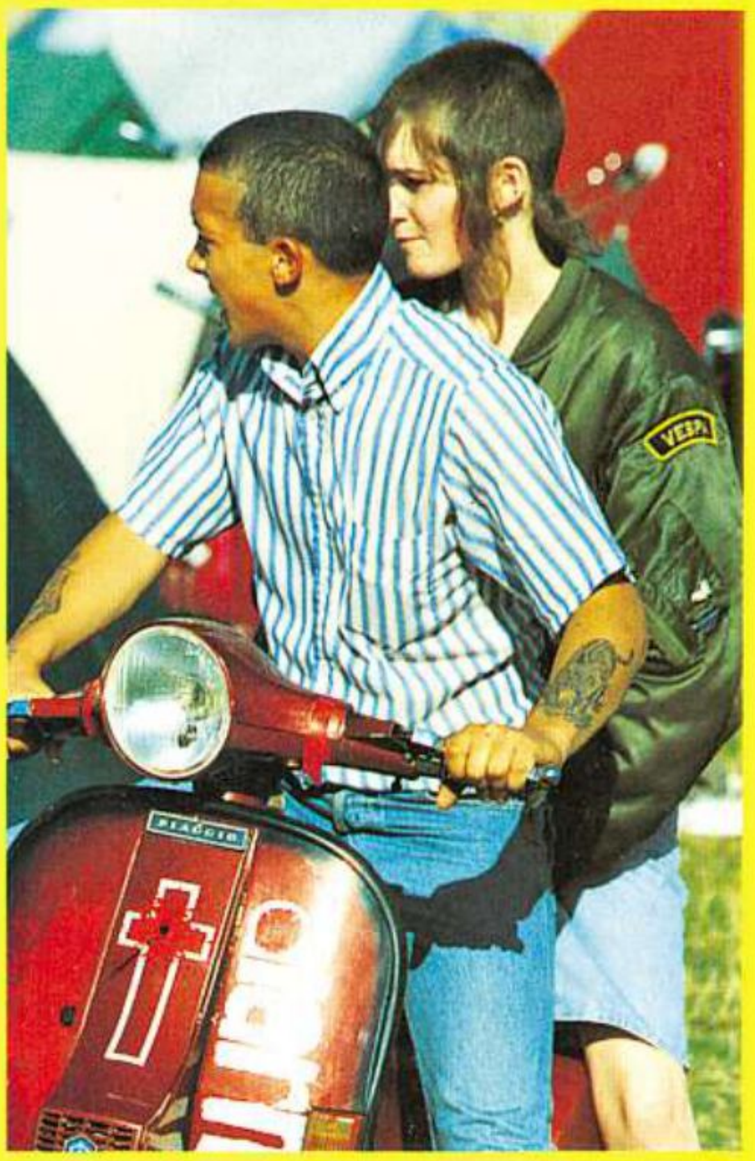
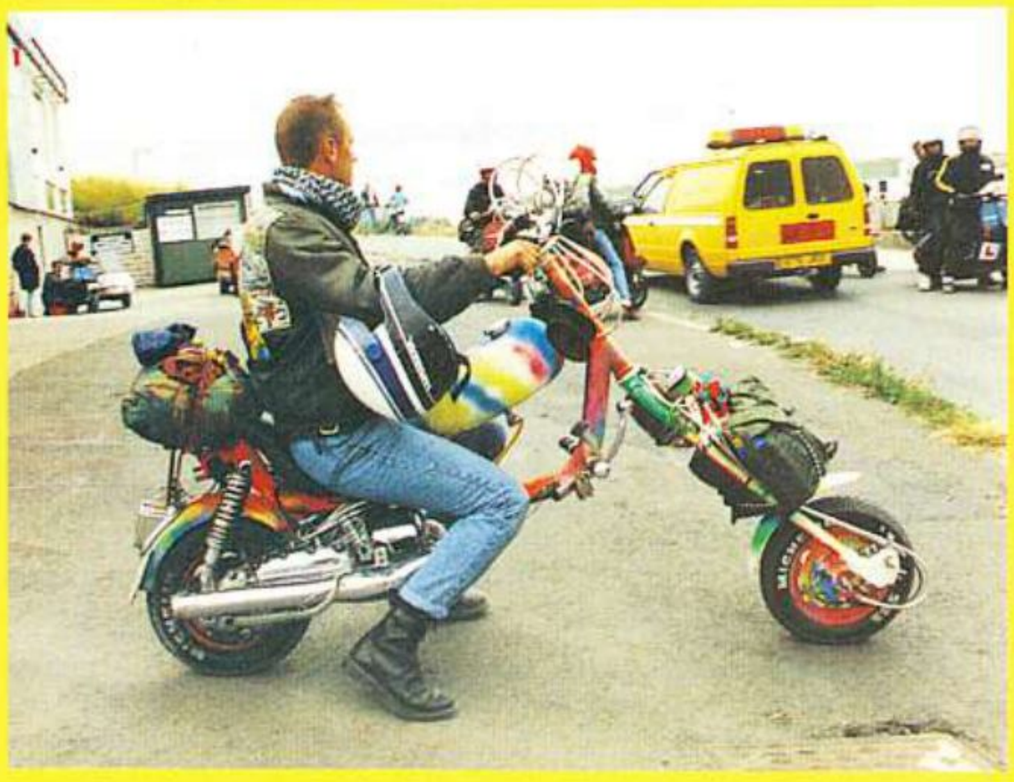
National Scooter Rally



Aberystwyth July 27th – 29th







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The trip down from Leeds to the seventh rally of 1990 was a lively one due to three things: (1) Heavy fog; (2) Roadworks on the M62; (3) A cow the size of small house stood in the middle of the road on a bend near Llangurig.

Having arrived at our destination, we paid our money on the gate and had our teeth rattled loose on the long road out to the site. First thing, erect the tent. It didn't take the mind of David Attenborough to work out that where we were camping was the more regular habit of that well known native of Wales the sheep, mainly bacause they had done their doings everywhere. Anyway, we found a few square yards of dung-free grass and completed our erection (Ooer).

Everyone that I'd spoken to before the rally had been somewhat less than ecstatic about the prospect of going back. I wasn't and felt quite excited as I pulled on a stout pair of sensible shoes for the trek into the town for the evening's entertainment.

By 8 o'clock a number of scooter enthusiasts had arrived and the town was begining to liven up considerably. A number of public houses were displaying hastily-written signs saying 'Scooterists Welcome' and indeed many scooterists were repaying this hospitality by quaffing vast amounts of ale.

Our small team adjourned to the quaint little wine bar near the estuary: you know, the one with blood and saw-dust on the floor and the view across the sewage works from the patio.

Friday had gone and Saturday came, as it usually does. I crawled out of the tent into someting rather unpleasant. After washing it off I decided to have a walk round the site, like you do.

Hark! What's that noise I hear. Yes it's the unmistakably cheerful chimes of an ice cream van. Rubbing my hands together with glee I could almost taste the 99 with everything on and the luke warm can of ginger beer which is always the only canned drink they have left. But it wasn't to be. Instead of Mr. Whippy, I was confronted by three wildly grinning lunatics in a Rally 200 and sidecar. Boys, you need phsychiatric help – like now.

Time to walk back into town for breakfast and just time to completely strip the engine of my GP, not that it ever breaks down, but . . . well, just something to do really.

After vigorously scrubbing my arm in a bucket of icy sea water it was time to stand in a circle around some scooters. Yes, the custom show. The results should be at the end of this finely crafted article.

Being an outdoor kind of guy, I decided to immerse myself in the crystal clear Welsh waters. On arrival at the riverbank I found that some others had already had the same idea. So, together with Colin – my synchronised swimming mixed doubles partner – I entered the bracing water for a good swim and quite a bit of 'horseplay'. I also think it's worth mentionng that it was only us Real Men, ie Scots and Northerners, who braved the icy depths.

While changing into some dry kit I found myself singing and even tapping a toe to the tunes coming out of the Salford Van Hire Super Disco Fun Bus. Happy Mondays, Primal Scream, 808 State, Inspiral Carpets – surely this couldn't be a scooter rally? But yes, it was a scooter rally and in amongst all this long hair music was Ska, Northern and all sorts of other stuff. So everyone was happy.

Well, I was anyway.

Before heading back into the town I chatted with fellow Yorkshiremen of The Dirty Mills SC, a fine body of men who had been stewarding on the gate. I know that it's been said before but these people give up a big part of their weekend to make sure that the rally happens and a lot of the time they don't get proper recognition for what they do.

Late on the Saturday people were still turning up on the site determined to have at least one night of scooterist-type entertaiment before making the long journey home the next day.

At the first public house visited we met up with members of the world famous York SC, as well as the A48 SC who, it must be said, aren't quite as famous. Still they had just been interviewed by HTV who had been lugging lots of heavy looking equipment around the site for most of the afternoon. Which of course we are all totally bored with, because it happens on every other rally. I myself have been interviewed 14 times now and appeared on the Soviet Union programme Super Fun Disco Party. Moments later while sat with no less a man than Rob Murray, the NSRA's Best Supporting Member 1989, a law enforcement officer approached us and downed Rob's pint in one. Well I never.

We decided it was time to move on and ended up in Porkies. It semed like everyone else had ended up in Porkies as well and the joint was jumping with everyone dancing and frolicking. Ooh, it warmed the cockles of my heart it did.

Kicking out time came far too early and after a kebab it was time to stumble back to the site for the last time.

Back in my bivouac I was kept awake by the other half of the club – Michael – who seemed to be mumbling something about fluffy bunny rabbit's ears and how badly the tent was spinning.

Sunday: time to go home. As I bounced down the rock strewn road I looked back on what had been a megadocious weekend – friendly natives, spacious campsite, nice policeymen, avuncular publicans and the sterling efforts of the good old NSRA. What more could a scooter-person ask for?

Who wants to go to LLandudno anyway? It's a silly place.

Gary Inman
Born Losers SC

Extra police not all needed for scooterists'

The relaxed rally

by Norman Williams

ABOUT 3000 young scooter enthusiasts converged on Aberystwyth for their annual weekend rally, and generally heeded a request from the town's Mayor that they should "respect our town".

For police report only 11 scooterists arrested for various offences over the weekend, with just as many local people arrested for similar offences, in minor disturbances around the town.

When Cllr. Mona Morris, the Mayor of Aberystwyth, visited the Tanybwlch beach site used by the scooterists. "The people of Aberystwyth respect your right to come here for the weekend for your rally", she told them. "Now we hope you will respect the town", she added.

And apart from a few minor incidents, the members of the rally, arranged by the National Scooter Riders Association, were well-behaved throughout the weekend.

And although 100 extra police officers had been drafted in to the town to deal with any major incidents, a number of them were "stood down" during the weekend.

Of the 11 scooterists arrested, one was charged with assaulting a police officer. A police spokesman confirmed the officer suffered no serious injury

Five scooterists were arrested for public order offences, and four others were charged with causing criminal damage. One was charged with being drunk and disorderly.

There may also be three drink-driving offences pending, these will hinge on the results of blood tests awaited.

The number of scooterists visiting the town at the weekend was considerably reduced from the 4500 who attended last year's rally.

And although the same number of arrests were reported last year, the town was generally much quieter, with the Trefechan area noticeably affected.

Whereas police officers kept a keen vigil on the Trefechan bridge approach to the town, the atmosphere appeared more relaxed than in previous years.

This was borne out by a certain number of officers being returned to duty within their own force area earlier than anticipated.

Breakdowns and a box of biscuits for Trefechan shop—page 6

But one reveller stuck his head out too far

ONE YOUNG scooterist stuck his neck out a bit too far on Saturday night. The man had been taken to Aberystwyth Police Station after an incident, and his head became firmly wedged in a cell-door hatch when he tried to attract an officers attention. Despite the greasing of his head, with washing up liquid, the man remained trapped by his ears! Aberystwyth firemen were called and they had to remove a section of the reinforced door to release him. The man was then released without charge.

ABERYSTWYTH RALLY CUSTOM SHOW RESULTS:

Best Lambretta – Majestic Realms, Paul 'Dizzy' Hissy
Best Vespa – Apocalyptie Prelude, Ricky Critlenden
Best Street Racer – Stinger II, Lee Parker
Best Cutdown/Chopper – Heroin, Paul Clayton
Best Vintage – Vespa GS: RLK 721

A warm welcome for scooterists

A warm welcome from the people of Aberystwyth encouraged members of the National Scooter Riders Association to return to Aberystwyth for the weekend rally.

A young scooterist from Exmouth, who arrived in Aberystwyth for the third successive year to attend the rally, said the response the rallyists received from the townspeople was better than any other venue.

And the town proved itself to be "open all hours" for the scooterists who started arriving on Friday afternoon, with many travelling through the night to get here.

One young girl was a pillion passenger from Glasgow to Aberystwyth, but said the seven hour journey was well worth the short term discomfort of a sore bottom.

"Aberystwyth is a great town, and I look forward to coming here", she said.

But she thought the numbers attending the rally were down to about 2500, compared the figure of 3000 estimated by the organisers.

"We are always treated well by most of the people, but there are some who seem to object to our visit", she continued.

"But happily, they seem to be in the minority, — just like the few hangers-on who come to our rallies for the wrong reasons, simply to try and cause trouble", she added.

"But most of us love coming here, and think it is one of the best venues out of the seven or eight we attend", she concluded.

Scootering

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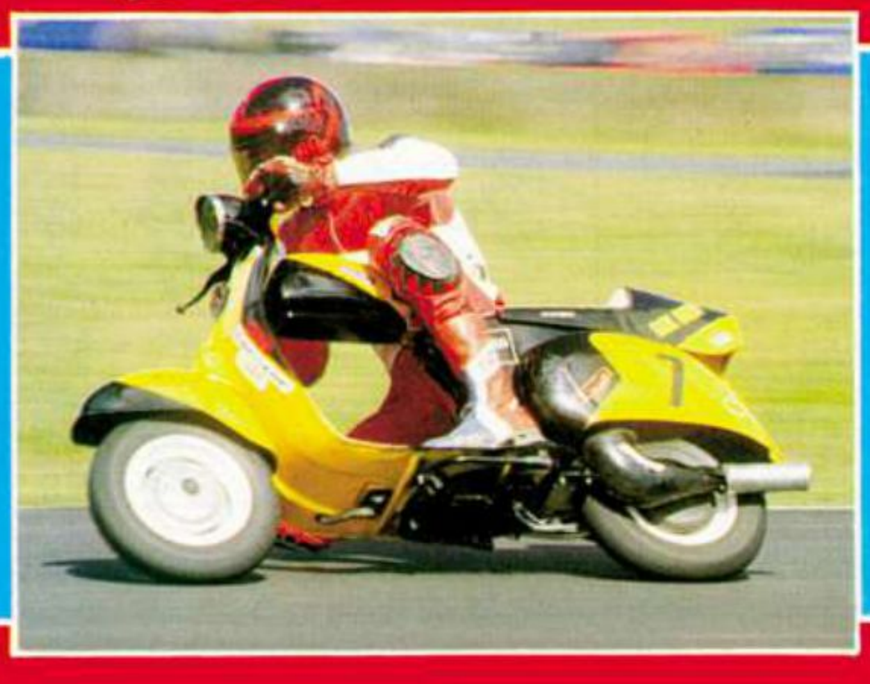
SCOOTERING

Few riders have achieved the status of brilliance. Dave Webster is one of them. He was road race champion in 1979, and followed that up with six consecutive wins from 1984 to 1989, and he is now leading the 1990 series. He is the winner of EMSA, LASCA and LCGB championships, with more lap records than any other person into the bargain. 'Webbo' has shown that experience, reliability and determination are the qualities necessary to win. In 'Webbo's' case it comes naturally.

Norrie Kerr



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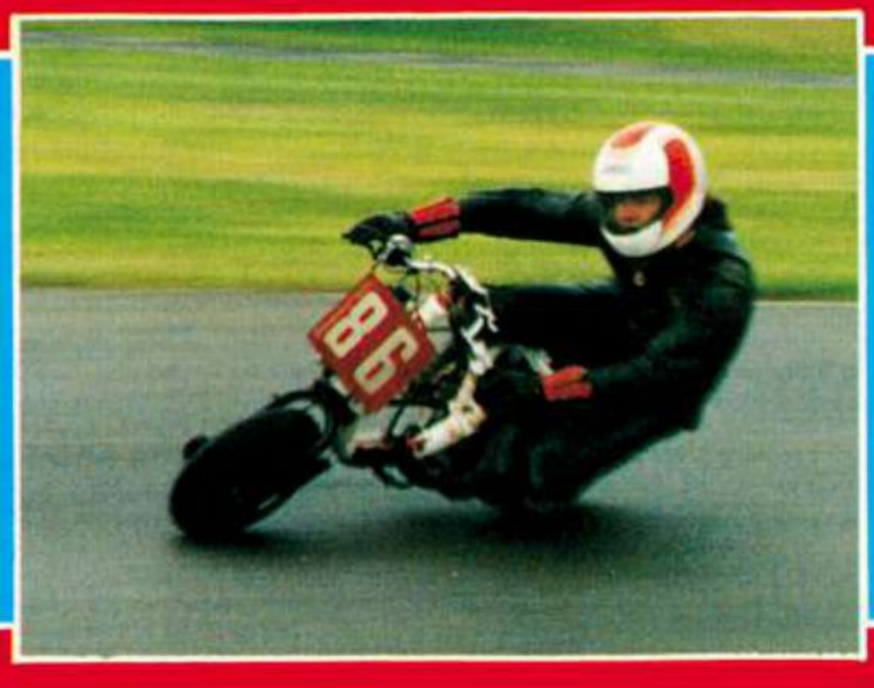

Four riders who I predict will dominate road racing in the nineties. *From left to right:* (3) 'Fast' Eddie Dickinson – CRSC and MJP Racing, (7) Mark Green – LLRT and MJC, (61) Ralph Saxelby – RS Racing and (86) Simon Baker – Taffspeed.

This bit and all pics: Steve Berry

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ON TEST

Lambretta SIL GP200

There's not much new about the new GPs, although a couple of them insisted on having strange new forks. Steve Berry and Midge had a go to see if they were any 'cop' ...

The new Lambrettas have arrived. Personally, I thought they'd never make it.

It's almost two years since the last batch of new machines were delivered to AF Rayspeed in North Yorkshire. Personally I thought that we'd seen the last of the Indian-made GP. I don't suppose that most of you get a chance to have a look at the Indian newspapers, but I do, and an article that I came across chronicled the factory's troubles across three pages. Basically it's never made money and the government want rid of it. According to the report about five different organisations or individuals wanted to buy the plant – the most serious of the contenders were Baja, who already produce Vespas and are one huge company – the thing was none of them really wanted to make Lambrettas.

The workers were a bit upset at the thought of being a bit unemployed, so much so that they occupied the factory in a show of defiance. When a few of them had been shot by the army the rest weren't feeling too defiant ...

So, I was wrong. At their open day AF Rayspeed had the new GPs on display including a couple with wholly-new Indian-designed forks. And if you really wanted to, then you could have a go on one.

It's difficult to talk about the GP without reference to either the Cosa or the testbike that I've been riding for the fortnight – and all I'm saying is that it comes from somewhere considerably right of Italy on a big map – and anyway I'll be doing just that in our comprehensive Comparison Test-type article coming up in a couple of months.

Down to the end of the road and back is hardly an exhaustive evaluation of whether it's a proper scooter or not, but I'm biased anyway and it was enough to see if those forks make any difference.

They do actually. The ride is smoother and less sensitive to 'imperfections in the road surface' (eh dad, I sound just like a proper journealist) meaning that the front wheel spends more of it's time in contact with the road surface instead of hopping around like a squirrel on a pogo stick

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every time you run over a twig. There must be a reason for this and there is. A couple of reasons. The first is that they have a greater trail – the angle at which the forks lie comparative to the steering column and which affects straight-line stability and steering speed – and the second is the the dampers are new and improved and absorb more of the stress than something better suited to holding the door open on a tumble drier.

And there's more. Under heavy braking (full-throttle third gear, big fist-full of lever) you're much less likely to end up doing a scooter-less forty miles an hour or lying face down in a ditch. I couldn't even lock the wheel and that's always been something I'm rather good at. It just stops – like it's meant to.

It can't all be good though can it? Nearly, Ray Kemp told me that owing to their relatively weedy nature it's unlikely that the new forks will have any application on the track where something a bit more rigid is required. The more rigider the better, in fact.

What I liked about the new GP was the standard of finish, the matt black bits and the new forks. What ticked me right off were: the fiddly indicator switch, the 'swiveling' mudguard (Ray tells me that a proper 'beak' should fit with the new forks) and the seat that made my buttocks tingle after about 3 miles 'in the saddle'. (Words fail me – Ed) Hold on a minute, I am the Ed.

I'm just glad I was wrong.

Steve Berry

'Here, take it out and give it a good thrashing,' said Ray Kemp – or words to that effect – thrusting the keys of a totally new GP200 in my direction. There it was in front of the shop; gleaming red and I have to admit that from the back it didn't look half-bad. The paint seemed to be an orange peel-free zone but as it seems to serve no obvious purpose the Indians have consigned the seat grille to the bin. To hide this obvious omission, the seat has been replaced by a three-seater couch. Although I would prefer a Snetterton I can see why the Indians would want something a bit more accommodating what with their liking for taking the whole family out on the bike.

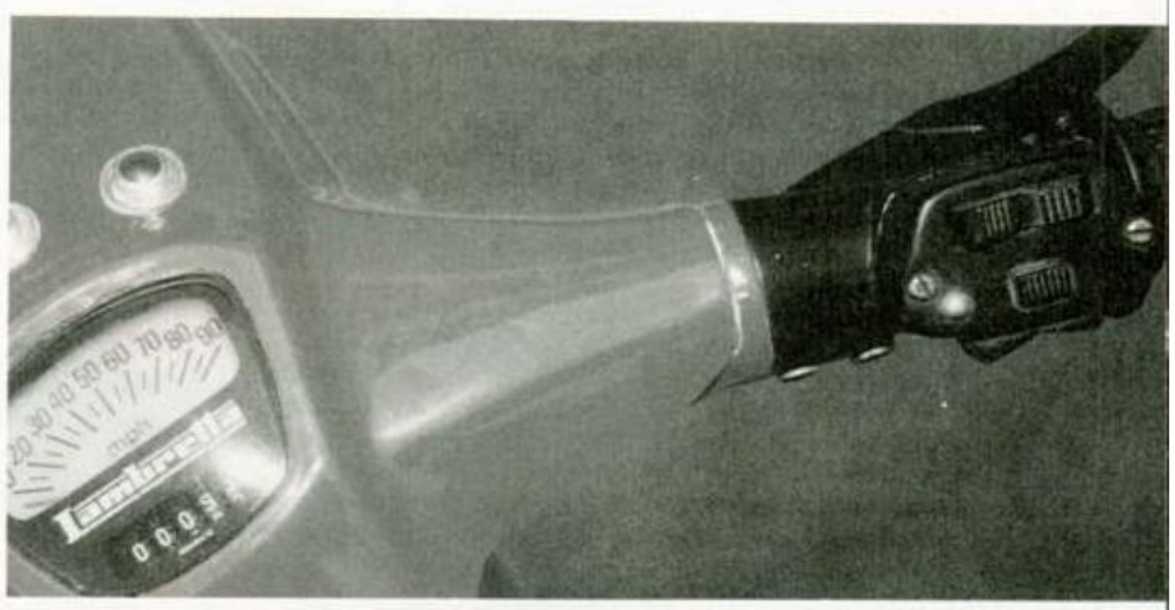
Now to the front. Oh dear, please excuse me while I vomit. The mudguard has been replaced with a steel helmet previously worn by a Romanian State Trooper. The forks are new too and there are some strange orange things on the legshields.

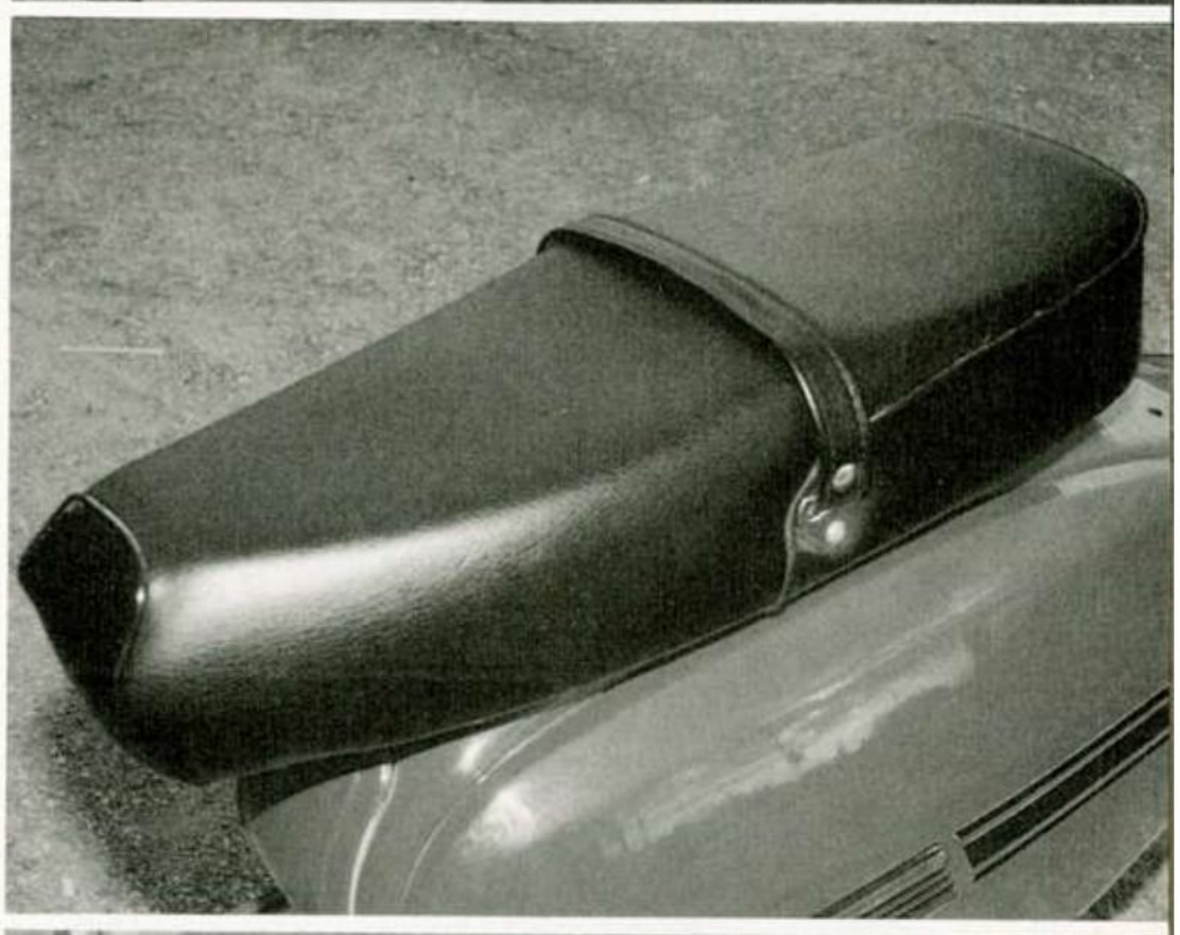
So, it was on with the test. My apprentice Troy lay down at the side of the machine allowing me to clamber aboard (Can you work out how I got my nickname?) With the engine running – I find it works better that way – I was off. Into second, then third and a quick glance at the speedo. Blimey, it's only done 8 miles and I'm thrashing the poor thing. I think I'll take it a bit easier.

I'm on a farm track now. These forks are supposed to have been developed to deal with Indian roads so let's see what it's like. Nursing it through the gears I accelerate up the medium grade track with dust rising in a huge cloud behind me. Never once did the front wheel stray from the line that I pointed it in and the braking and suspension were equal to a hydraulic disc with two sets of dampers.

Well, I think that the handling on the bike with the new-type forks is the best that I've known in fourteen years of riding Lambrettas. If it's to be faulted on anything then it would have to be that seat that wouldn't have looked out of place on a VESPA (sorry about that, I don't normally use that sort of language). The front mudguard is horribly hideous but I'm pretty sure that a proper fixed guard could be fitted along with the new forks. All they'd then need to do would be to put a seat grille on it and I for one wouldn't hesitate to buy one. Except that I haven't got the money.

Midge





BRIEF SPEC Lambretta SIL GP 200

Colours: Black or Red
Electrics: 12 volt AC. Indicators 6 volt
On The Road Price: £1496.76

Available From: Blewitt & Pender in Penzance, CJ Scooters in Cumbria, Scootique, Kegra, Taffspeed, Midland Scooter Centre, Pete Merchant, DTC and Len Turners

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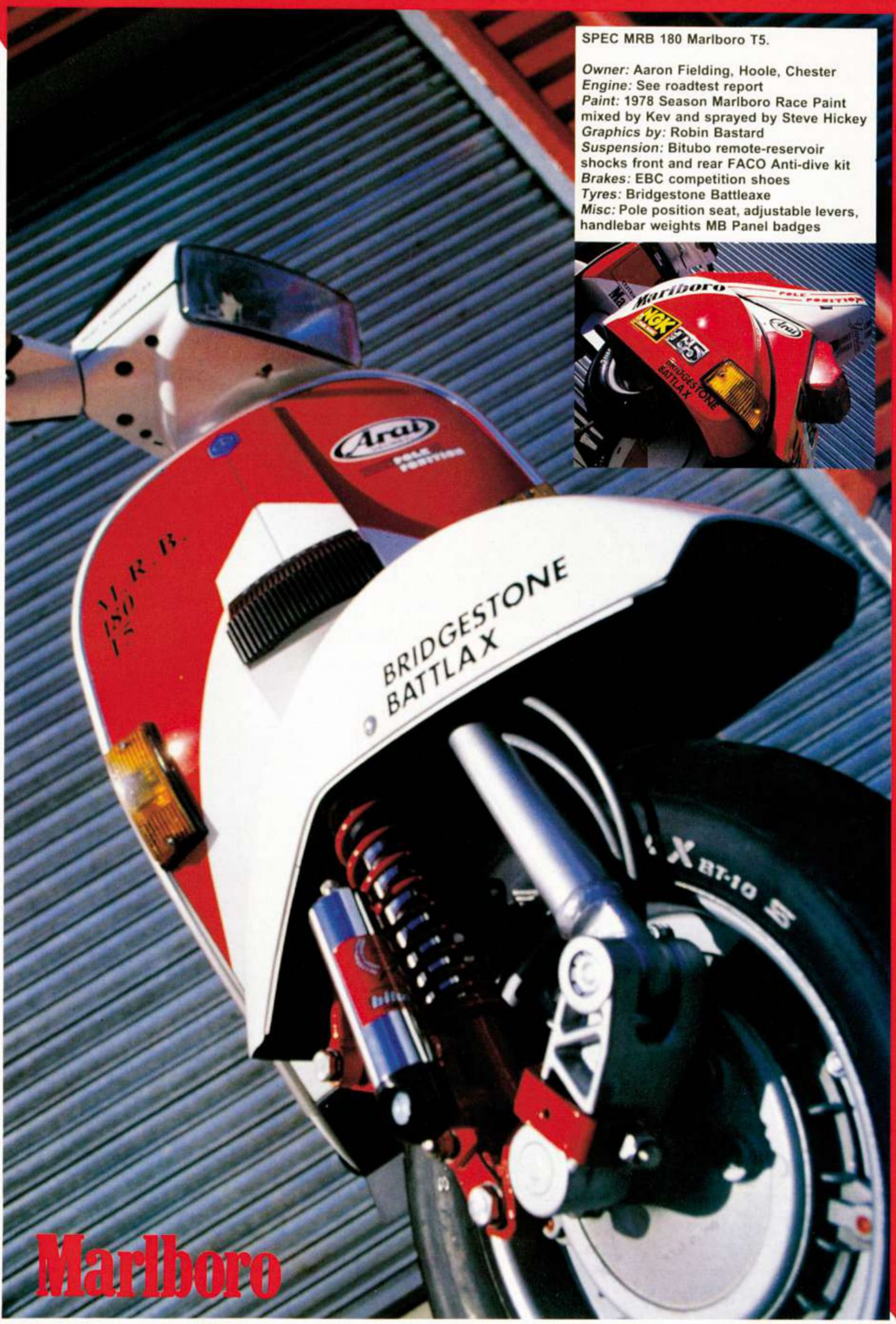
SPEC MRB 180 Marlboro T5.

Owner: Aaron Fielding, Hoole, Chester
Engine: See roadtest report
Paint: 1978 Season Marlboro Race Paint mixed by Kev and sprayed by Steve Hickey
Graphics by: Robin Bastard
Suspension: Bitubo remote-reservoir shocks front and rear FACO Anti-dive kit
Brakes: EBC competition shoes
Tyres: Bridgestone Battleaxe
Misc: Pole position seat, adjustable levers, handlebar weights MB Panel badges



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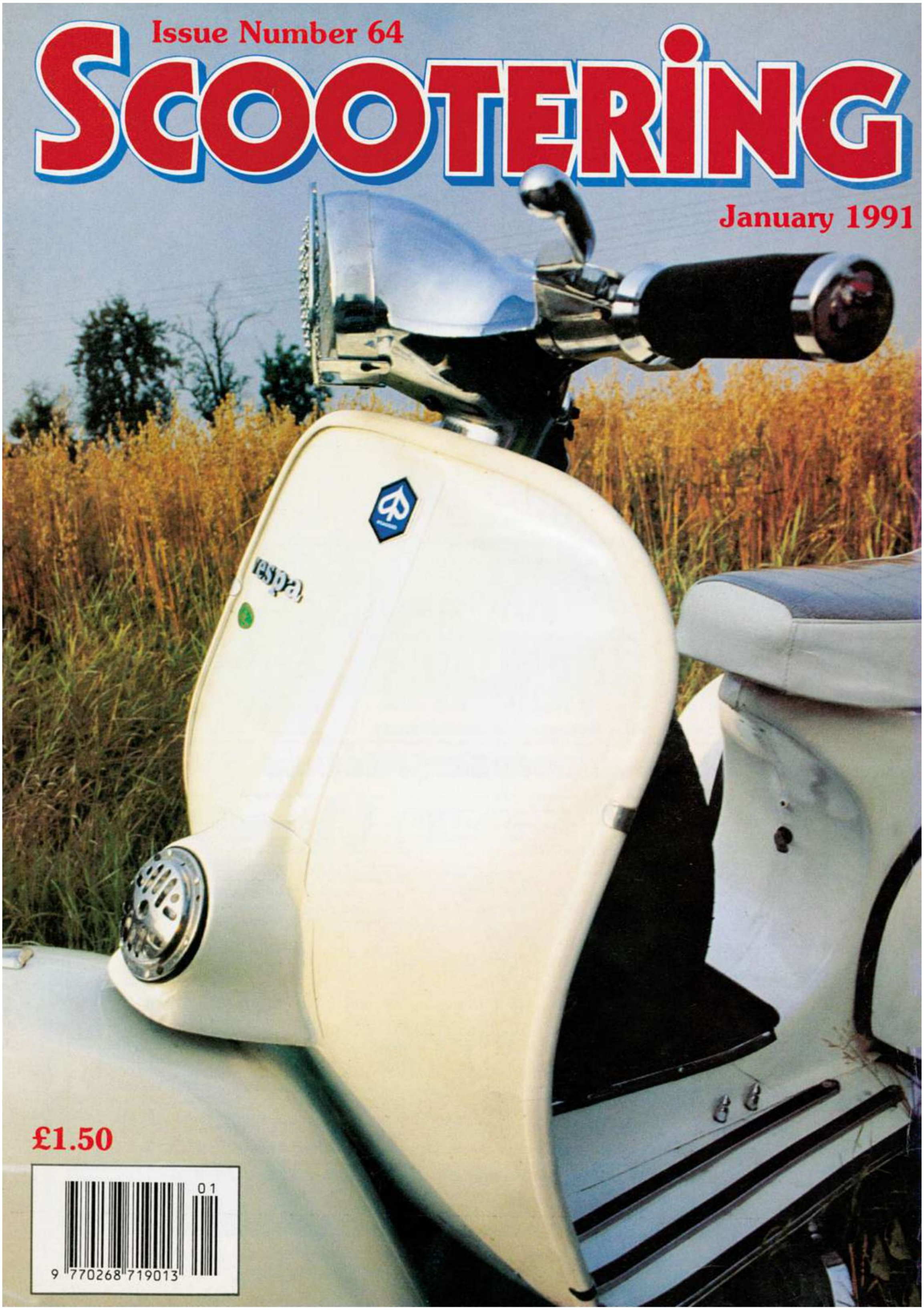

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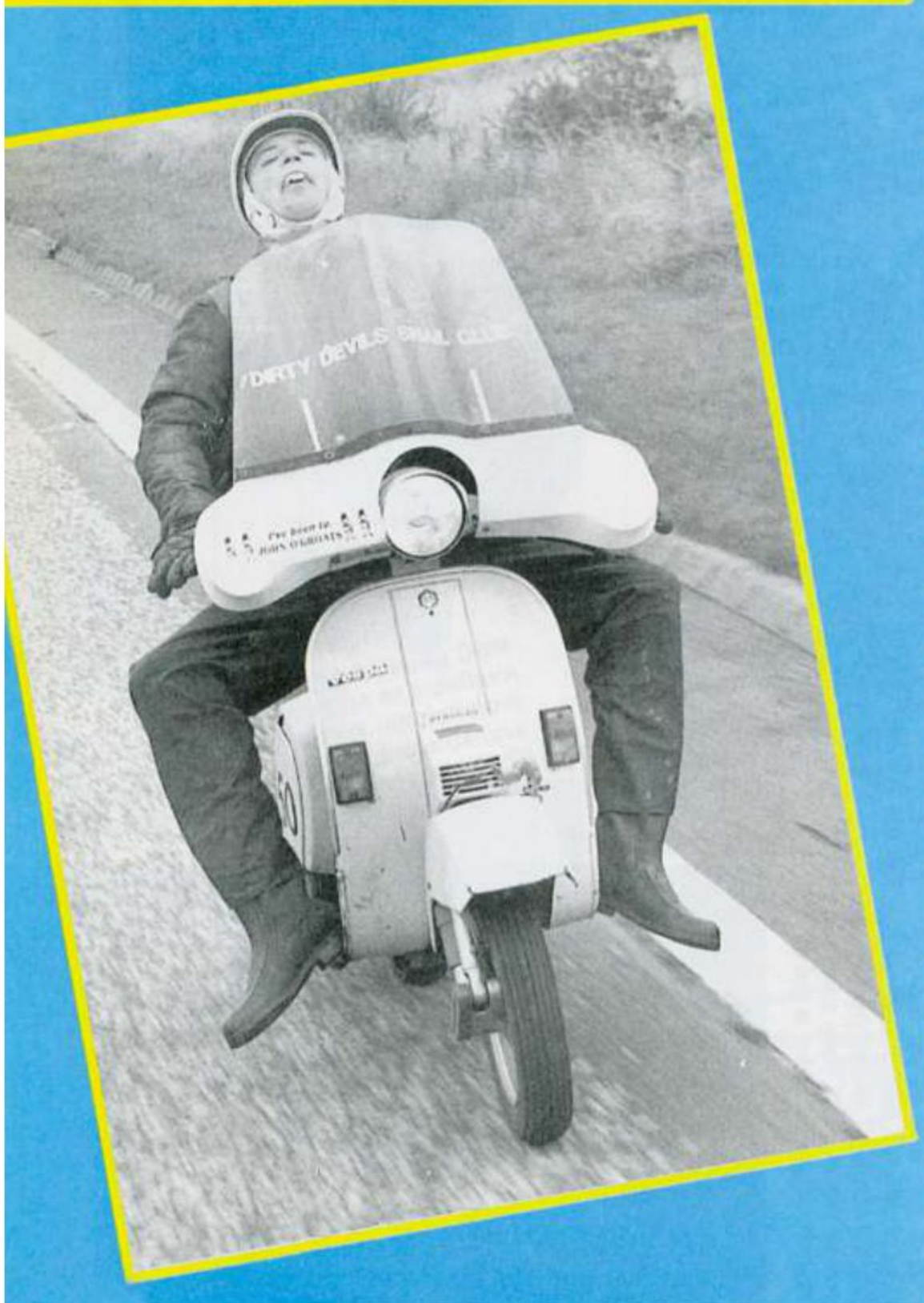
DIRTY MILLS/DIRTY DEVILS

LANDS END to JOHN O'GROATS

50 THRASH



The days when Lands End to John O'Groats was a great achievement have passed. It's been done countless times on scooters and we wanted to do something different. Vespa 50s seemed like a good idea at the time and, what the hell, it's all in a good cause – in this case The Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. Anyhow, after a few delays we were ready to go for it on 19th October.

I took a day off work to sort out the engine in the motorcycle of no more than 50ccs that would be piloted by myself and other members of Brighton's own Dirty Devils SC. To give it some class we fitted a proper big flyscreen and a mudflap that could only be described as big. Thus prepared we set our compass for the North and Wakefield West Yorks where we would meet up with the chaps and chappesses from The Dirty Mills. Unfortunately our previously untroubled Morris Minor van decided to have a bit of a turn on the way up and we arrived in Wakefield tired and hungry men.

It turned out that the Mill's machine wasn't exactly what one might call going – at all. So, it was time to get those engine casings split and retrieve the thousands of tiny fragments of small end bush that had decided on a sight-seeing tour of the crankcase. This done we went off to petrol station to sort out the wiring (Sorry, did I miss something? – Ed) Right, time to get going.

We had set off for the Northernmost tip of the British Isles at 2am on the Saturday morning. We arrived at 6pm having spent a highly enjoyable – and comfortable – sixteen hours in the van. It wa windy and raining. It had been windy and raining all day and no sooner had we got the Special out of the back of the van than it was blown over, snapping the front brake lever clean off. Eddie then rode it up a steep embankment for no apparent reason and with absolutely no hope of reaching the top. He fell off.

We had 940 miles in front of us: would the bikes make it? Would the van make it? Would we make it? Well, you're about to find out.

Paul and Bev set out into a strong headwind. The van caught up with them about ten miles from John O'Groats. The Dirty Mills Special wasn't doing too well when you think that we still had 930 miles to go: the number plate had fallen off, the back light was flickering away and the engine was mis-firing that badly 20mph was as fast as it was going to go. The PK carried on regardless while the invalided Special was hoisted into the back of the van for some serious work. It was quickly repaired and pressed back into service. We finally caught up with Paul and the PK at Bonar Bridge, about 90 miles from our starting point. Jonny took over on the Special and displayed as much enthusiasm for the task as anyone who has ever taken to two wheels. Sleeping in the van proved somewhat fitful due to the noisy joviality of our crew. How we laughed. The handlebar grip fell off the Special to be followed (in sympathy, we think) by the exhaust. The Special was reduced to 15 incredibly loud miles per hour. It wanted fixing badly so we stopped and fixed it – badly – we also thought about mending the back light which had extinguished itself some miles previously, but didn't bother. So, there it stood; no front brake, no back light and with the choke full on because of a blocked carb. Strangely enough no-one volunteered to strip the carb and rebuild it; in the middle of the night, in the pouring rain and after having no sleep for at least 24 hours. While Eddie worked on the Special Jonny lay prostrate at the side of the road receiving heart massage from Roger. True to form every single car stopped to ask if they were alright -including a couple of Police persons in their panda car. Roger asked them if they had any beer.

The van speding along a deserted road somewhere in Scotland trying to catch the PK when an improbably large hound appeared in the middle of the road foaming at the mouth. The van stopped very suddenly indeed and the dog attempted to get inside by hurling it's self at the windscreen like a thing gone wild. (Honestly!) And to think that the PK had gone down that very same track only a few minutes earlier.

Eddie and Roger took over on the bikes. Eddie – in a dreamy, far-off world of his own – wandered across the dual carriageway until a car came up on him fast and had to take emergency action to avoid a horrible accident. Our shift system had been devised to discourage such potentially lethal situations and (thankfully) it did. Well, most of the time.

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The first signs of dawn revealed a windy and overcast October morning as Paul and Bev took over for their second shift. Almost immediately Paul got a puncture, fixed it and set off in exactly the wrong direction. Full credit to Paul though, who stayed in the saddle for a buttock-numbing four hours. We stopped in Lanark to explain the new route to the riders. Jonny refused to dismount from the Special and rode round Safeways' carpark in ever-decreasing circles until he fell of.

We finally crossed into England with Eddie and Roger firmly at the helm. Roger seemed to be having some small problem controlling his steed. Although, to those who know Roger even a bit, this will come as no surprise. When he wasn't riding on the pavement he was dragging his hand along the ground in an attempt to scoop up one of the many ex-rodents that littered the roadside.

Our plan was to take the A6 but when we reached the roundabout in the van we found the slip-road coned off. Surely they couldn't have gone down the M6? Knowing that Eddie's license hung by a particularly-threadbare thread we took the first exit off the motorway and headed out onto the A6 to search for them. We soon found them in plain ridiculous mode: Roger, in full racing leathers was lying on the seat with his legs trailing in the breeze was being overtaken by Eddie sitting bolt upright with legs and teeth akimbo. Descending an enormous hill the PK gathered momentum until it reached a eye-popping 40mph. At speeds like this the engine made a noise not unlike a flock of locusts. There was only one thing that Eddie could do to make it even faster – he pulled the clutch in and achieved a genuine 45mph. shortly after this episode the van was forced to make an emergency stop as we were cooking a meal at the time this caused panic as hot food went everywhere and the stove fell on Paul's waterproofs. Fortunately they didn't set on fire but they did melt.

At Lancaster Paul took over clad '79-stylee in a lovely fishtail parka. The highlight of his ride came when he wiped out a set of temporary traffic lights claiming that 'my foot got caught in the floor mat'. A likely story! Time soon passed and just for a change both bikes were hummimg along like The Spinners on speed. By the wee small hours of Monday morning we'd reached Ross on Wye and had just changed riders when we came upon a Police roadblock. Roger explained what we were about and – just for the hell of it – bent their ear with every detail of the Special and what was wrong with it. If they'd really wanted to they could have got very niggley about this but I think they were a bit taken aback by Roger and sent us on our way.

A rabbit jumped out in front of Eddie who braked hard to avoid it, causing Roger to swerve violently too avoid him (he had no front brake remember) and in doing so he struck the rabbit which had attempted to get out of the way. It never really had a chance did it? Anyway Eddie and Roger then decided that their lights needed 'a rest' so they turned them off and went wildly careering across the A38. This proved to be not such a good idea when the Special refused to go any more and (unknowingly) Eddie rode off into the night not to be seen again for a long time. It was the spark plug, not bad really when consider that it had done 700 miles non-stop and truly remarkable when Bev admitted that it was the same plug that had spent the last five years amongst the debris on her garage floor from where it had been rescued the night before we set off.

Morning had broken and Paul was greeting everyone who rode past with a hearty 'Good Morning!' much to their disconsternation. We got a bit stuck in Exeter's rush-hour but were soon out on a deserted A30 heading south on the last leg of our epic journey. The last ten miles were done racing two-up. The Special established an early lead but the PK had power to spare and pulled out of his slipstream on the final straight to take the flag. Anyway it was a great moment for competitors and spectators alike. You have to queue to get into Land's End these days so we had to wait a bit before we could take the pictures (spot the deliberate mistake). On the way to the pub we came across Winnie the Pooh and Rupert Bear. Roger decided that we should find out what sex they were so we chased them round the carpark but gave up after a while as we were all well knackered. They must have thought we were very odd.

I can honestly say that this was the most fun I've ever had on or off a scooter and although we were all tired, cold and wet for a lot of the time the way that everyone worked together – without complaining – was something that I'm proud to have been a part of.

Words – Gary Gear
Pics – Paul Vincent

BiG FaNXS

The Dirty Mills and Dirty Devils SC would like to thank everyone who sponsored them and especially people who helped out with their time and resources like: CJ Scooters, Chislespeed, DTC, Jade Scooters, Lens of Shipley and Vespa (UK). Special thanks though must go to Jeff Smith who stepped in at the very last minute when the promise of a van fell through and provided us with a replacement vehicle. Thanks to Eddie for letting us borrow his leather flying helmet which gave every single person that wore it a headache and, in the event of a knock on the head would have afforded the same amount of cranial protection as a flowerpot. Finally, the riders would like to thank Harry and Jo would drove the van for 68 hours non-stop between the pair of them. Anyway, for those that are intrested here are the facts and figures:-

Total Distance covered by scooters: 940 miles.
Time taken: 42 hours, 20 minutes.
Max Speeds: Dirty Devils PK, 45mph (downhill with clutch fully engaged) Dirty Mills Special, 40mph (off edge of enbankment).
Min Speed: PK 8mph (two-up, up big hill). Special 6mph (three-up leaving Land's End car park).
Average Speed: 22. 27mph.
No. of Crank revolutions: 12,700,000 (approx).
All pledges should now be sent to; Roger, 16 Queen St, Normant, West Yorks, WF6 1EJ. As soon as possible please.

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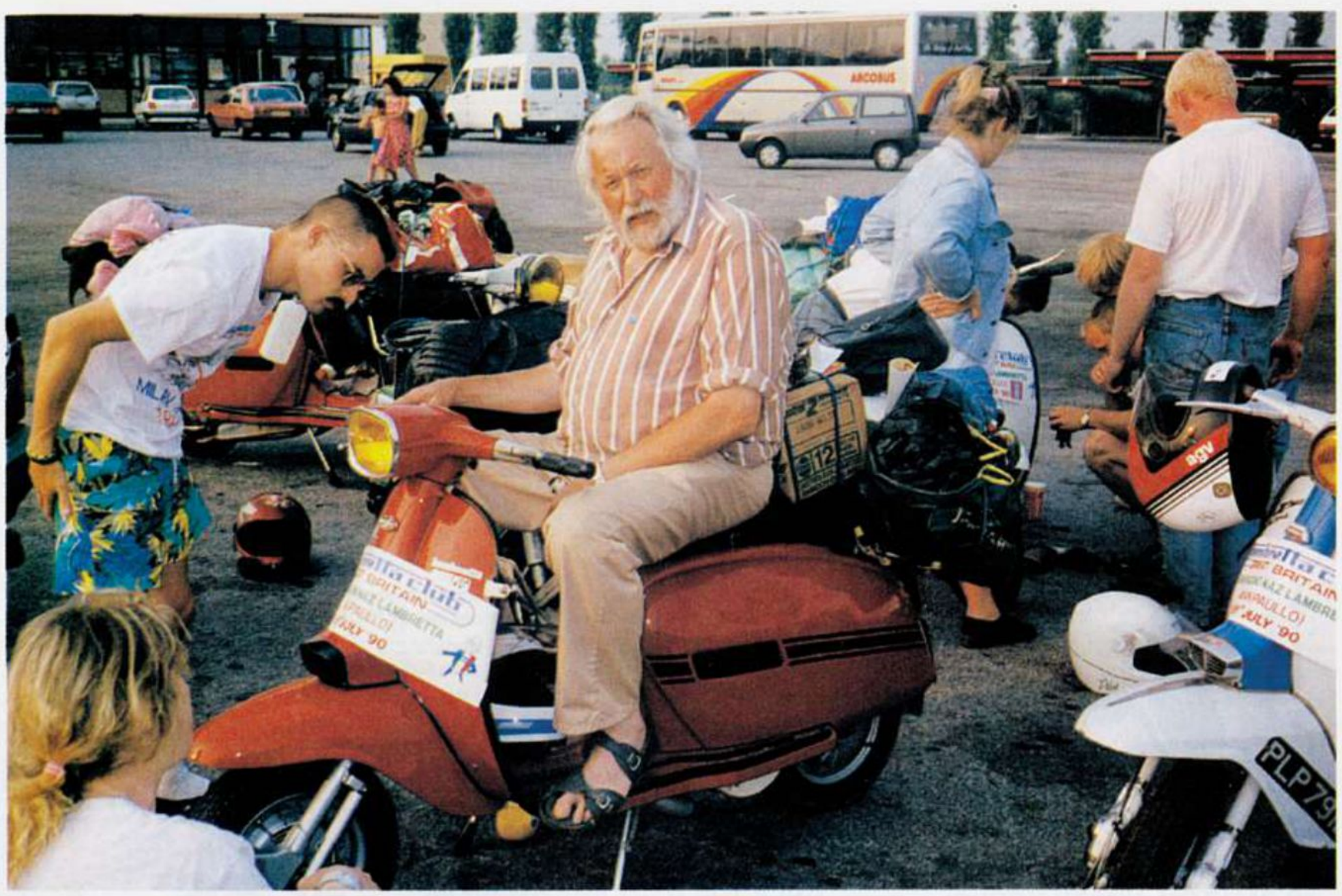
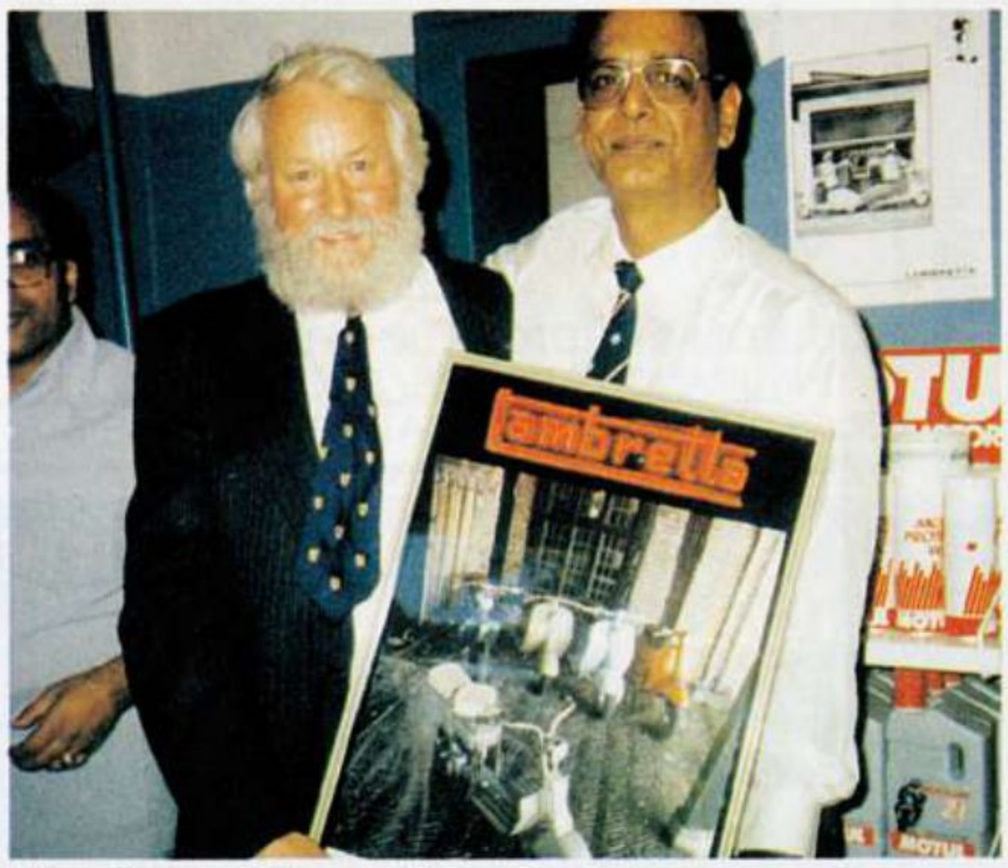


Mike at this year's Euro Lambretta in Milan.

Mike attempts the gymkhana in sandles and a Panama hat, Jim Trewin runs alongside.

Mike's 1957 Li150 combination. This is probably the most famous combination of the sixties; it won two gold medals at the Isle of Man Rallies and travelled 5,000 miles to an Internation Rally in Istanbul. It also travelled to many rallies in this country. The engine was converted to 200cc using a GT barrel and head and the sidecar was a Watsonian Bambini.



Mike with Tony Jains, president of the Swiss Lambretta Club, at the opening of the Swiss Lambretta Centre in 1988.

MIKE KARSLAKE

M. Howard Karslake, F.R.S.A., A.R.A.E.S., 1932–1990

On November 1 1990 we not only lost a fellow scooterist but, in the death of Mike Karslake, we lost the corner-stone of scootering.

We should never underestimate what Mike did, not just for Lambretta, but for the whole of scootering. When so many were turning their back on the movement in the late seventies it was Mike who held out the hand of friendship and was ready to pass on the benefit of wisdom gained through a lifetime spent with scooters.

When the Lambretta Club of Great Britain was put into mothballs in 1974 it was Mike who stepped in to finance the Southend Rallies out of his own pocket. His enthusiasm was infectious and he always managed to get others involved in the organisation. When the Widnes Saints SC made the decision to try and resurrect the LCGB it was Mike that we turned to for help and advice, which he gave freely.

It is no secret that in those early days the fledgeling Lambretta Club struggled to survive, the Southend Rally was wrecked by trouble-makers not once, but twice, and anyone would have had a good excuse to disassociate themselves entirely from any event of this kind. Mike refused to be intimidated by the hooligans and always told me 'We can't let these bastards beat us Kev, because if we do then scootering will die.' In the end we won through and a lot of that was down to Mike Karslake.

With the troubled years behind us, it was Mike who led the LCGB forward and realised his long-held dream by opening the Lambretta Museum, which was the only one of it's kind in the world.

Although I had only known him for 15 years it would be no exaggeration to say that Mike Karslake was more of a father figure to me than a friend. We will never see his like again and I'm sure that all who met him will treasure his memory.

Kev Walsh

It was with deep sadness and regret that we learned of the death of Mike Karslake. He was an old acquaintance and a very dear friend. Mike was the corner-stone of the British Lambretta movement and that movement would not exist to the extent that it does today if it hadn't been for his involvement. His name was synonymous with scootering and his enthusiasm and dedication never waned and, if anything, got stronger with age.

Mike was a great collector and because of him we have a lasting monument to the Lambretta scooter - a fitting tribute to his life's work.

It was our privilege and pleasure to have known and worked with Mike and our sympathy must be with his family at this time.

Mary & Ray Kemp

Mike Karslake was the 159th person in the UK to buy a Lambretta scooter. It was 1952 and he had just left the RAF. During the fifties Innocenti sold a phenominal number of machines over here, far more than their nearest (and dearest) rival and by the end of the decade, the UK was their most important market outside of Italy. Inevitably people who liked Lambretta wanted to meet others who shared their enthusiasm and Mike was involved right from the begining. He joined Club Lambretta, which changed its name to the British Lambretta Owners Association and was soon helping to run the club. He organised the first weekend rally on the Isle of Man and the first of the Southend Rallies. He worked as a guide for a travel company that organised scooter tours on the continent and wrote a regular column for Scooter and Three-Wheeler.

In 1962 Mike flew out to Turkey as a member of a team representing UK agents Lambretta Concessionaires in the Istanbul International Rally. The event was organised by The Lambretta Club of Italy and sponsored by the factory. In later years Mike would recall this as the highlight of his career as a works rider.

In 1974 there were no works riders. Innocenti had stopped producing Lambrettas two years before and there wasn't even an owners club. Mike decided that it was essential to bring together the history of Lambretta before it was lost and formed the Lambretta Preservation Society. Back then no one wanted to know, and people were only too glad to get rid of scooters they didn't want or need any more. Inevitably Mike ended up with more machines than he had room for. He made the decision to sell-up in the South East and move the lot to Devon into purpose-built accommodation. When the LPS Museum opened it was the only one of its kind anywhere in the world. When you stop and think that it was essentially the work of one man, then that is some achievement.

I don't think I met Mike more than a dozen times but he impressed me greatly with his knowledge and enthusiasm. He could tell a tale too. The best one had nothing to do with scooters at all. Mike had been arrested as a suspect in a particularly grusesome murder case. Although when I think about it, it did have something to do with scooters – or Innocenti at least – because the unfortunate victim had been done in with an axe of the same type as the one that went with Mike's famous fire engine. Mike's distinctive Mercedes estate had been spotted by a sharp-eyed young copper only a few streets away from the murdered woman's house and – just to make things look really bad, the axe that went with the engine had gone missing only a few days earlier. Suddenly and dramatically the murderer walked into the station and confessed. It turned out that he'd been an auxilary fireman during the war and had kept the axe to chop coal – among other things. The police let Mike go immediately. Well, after they poured him a large one to steady his nerves out of the bottle kept locked in the station's First Aid cabinet. I know it's a cliche – and I don't care – but you hear Mike tell that story himself. What a star.

Most of the tributes paid to Mike will concentrate on what he did for Lambretta scooters. But there was more to him than that. A lot more. Mike was one of the first people to complete a million miles in a Mercedes car and had a gold three-pointed star presented to him by the factory. In his professional life Mike had reached the very top and in his office had a framed photograph of himself and the Queen taken when she came to view the working model of the Thames Barrier designed and built by the company he owned. Mike collected tractors – toy tractors – but typically it grew into one of the most important collections of working agricultural models in the world and became a one of the leading experts.

When I bought an Innocenti car a few years ago it was Mike who gave me the number of the only place I could get parts from outside of Italy. He also told me a great story about how he came across the red car in the museum. Mike didn't like this magazine. I mentioned this to someone who'd known him for nearly thirty years who told me that Mike used to write letters to the the scooter mags in the sixties complaining about the mods. Mike was from a different generation with a very different perspective on what scootering was about. Mike was one of life's achievers and he told wonderful stories...

Steve Berry

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THE MAN, THE PATCH, THE STORY

OR a lot of scooterists one of the things they consider important at a Rally is buying a run patch which serves as a lasting memento, badge of honour and their proof they made it.

Whilst some older scooterists have long stopped collecting them to wear they'll tell of their collection in the bottom drawer and they've got so many years' full collections. This desire is evident in our "Wanted" adverts – people offer £2 or £3 or £5 for the patch they've missed, lost or faded.

This hasn't always been the case of course. I started going on rallies ten years ago and in those days club patches were the norm. I remember in 1981 my then club's No. 1 lecturing me. "These run patches couldn't catch on?" (It was an M. Dixon Scootermania patch). In 1982 there were a load of 'Run Patches'; Scootermania, Gingers, CJ's, Dermot Nashes and, later, VFM and Hi-Style, and the competition was fierce indeed. The Paddy Smith patch though was always more colourful and better designed, often cheaper, and you could only get it on that run. I would say it was probably 83-84 when the 'Paddy Smith' became the unofficial 'official' run patch to have and since then it's gone from strength to strength.

At the same time he printed club patches and literally thousands of designs for clubs, from the U.S.A., Germany and France, Guernsey, Ireland, Euro rallies, Mod rallies, T-shirts, Sweatshirts – you name it.

So that is the patch, but the story behind it and the man himself is just as interesting. I know a few people have said to me he's just a businessman, but read on and I hope you'll be surprised.

Paddy is older than he at first appears, or admits, and his involvement in his two dearest interests, drawing and scooters goes back a long time. 1964 Paddy was 13; scooters were popular; mods were in the headlines and he discovered a talent for art.

Early on he drew his first scooter and loved it's unique style and shape. When he was old enough at the age of 16, he was bought his first scooter, a "plastic Excelsior" which had an awkward foot gearchange. He actually wanted an SX200 but loved it nonetheless!

Not long after he left school to go to Art College at Leamington Spa and from there he went to Loughborough College to study for a degree in Fine Art. Throughout this time he still had scooters and at college it was a Vespa Sportique. When Paddy left Art College with his shiny new degree, still fond of scoots, they'd generally gone out of fashion and Smith decided to set out for some adventures.

In 1972 he went to the U.S.A. and despite his qualifications, all he could get was a job as a painter and decorator and he found he didn't like that, or the U.S.A. So he returned home in '73 and, in his own words, "bummed around", lived in a squat, got drunk a lot and met Annie who would later become his wife.

He was now unemployed so he decided to get a job. He managed to bullshit his way into a job at a Silkscreen Printers (he hadn't a clue to begin with!!) but he soon picked it up. The squat ended soon afterwards so he left London and moved to Stroud where he and Annie had friends. There was no job to start with so he drifted around, worked in a pub until he got wind of a job at a Silkscreen Printers. With his past experience Paddy easily settled in and quickly ended up as foreman (we are now in 1980).

Outside Quadrophenia had been, the Mod revival was in full flow and such programmes as "Nationwide" featured the older "Soul Boys", Northern scooterists. His wife's brothers who were ex-70's scooter skins, went to Scarborough, enjoyed it and got some old scooters again. Paddy was bored, and his in-laws rekindled his old passion for scooters and in 1980 he became fascinated with the scene.

The following year, 1981, Paddy went to Skegness for the National Rally with Annie on the back of her brother's scooters. He had a good crack, couldn't understand the Mods, but at Skeggie he got on well with the other scooterists. For the hell of it, he printed some T-shirts he knocked up at work on the quiet, which he took to wear and pay for his beer. He found the lads loved them but he noticed the love for patches which people asked if he could do.

So at Yarmouth in 1981 he printed his first run patch for 75p each and also found the local clubs asked him to do patches for them. By now Paddy was fully back into scooters having bought himself a P200, going to club do's and rallies, and having a great time. As I've said there were a load of run patches out, maybe 6 or 7 others besides his. The other patch dealers were friendly rivals but on one occasion one did try and threaten Paddy.

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In 1982 he made a decision only to sell the run patch on that one run only and then it was a gamble as other dealers would sell you any back patches. In the end it was a wise decision as it made Paddy's patch the once to buy and the one for other dealers to beat. At least one dealer even tried to copy Paddy's patches exactly but that didn't work at all, and now it can't be done as he has a legal copyright on them and their design.

Paddy fell in love with the camaraderie of the whole scooter scene and made friends in those years, and since, that he swears will last a lifetime.

In the early years he drew and made the patches at work during his lunchbreak as a 'Homer'. By 1982 he did all the work in his bedroom. These days, of course, he is his own boss and sells T-shirts etc. but the run patches are his staple product. Each patch takes 3 days work to draw and as you may have seen at the LCGB show are hand printed, 8 at a time on a manual press. They are then cut out individually by hand.

Paddy has many fond memories of scooter runs and scooters. He loved Torquay '82 when the Norwich Broadsmen invited him to their pre-Yarmouth do. He was chuffed when Martin Dixon, an old rival, congratulated him in Scootermania, about the birth of his son. Paddy loved the 1st Dunbar run and the ones that followed. He went up on his scooter-sidecar outfit to those, which he enjoyed especially! He's got many other favourite runs and only a few bad memories. Needless to say, the Isle of Wight Rally '86 was one of those and he finds many of the clingons we have attracted in the past to have been "trouble".

His favourite scooter is the "Innocenti GP200" and he was well chuffed when Vince asked him to help do "The Memorabilia" scooter. He was also pleased when "Spitting Image" had a puppet of Norman Tebbit wearing his piss-taking "Give us a Job" patch.

I've helped out at the rallies on Paddy's stall for five years. Skeggie was my first national too, and ordered our first club patch in '82 from him. In the early years I used to buy 20 or so of his patches (they were 50p then) and sell them in Belfast for £2!! and that's why he put the price up on them. I've heard and seen a thousand funny stories that have revolved around Paddy's patches. I could tell you about Weymouth when I needed a dump and found there was no loo paper and wasted £5 worth!!

For me, as for many scooterists, the 'Paddy Smith' run patch is always the one to have. They always run out of change or take ages finding you a fresh packet 'cos they got drunk the night before and can't remember where they put them. But for me it's just a part of a rally and a friendly, nicer typical part of our unique scene.

Our times have seen the mods come and go, the Soul scene, psychobilly and skins; the big bands and the clingons that they attracted also passed by. Different trends in scooters and clothes but the 'Paddy Smith's Run Patch', now ten years old, is still the best memento for many scooterists and looks like going on and on. In '91 he'll do all the runs and supply patches of Euro rallies, scooter events and, of course, for any club that wants them.

Me? I'd like a free half hour with Paddy's selection of patches to choose whatever I wanted. He's kept a couple of each patch, club and run, he's ever done. What a collection it is!!

Ah well, if only . . .

Has your Scooter Club got a club patch? If so, old or new, and you would like to see it featured within the magazine, then send it to us (with an S.A.E. if you want it returned), to Scootering Magazine, PO BNox 46, Weston-super-Mare, Avon BS23 1AF. *(Next month we will have another couple of pages featuring Rally and Club patches.*

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The LML Vespa T5 200 Taffspeed Demonstrator with a standard PX200 engine, imported by A F Rayspeed from the LML factory in India. Painted by Down Town Custom of Leeds to the latest race replica colours which Maca is renowned for. Further details contact Taffspeed.

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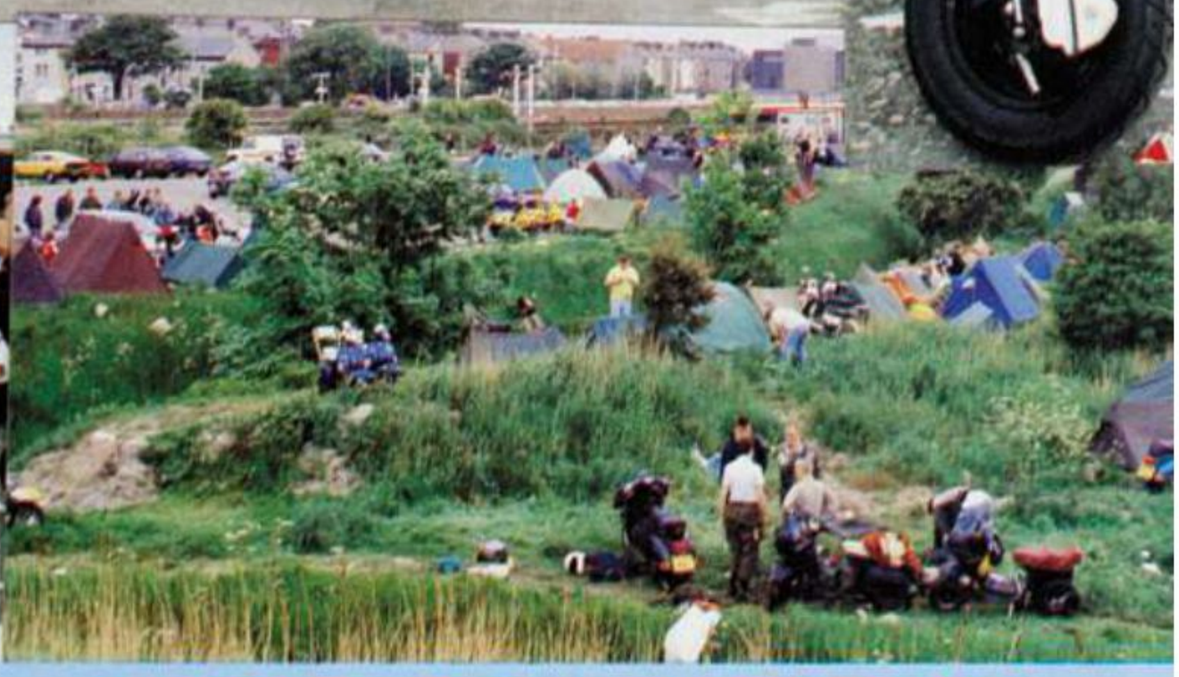

MORECAMBE 91

Despite what many of you may think I get my news about where the next run is the same way you do. Firstly you hear loads of rumours at the previous run Yarmouth and then you get the letter from the NSRA. I can't say I was that surprised though, after two Southern runs, I knew it was a fair bet we'd get a Northern one soon enough.

I went to Morecambe first on a National in '82 and it's been a run that's had it's ups and downs. In '83 the Council actually welcomed us back, but after major flare-ups and trouble, they bent over backwards in trying to stop us coming. Last year Morecambe was given a miss. However, in the winter the North West Alliance had an end-of-the-year Rally there, which passed ok! So we were heading back in '91.

This year the site was in the carpark beside the railway station and behind the Empire; this is where it had been in the early years, and later years, and in between at various other sites outside the town. The Council had provided the site, as in '89, and as such they ran it – or didn't, as the case was. There was no charge for scooterists, and scoots or any car or van driver to go on; only the dealers were charged.

My journey up was uneventful. I didn't see any of the sunshine that had been forecast but at least it didn't rain. The old P200 took me from Luton-Morecambe in about 5 hours, and the only hold up was in Brum where a 40-mile traffic jam slowed me up somewhat.

I soon got to the site and dumped of my ten layers of clothes, got a cup of tea and had a nosey around the site. All the usual dealers were there and the first trickle of scooterists were arriving. I took care to chain my scooter to Vince's, and a van, before setting off to sample the delights of the rustic Northern resort.

The NSRA had laid on a Friday night disco at the Gardens, only five minutes walk from the site, whilst about five minutes the other way the VFM had disco's in the Garage and also at Maggies Bar. Anyway I headed down the seafront bars to see, in true journalistic fashion, if the pubs were welcoming their scooter riding visitors. In all those I visited, everyone seemed happy, and in each there was a small but growing band of scooterists. Needless to say I had the odd pint in each before I finally headed down the Garage.

Friday nights are my favourite ones at the run because most people are still arriving so you can get served easy. I dont believe any of the do's ever really filled up much but on the Friday night I wasn't that worried.

Saturday dawned but I wasn't up till much later; it was about 11 a.m and the voice of our Editor which woke me (bless him!) "Bill, if I leave you this camera could you do the photos, I've got to do some business (get drunk)". The site was filling up but slowly and the other bit that worried me was the number of cars and vans on the site. There must have been at least a hundred and it was a sad trend that seemed to hold for the weekend. In the afternoon the NSRA held an Inter-Club tug-o-war and once again Bridlington S.C. and Harrogate S.C. were in the top three.

It was nice to see a lot of old faces at the run as Ginger told me over 30 of the old Cloud 9, Spartans, Wildcats etc met on Saturday for a beer and a laugh. I was also pleasantly surprised to see the German scooterists made it to Morecambe, as did a few from Austria. When you put that against the loads of dedicated scooterists who went by car to Morecambe from all over Britain. For the first time in years even some Belfast scooterists came by car embarrassing the other scooterists. It's a laugh when you hear people whinge about the number of scooters at the runs, or why aren't they here, and of course you find out they came in a mini or escort.

In the afternoon the NSRA had a lunchtime disco at the Gardens at which they also showed a video proving leg protectors will be more of a hazzard to us. It was a good video which showed why the EEC have got it wrong. Nonetheless both it and the VFM lunchtime disco at the Carlton never filled up. This has been the case since '89 when the pubs began to open all day. One place that did get a crowd was outside the site at the Empire. The owner, to get a crowd at the bar, laid on a scooterist disco and it was free to get in. Naturally it filled up.

Saturday evening, the pubs filled up, the NSRA had it's disco at the Gardens, the VFM a choice of two plus another Do at the Empire. All were packed to the brim and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The scooterists were spoiled for choice and me and young Mr Smith hit the pubs first. Eventually we ended up in the Park Hotel, which again laid on a free disco, which was excellent. The Hornets S.C. etc were here and the drinking continued long into the morning in the upstairs bar. I heard of no real trouble; the odd scuffle, but no bother at all, and the police I spoke to had heard of no arrests – a long way from the 170 of the mid 1980's.

Sunday morning I had the unfortunate job of getting up early to help sell some patches etc for young Mr Smith (a la Paddy Smith). Working there I found out a few things. An extraordinary number of people come up these days asking for past patches; let me just say, you can only get the patches at that run – any left after, he gets rid of. Another thing is, if you do buy all of this year's

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Jade SCOOTERS

PX166 (above): Warren's (Overlanders S.C.) N. Ireland, brand new scooter PX125 fitted with Malossi kit 166. Carb only upjetted to match for reliability and a Swift pipe. All work done at Jade Scooters.

Jade Team (above): Stuart (painting); Darren (Wine Women and Song); Jason (Drinking); Chris (Vespas); Chick (Teas and Coffee); Jim (Painter); Lee (Lambrettas); and Barney is sitting in the middle (I think)!

Jade Scooters opened in 1988 with two road-going scooterists from Sheffield deciding to have a go at it, and getting a deal from the Enterprise Allowance Scheme and the Princes Youth Trust (by Royal Appointment to – guess who?).

For the previous two years Darren and Jason had been building, fixing and tuning their own scoots, mates' scoots, clubs' scoots, scoots for a favour. So "What the Hell?" – why not make a go of it for real themselves?

They decided on Wakefield because Sheffield has some dealers there, and soon found a place at Rutland Mill where they are today. It's a huge place and the only bummer is they are upstairs and the scoots, when finished, have to be carried up and down the stairs – gently.

They are both Lambretta men by preference but have turned out well known Vespas as well. As Darren and Jason will tell you, they are still road-going, and beer-drinking scooterists at heart. They're in the Wide Boys S.C. and sponsor the LCGB and the NSRA – they like to put something back into our scene and have no airs and graces at all.

At Jade they tune engines to whatever spec you want, service scooters, restore vintage scooters, and spray them to whatever design you fancy. They'll also do frame alterations and fabrication right up to now making you a complete one-off frame, as well as extended forks, drops, rearsets etc. There are now 7 lads at Jades (see photo), and Darren, Jason and the rest can virtually now do everything you could wish for in-house. Very little has to be sent out, so your scoot can have the works done to her at the one place.

They've been very successful in such a short space of time, and have turned out a large number of nice machines. Check out Scooter Scene and Scootering back issues. Last year they came runners-up both in the Princes Youth Trust Awards Scheme, and the Yorkshire Enterprise Allowance scheme for young businesses. Yet when you meet them they're not full of themselves – they've still got their feet on the ground, and still see themselves as scooterists. Jason will tell of National Rallies and Euro Rallies; they take the piss out of each other.

Anyway, for whatever you want for a scooter, just pop and see them or give them a ring. Advice is free!

Replic Kit (above and right): Indian GP200, Mick Norfolks from Sheffield Wide Boys S.C. The engine is a Honda 205 Stage 6 conversion with fresco exhaust and 30mm Amal carb. Stove enamelling done at Pontefract. Paintwork is based on Sheffield United away kit, all done in-house at Jade.

T5 220 (left): Scooter owned by Harry (Dirty Mills S.C.) from Barnsley. It's P200 frame with a T5 front end on and a one-off T5 headset made to hold a Jade tacho. Engine is Malossi barrel, with steel liner insert, bored to match Suzuki piston and 220cc. Dellorto 30mm carb fitted and YPVS 350 reed valves in Pro Porting block and a one-off Pro Porting exhaust. Also hydraulic operated disc brake front end; all the engine work, assembly and paintwork at Jade Scooters.

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lo. 55, Italian GP200 from Newcastle, TS1 kit fitted, bored out with steel liner, inserted, and bored out again. Also with Yamaha piston Rotax conrod, MB manifold and 34mm Amal and one-off exhaust by Swift. Hydraulically operated disc brake, AF electronic system, Kawasaki steering dampers on front forks, IMCA adjustables on the rear. All hubs, rms etc. plastic coated underneath. All engine work paintwork and assembly by Jade Scooters, tyres by Dunlop. Cost about £3,000 (so far).

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N.S.R.A. EXMOUTH RALLY - JULY 19th-21st

For the fifth run of 1991, the National Scooter Riders Association opted for the seaside resort of Exmouth, just fifteen miles south of Exeter. Exmouth has now hosted a number of scooter rallies and is usually a popular resort for many scooterists even though for many it's their longest run. The council have never welcomed the rallies but they haven't involved the usual court fight we've had with other choices. This year they continued this policy and upped the site fee by £3,000 to an estimated £8,000 which not only shows how much money the NSRA needs to front a rally but also how much councils can rake in off scooterists. They even tried to add £1,000 on top of this for insurance cover (for seafront lighting, shops etc) . . . needless to say the NSRA refused this! When you add up the other costs, i.e. run do's, facilities and wages, it shows you how much cost and organisation is needed in 1991 to lay on a rally!

The local papers, however, seem to regard us as a boost to this year's flagging tourist trade and a shot in the arm to the local economy. In this perhaps is a slowly changing attitude to scooter rallies which may catch on with other resorts – hopefully!

I left Luton about 2.30pm and had been told to get there by 6.30pm if I wanted to lock my stuff up in Paddy's van, so I only stopped for petrol. 200 miles later and 4 hours on I arrived at the site, my P200's engine red hot, to find the van had not even arrived yet! Ah well, at least I was there, though all feelings in my bottom were left at least 120 miles further back up the A303.

Exmouth site is a nice grassy field about 50 yards from the town centre so it's ideal for us scooterists. There's a rumour that it may be developed; I only hope this takes as long as in Great Yarmouth, which has had the same rumour for the last 10 years.

What surprised me when I arrived was the number of people who had already arrived – it looked full! I usually enjoy the first night at a rally because most people are still arriving and the pubs aren't so packed and so you don't have to queue for a beer or to get into a do. It's more surprising in that this is a year of economic recession and scooterists are feeling the squeeze. Two runs this year have showed slightly lower turnouts, but for a Friday night on just a weekend rally, this appeared to be up on most.

After chaining my scooter up and dumping my stuff off after the van arrived, we strolled over to the first of many of Exmouth's friendly pubs. Exmouth pubs generally welcome the scooterists' trade, though conversly, I heard the Licensed Victuallers Association opposed the rally! I couldn't believe it – every pub we went into was full! Every so often I had to remember this was just the Friday.

A rumour had gone around before the rally that the scooterists' favourite pub, the Deers Leap, had been turned into a restuarant and would be no go. About half a dozen pubs later we duly arrived at the Deers Leap to find it was open as usual and full of scooterists, as usual getting drunk and enjoying themselves!!

The NSRA had got the Pavilion next door to the Deers Leap on the front for their Members Only disco. Again, for run discos this year, the owners had told the NSRA to admit no-one after 10.30pm – another trend?! Elsewhere in town the Confederates S.C. from Exmouth had also laid on a disco, and again a bar on the other side of the Pavilion was laying on a scooterists' free disco. Again, this is another trend as it had happened in Morecombe, and landlords see it's a good way to get our custom. I suppose it's good for scooterists to have more choice but smacks a bit of outsiders cashing in on our rallies.

I made it into the Pavillion disco and again I was very surprised to see how on a Friday night it was so full. The music was good and varied and the do was very much alive (the queue to the bar was, certainly). It was an excellent do and I heard of no trouble inside at all.

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Club FEATURE

THROTTLE HAPPY S.C.

(Ilkeston)

This scooter club was formed towards the end of 1984 by a group of scooterists from the Ilkeston area. These lads had been going to the runs together for a while and decided their area needed a club. There seemed to be more scooters in town and people were all wishing for something to happen and someone to start things off, so they began with 5 or 6 lads meeting at the Concord Inn in Ilkeston.

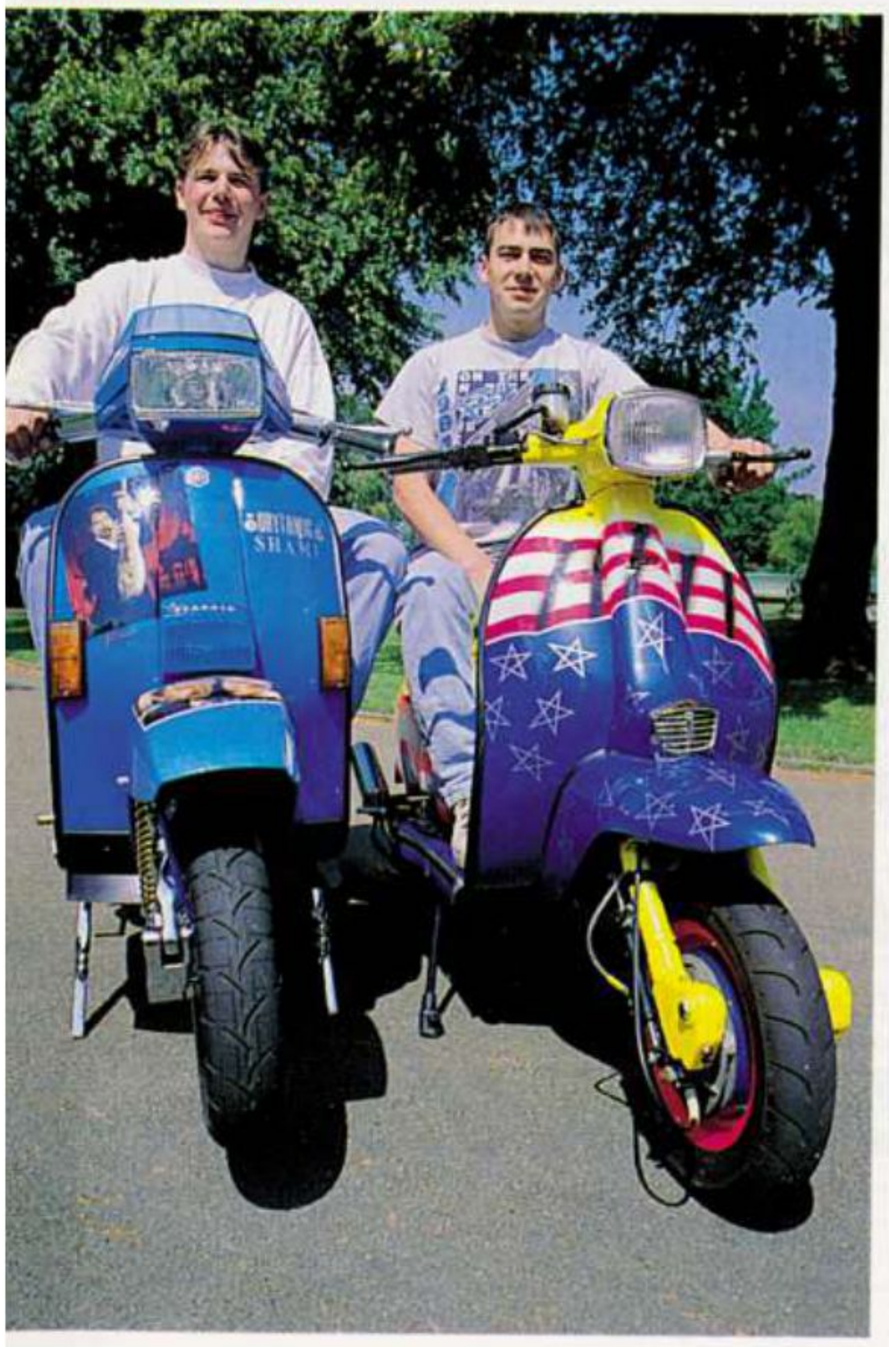
Gradually it took off; more people visited the meetings and joined the club, which was kept pretty informal. They got a certain Paddy Smith to run off T-Shirts but didn't have to use the weekly subs or joining fees that many clubs have.

By 1990 they had 35 members and were attending every rally with up to 18 members at some. They organised back-up vans where needed and all the things that clubs can do for their members. They now have 20 standing members in the club, with 8 classy custom scooters, 6 of which you see here, and another 2 nearing completion. (Most of these scooters have won various trophies at rallies and custom shows.)

Meetings are held on Thursday and Sunday evenings after 8pm at the Concord Inn, Green Lane, Ilkeston, and they welcome any visiting or local scooterists.

I've no doubt we'll hear more of this club and see some of their scooters featured in future editions.

GIRLS ON FILM: owned by Ian Marriet – feature next issue.



LAMBRETTA 205 HONDA – ***Owner:*** **Sean Dewis,** Throttle Happy S.C. ***Age:*** 21. ***Job:*** Production Director at Mirage. ***Model:*** Servetta 200 fitted out as GP200. ***Engine:*** 205 stage 5 Honda conversion; 30mm Powerjet Amal carb; Micron exhaust; AF electronic ignition system; competition clutch; full race bearings – all by MSC. ***Paint:*** by owner at Mirage, based on Dijinsky; Marlboro race scheme on helmet. ***Extras:*** Hydraulic front disc brake with Kawasaki master cylinder; Kawasaki rampers, rear sets. ***Troubles:*** only with electronic kit. ***First run:*** Disc 85. ***Worst event:*** Broke girls arm on way to Exmouth when lad in front seized and I clipped him. ***Fave run:*** Gt Yarmouth.

(LEFT) **SHAME:** owned by Rob Miller, Throttle Happy S.C.

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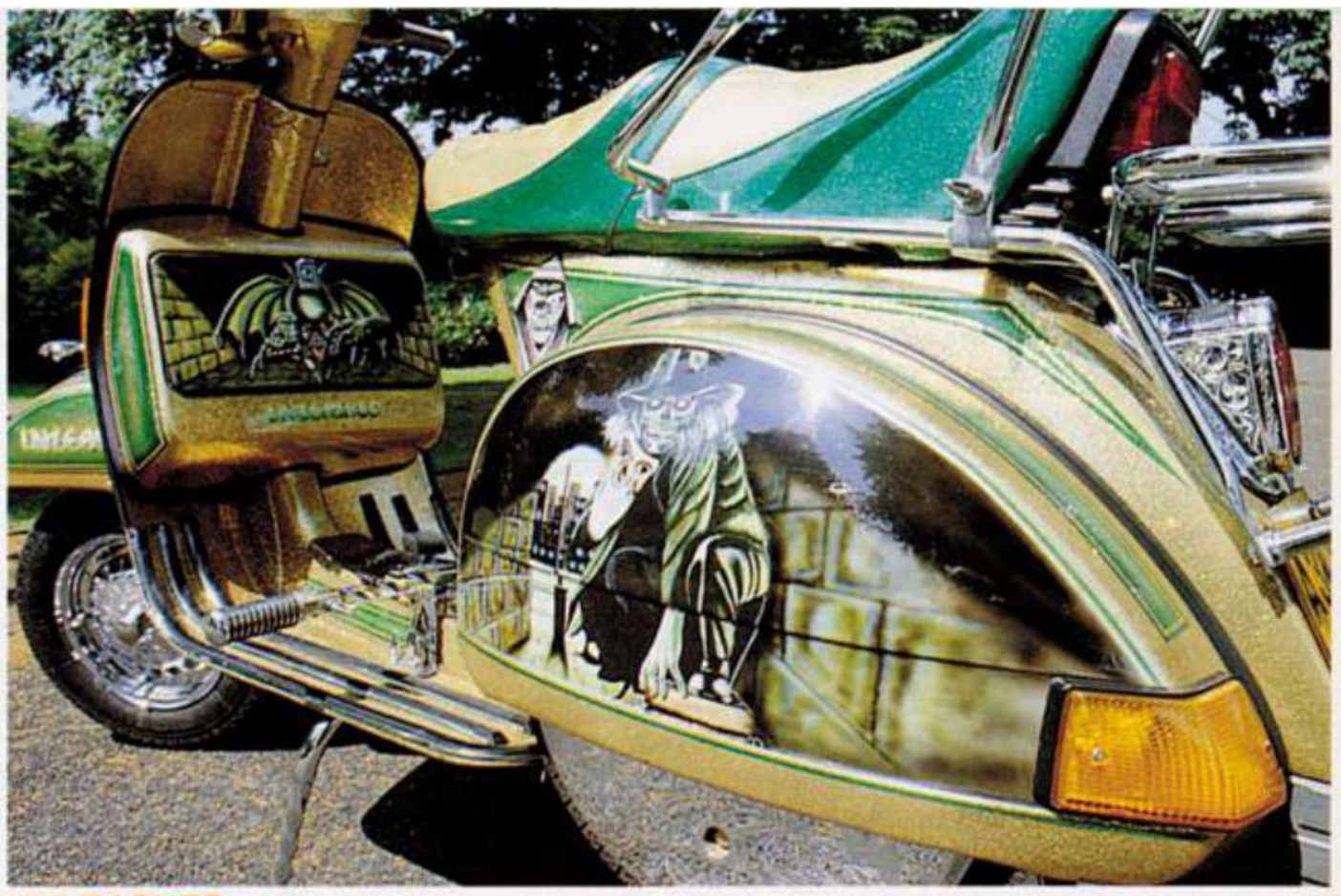

UNLEASHED: owner Nev Shooter. PX125 with P225 engine with gas glow crank, Simonini exhaust; ***Paintwork:*** by Custom Graphics, ***Engraving:*** by Peter Robinson. This scooter was first featured over three years ago in Scooter Scene No. 19 (May 1988), and Nev has done a good job of looking after it.

LADY IS A VAMP – *Model:* Vespa T5 owned from new. ***Engine:*** Standard T5 with Mikeck exhaust. ***Paint:*** Based on Transvision Vamp and Wendy James, by John Spurgeon – cost £800. ***Engraving and chrome:*** by Pete Robinson and Don Blocksidge. Flyscreen engraved by Ade from Colchester. ***Extras:*** Sebac shocks; Dunlop tyres; DR spoked alloy rims; Country Club seat and spare wheel cover by Pete Robinson; twisted forks and stand by Pete Robinson – cost £3500-£4000. Was originally build by owner but after smash last year was rebuilt on insurance by MSC. ***Reliability:*** Good except for T5 rev counter. ***Inspiration:*** Likes Transvision Vamp and loves Wendy . . . purely sexual! Owned by **Dougie,** Throttle Happy S.C. Hates price of food on sites, car cling-ons and people who dictate what music you have to hear!

HONDA WILLIAMS – *Model:* 1985 PX200E owned by **(Boz) Steve Hollis,** Throttle Happy S.C. ***Engine:*** Standard with Mikeck pipe. ***Paint:*** Formula 1 Honda Williams race scheme by Mirage. ***Extras:*** Driver flyscreen; Yankee seat; Sebac shocks; Dunlop tyres. ***Stove enamelling:*** by Ilkeston Steel Enamellers. ***Cost:*** £1,300 and maintains it and built himself. Boz hates thieving and people who whinge about runs!

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THE RICHARD ALLEN LEGACY

Media image is something many sub-cultures have created for them – often 'new' converts are attracted by the stereotype portrayed for mass "acceptance", produced by an old hack with little concern for research.

During the days of Mods and Rockers, and even previous to that – Bikers received anti-hero status. They were the subject of 'B' movies in the late sixties-early seventies; their culture both sides of the Atlantic, was 'portrayed' in a host of fiction paperbacks. Some average, few were good, most were pure sensationalism based on tabloid-created attitudes and assumptions.

The Scooter scene, however, has not received much in the way of national coverage, which means there is no standardised image for us to conform to. Local reports after a National Rally refer to 'scooter fans', 'scooter riders', occasionally 'scooterists', and still 'mods'. For this, I suppose, we must be thankful. Regarding paperback cult fiction, there is little directly or indirectly involving scooterists of any particular sub-division.

Several come to mind, exceptions proving the rule, loosely falling into this category – obviously Quadrophenia, the film/video, and, of course, the book of the film.

In the early 70's 'The Death Penalty' was published. The storyline involved a skinhead/football hooligan crew who, following their team's exit from the Cup, decide to wreak revenge upon the referee. Needless to say, in their opinion, it was the referee's decision that cost them the match by awarding a penalty to the opposition. The crew visit the hapless referee while he is training. After chasing him on their scooters they literally kick him to death.

Few other fictional paperbacks even loosely touch on our scene – probably the best known exception is Mod Rule by Richard Allen. This particular publication was last in a line of eighteen credited to the Gloucestershire-based author. Although currently none of his books are in print, second-hand copies of his books are becoming quite collectable.

The main theme of almost all his writings was the skinhead cult and its sub-divisions. His first book 'Demo', dealt with the 'student' pastime of the late sixties – protest marches. Obviously as a fictional story it went into the various accredited activities of those involved in that particular scene.

Central character in seven of his books is Joe Hawkins. Son of an East End docker, Joe is the epitome of skinheadism. Leader of a mob, he is involved in football violence, confrontation with Asians, gang warfare, Bank Holiday coast trips, plus the almost obligatory sexual exploits, before his arrest and subsequent imprisonment for assault on a police sergeant. That all took place in the book 'Skinhead'; the sequel saw Joe return from prison as a suedehead, although Richard Allen's portrayal of suedeheads (via Joe Hawkins), encompasses most of the subtle changes – in the book the characterisation was a bit too much up-market. I suppose the author's note tells a story as to why 'suedehead' wasn't as 'street' as its predecessor – it ends with Joe on his way back to prison for four years – a just reward for stabbing an African in the throat.

Skinhead was first published in 1970, while Suedehead 'arrived' in '71. The following year saw three Richard Allen books published by the New English Library.

'Skinhead Escapes' sees everyone's favourite anti-hero escaping from prison 'with' a top gangland criminal. This, after taking the place of another on the breakout, literally by force. Back in the East End, after pausing in Cheltenham to carry out a vicious rape (significant this, much later on), he is shunned by his former mates. After obtaining a gun he heads North to Liverpool where he recruits another 'crew'. The ensuing violence, robberies and, of course, sex, almost follow a set pattern – the book closes with the recapture of Joe Hawkins.

Skinhead Girls heralds the introduction of Joan Marshall. Her Memory Lane trips make up the bulk of this story. Hippy bashing, dance hall brawls, seaside excursions, football violence are all included along with her memories of Joe Hawkins.

Boot Boys gave devotees of Richard Allen literature *The Crackers*. They were a terrace firm headed by a new character, Tom Walsh. At the time there were a few organised football hooligan firms. Allen's idea of *The Crackers* as an organised hooligan outfit was arguably prophetic. As per usual, an orgy of violence, anti-semitism (despite having Jewish members), gang rape, and even black magic rites ensues. Inevitably Tom Walsh 'has his collar felt' as they say in all London based cop programmes.

1973 brought forth no less than five books from the pen of Allen, to the shelves of the nation's bookshops. *Trouble For Skinhead* chronicles tales of Joe Hawkin's exploits behind bars – plus a few of his memories thrown in for good measure.

The early Seventies heralded, among many other things, the advent of the teenybopper. Young, often hysterical girls who followed their favourite pop stars with an almost rabid intensity. Richard Allen responded with two books, *Teenybopper Idol* and *Glam*. Both involved Johnny Holland – ex-skinhead – aspiring from street gangleader to head of a new band – kicking a current hero of the teenyboppers off stage in the process. *Glam* is the sequel, which continues the journey through the world of pop in the early seventies.

Smoothies chronicles the last in the evolutionary process of the skinhead cult. Joan Marshall is back following the break up of her marriage. It is the story of the expansion of smoothies across the UK – plus a product of Allen's imagination, Brass, were also introduced in this book – perhaps a visionary glimpse at the Boneheads who would appear, just after punk, some years later. Smoothies ends with Joan firmly in control.

Sorts should have been about the smoothies' female counterparts – unfortunately, it's a story about drop-out hippy types.

Top Gear Skin is currently very topical with the nation's attention recently being focussed on the joyriding antics taking place on Oxford's Blackbird Ley's Estate. Roy Baird, an Anglo-American, is top dog in a post-skinhead collection of football hooligans and car thieves. By its title I'm sure you can ascertain that a mixture of violence and petty crime form the main content of the storyline.

Skinhead Farewell is the tying up of loose ends for a number of Allen-created characters. Joe Hawkins is the main subject. His latest prison escape follows him Down Under to deal out his own brand of getting even. Joan Marshall and Tom Walsh receive more than a passing mention. Lottie Newman receives a fair amount of coverage along with her (and Joe Hawkins') son.

With *Terrace Terror* and *Dragon Skin*, a new Richard Allen character arrives. Steve Penn, is an ex-skinhead who is recruited, along with his mates, to sort out the escalation of violence of the terrace. *Dragon Skin*, topical at the time of its publication, as Kung-Fu films were popular then, follows Steve Penn's (legitimate) firm averting a large scale robbery.

Several years elapsed until Richard Allen's next two youth cult paperbacks arrived. *Punk Rock* traces the rise of punk rock and new wave, including the Kings Road rucks, as seen by journalists at the time.

Knuckle Girls tells the story of Ina Murray, a vicious fighting girl, with punk type leanings, whoes addiction to gratuitous violence inevitably sends her behind bars.

Chronologically we are now up to the last novel from Richard Allen. Published in 1980 at the time of the mod revival, it is the story of thirteen year old Joe Watson, the illegitimate son of Joe Hawkins. After witnessing the gang-rape of his mother, by bikers – following an altercation; he steals his mother's scooter and disappears into London. Establishing himself as leader of a post punk gang, his exploits are followed until he reaches Hastings.

We can only speculate as to what might have transpired if he had continued with the exploits of Joe Hawkins' illegitimate offspring Joe Watson. Would Joe Watson have aspired to become a top scooter racer, perhaps a customiser, or just an (above) average rally-going scooterist? Alternatively, he might have become a rave promoter or similar – only Richard Allen knows the real answer. As far as we know he's not saying, either way.

In retrospect, it's probably just as well he didn't. The scene had more than its fair share of cling-ons in the mid eighties. This was without any 'outside' influence. None of Richard Allen's books would ever win awards for literary achievement from pretentious arty type critics – in the main, most of them captured the flavour of the times, at levels his readers could relate to. Quite probably, the aformentioned critics were quite put out to find several of Allen's books were International best-sellers – one hell of an achievement for a fictional story about a British youth sub-culture.

Allen's books are, as previously stated, out of print. There are at present no plans to re-issue them. Unless you are visiting places like Malta, it's a case of scouring the second-hand bookstalls – happy hunting.

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THE NATIONAL SCOOTER RIDERS ASSOCIATION

presents their

4th TRADE & CUSTOM SHOW

on Saturday, 26th October, 1991

at Alfreton Leisure Centre, Alfreton, Derbyshire.

WIN Your last chance to win a brand new **WIN**

'J' REG T5 200

custom painted by Splat Designs – to be drawn on the day.

★ **CUSTOM SHOW** – Ridden & Show Classes, plus for the first time Classic awards for Pre '88 customs. Top quality trophies and entrants' souvenirs with 63 Classes and 106 Awards.

★ **TRADE SHOW** – Lots of Trade Stands, so come along and get your winter rebuild sorted out – talk to the professionals.

★ **TRADERS INCLUDE** – Jade Scooters · Melton Scooters · Scooter Press · The Scooter Shop Jason Locke Engraving · The Scrot Shop · MB Developments · Hi-Style Products · Pro-Porting Scootz · Scooter & Scooterist · VCB · GP Scooter Restorations · Peter Robinson Customising Services · Taffspeed · NSRA Club Shop · Scootering Magazine · National Scooter Sport Association · Bournes Powder Coaters · Classically Italian · Splat Designs · Armando's · Kegra Groove Records · James Groves (2nd hand spares) · Rob Skipsey · BMF and MAG.

A line up not to be missed!

FREE PROGRAMME to the first 1000 through the door. Furthest Travelled Club/Solo/Little Devils Trophies.
All day créche, video room, all day bar and food, show ride,
Maltese Cross, Tug of War . . . loads to do and see!

Come along and talk to the experts on legislation . . . there will be a BMF Room with video, films and experts to talk to you concerning leg protectors, type approval and how it will affect us in the future.

Always wanted to zip around the track? Talk to the National Scooter Sport Association and find out how to get started – anyone can do it!!

All you need to know to get the best from scootering under one roof. For details telephone:
JANE – 0623 651658
or send S.A.E. to NSRA (T & C), P.O. Box 32, Mansfield, Notts NG19 0AZ

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EVENING DISCO

"IT'S PARTY NIGHT"

7.00pm - 1.00am – *STRICTLY MEMBERS ONLY*

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OBAN 1991 11th - 13th October 1991

The last National Rally of 1991 was announced early, at the same time as the Llandudno Rally. I remember most people's reaction, "Where's Oban". When they realised it was about 70 miles above Glasgow they began to realise why it had been announced early. The NSRA had looked for a Scottish venue and several people had put forward the idea of Oban. On checking it out it seemed to be a good candidate, the Police and Council did not object to hosting the rally as long as it was held in October. The NSRA decided, as an act of goodwill, to go along with the locals and hope the gamble would pay off. After all Scotland is generally wetter and colder than most of Britain, and for many scooterists it is a long trip, so everyone crossed their fingers that the weather would hold. Also the people that might be put off by such a trip in October would be outweighed by the numbers who would make the effort for the last rally. Again, don't forget the Scottish clubs have attended rallies such as Exmouth, Margate, I.O.W., year in year out, including in 1987 Newquay in Cornwall, and as the last rally, deserved Oban. Another hope was a lot of the people who didn't bother with Llandudno, because of the feared lack of campsite, would go to Oban as the site sounded excellent.

The rally, a weekend affair, ran from Friday 11th October through to Sunday 13th October, with most Southern scooterists taking the Friday off work in order to cover the distance. For most English scooterists the journey was either straight up the M6, or the A1 and across to the M6. After that you connect with the M74, M8 through Glasgow before finally hitting the twisting 'A' roads that take you past Loch Lomand and onto Oban. Some scooterists did the trip in two stages but many in one go. Our Editor covered the 500 miles from Weston-super-Mare to Oban in under 10 hours. Two up on his T5!

I arrived in Oban about 6 pm on the Friday with Paddy Smith and I was impressed by the small Scottish town. It seemed to have loads of B&B's, cafe's and several pubs and the place where the NSRA had their disco was very large. It was also opposite the B&B we'd booked into, which we'd taken, as after all it was the last rally of the year. Confident that I could even crawl that far, we headed for the site which was along a small coastal road from the town centre exactly 1.8 miles. It soon turned out there was a continuous circuit of taxis operating from there, so it was ok!

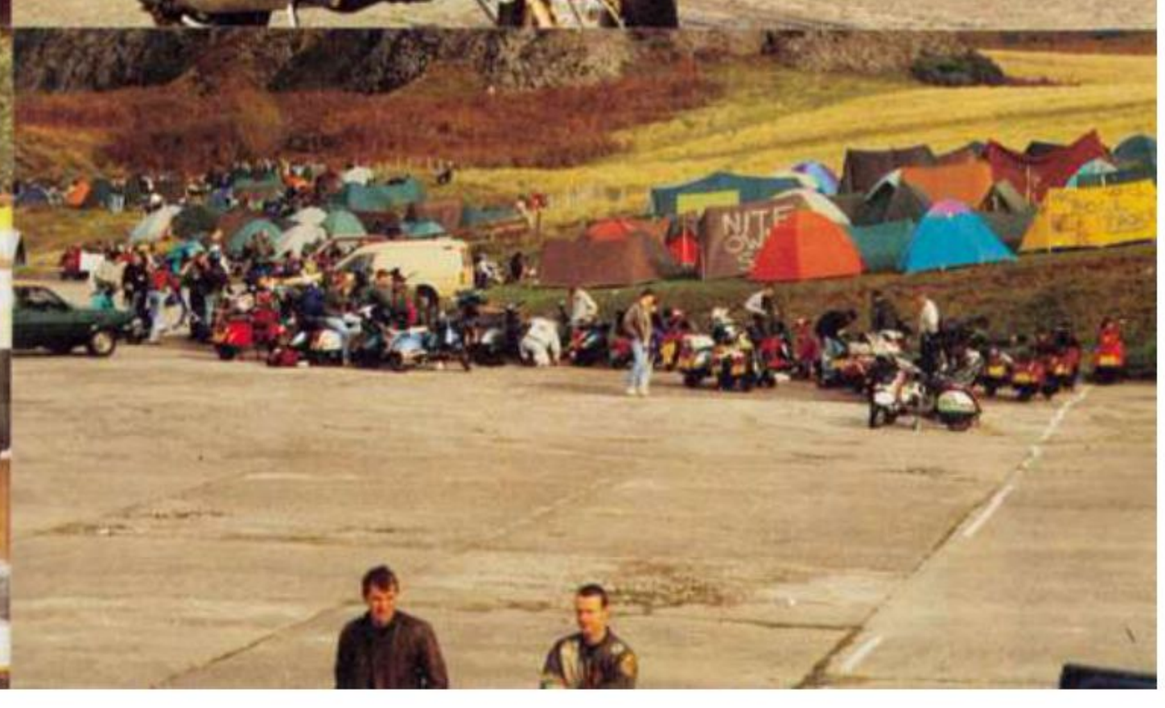
The site itself was probably one of the best sites we've ever had at a rally any time! Nestled in a cove, it ran into the sea and a sort of harbour for small boats. It had a shop, large cafe and bar, as well as showers, toilets and phones – excellent! Now before anyone says anything – I mean a proper bar – not tins and it was quite posh, as was the cafe too.

A few of the dealers had arrived and set up on the carpark opposite and a few hundred scooterists were already there pitching their various tents etc. After a while we headed off, booked into our B&B then walked into the town centre. There was no disco on the Friday night so the scooterists went into the pubs and cafes as well as a nightclub in the centre of the front. As the evening wore on and more people filtered in, the bars filled with scooterists exchanging war stories of the trip up, jokes and laughs. The police seemed to be keeping a very low profile with only a few of the Boys in Blue strolling around. The mood was pretty easy with most of the locals mixing readily with the scooterists and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The pubs, clubs etc seemed to be open later, the club till 2 am-ish and when we returned to our Hotel the bar was still busy.

Saturday morning dawned and we headed up to the site to sell patches and our new Scootering T-shirts (a bargain at £6 – hint, hint). The cafe was open and selling bacon rolls at 80p which served as breakfast and the waitress gave me some tablets to ease my headache *(Hangover – ED)*.

The weather was pleasant and seemed to be holding, not exactly sunbathing time, but warm enough. It became apparent though as the day rolled by most people had arrived by Saturday morning, and the numbers were well down on previous Scottish rallies. The day passed and it was pleasant enough, most scooterists heading into the town for a looksee and a beer – the only buzz was when someone reckoned magic mushrooms were to be found on the hills overlooking the site. It was funny to then see various groups of intrepid explorers heading into the hills to see if this was true (for purely scientific reasons I'm sure!).

Later that day young Geoff Mason refereed the NSRA tug-o-war competition which ended up in a 5 pull contest between the Calverton Hornets S.C. and the Hard As Nails S.C. In the end the Hornets triumphed and declared themselves the 1991 Champions! Whether this is true or not I'm not sure, but they were pleased with themselves. The Custom Competition was held later on and it was an open competition with few of the usual run custom machines venturing this far North. Glynn Dove, as usual to his credit, rode up on Psuedo Satisfaction which must



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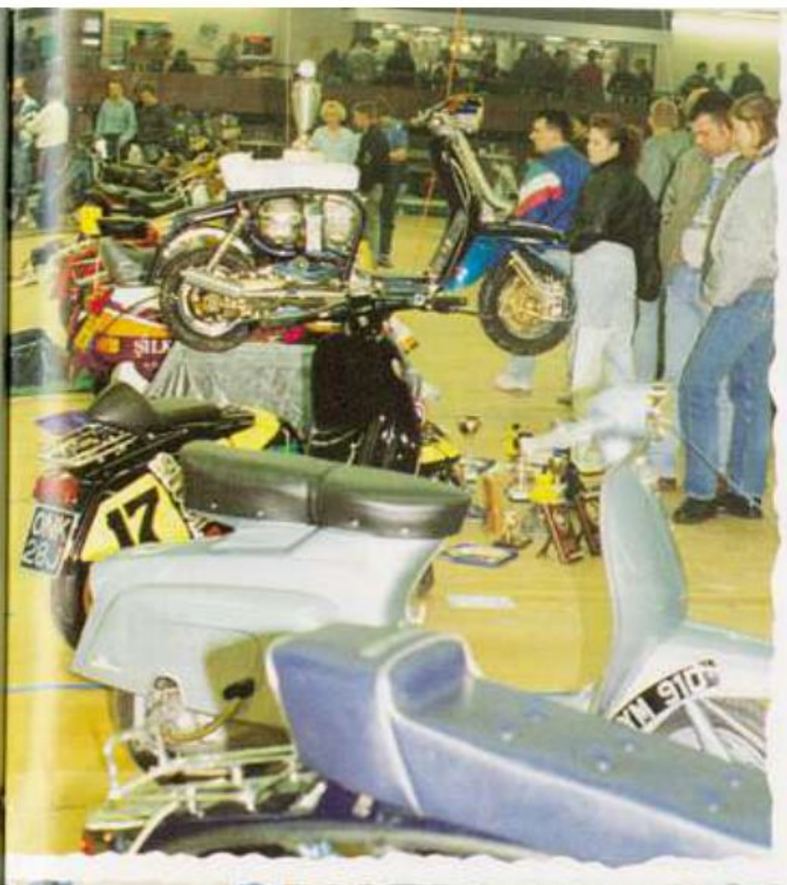

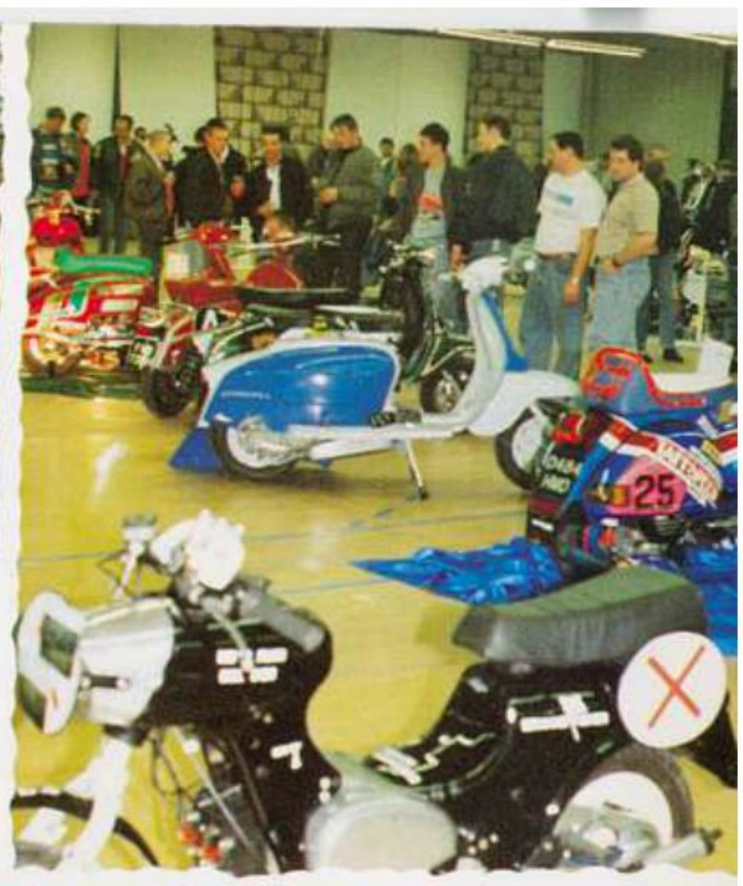

NSRA TRADE AND CUSTOM SHOW

This one day event took place on the 26th of October at the large Leisure Centre in Alfreton, Derbyshire. It was the 4th such show and possibly the best one yet! In sheer terms there were 63 classes for custom scooters with 106 awards, as well as prizes for Tug-o-War, Club Displays, Best Trade Stands, Furthest Travelled Solo, Little Devil and even Clubs. As well as this every custom scooter entrant got a specially minted medal and you could win a custom painted brand new LML T5 200. As one person said, all you had to do was turn up, fart nicely and you might get a prize.

Before I go into custom scooters, may I first mention a few of the other things you could do and look at! There were two large bars, hot food counter, a créche for the little devils (to give Mum and Dad a rest), a video room and a very impressive trade display from a range of scooter dealers and others. Then in the evening was an 'On The Run' style NSRA disco too, so basically there was loads to do and see for everyone.

I got there about 9.30am to help set up our stall for the magazine, which unfortunately didn't happen till about 3.00pm because our van got stranded for several hours on the M42 with a smashed windscreen. I was embarrassed, the editor anxious (livid!) but it seemed to amuse a few people so, all was well in the end. The trade display was indeed impressive this year and certainly this section seemed to be buzzing with people a lot more than last year. This was probably because most of the dealers made an effort to show their latest wares. Amongst those which caused a great deal of interest was Kegra who brought their national record breaking Lambretta (see article, this issue) and disc valve scooter too. Also Harry Barlow from Pro Porting had his brand new Lambretta performance alloy barrels that may cause a revolution in 1992! These barrels can be fitted to 150cc engines and take them to 199cc, and with various cranks can take a 200cc engine to 250cc and are, needless to say, well wicked! Across the hall MB Developments had numerous new pieces on offer for Vespas and Lambrettas. New designs of reed manifolds for both types, new tools and new self adjusting chain tensioners for Lambrettas and more, much more! Record stalls, T-shirt stalls, MAG, Vespa Club, second-hand parts dealers Taffspeed, and others, and more!

Throughout the day over the P.A. system the NSRA promoted video shows by the B.M.F. on the various pieces of Euro legislation that threatens us all and both the BMF and MAG reps were at the show to explain the dangers and possible actions we may take, or even solutions!

Of course what would a custom show be without the custom scooters and here the NSRA had an abundance of them – nearly 100. There were three main classes for the scooters which were Show Class, Road Class, and the Custom Classic Class. The Custom Classic Class was for the pre 1988 custom scooters, many of which inspired the other newer ones on display. The Road Class was essentially a ridden class for those scooters that were ridden to the show, (and I saw quite a few lads and lasses arriving to the show driving their scooters). Lastly there was the Show Class for other scooters not ridden to the show which in the past has included some of the most spectacular scooters. As well as these three classes there was a Vintage Class and various awards for displays and club entries too. Judging such shows in the past has often

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been where many past custom shows have fallen down with cries of 'foul' or 'favouritism' or 'what can he know!' So in the main judging was done by the entrants themselves, and before you ask, they weren't allowed to mark their own. I've no doubt a few people will moan or say "He didn't ride it" or "his mates will mark him up" but you can't please everyone and I think this was the fairest way to do it. I've got to add, the trophies for the winners were gorgeous too, worth £50 each and were solid metal scooter shaped trophies, absolutely spot on, and a long cry from years gone by when everyone was pleased to get a silver covered plastic effort. The first scooter custom show was Notts Britannia's Sherwood Custom Show and many people scoffed at the idea! All I can say is they have come a long way since then and there are now only a few excellent shows left and they are the best ever!

The scooters ranged from classic vintage and old favourite custom scooters to lovely new machines and some outrageous designs. We can't put enough photos in to cover them all, and the ones we have, can't do most of the scooters the justice they deserve. However, in future editions we hope to bring you proper features on many of the newest machines and they will do them justice – (because Stu takes bloody good photos – ok!).

The show was excellent with around 1400 people passing through the doors in the daytime and not including the others who came for the disco and Karaoki night in the evening so overall I'd say the numbers were the same as last year. However, I must say there was a lot more of a buzz to this year's show which most people remarked on and you could feel it, particularly in the trade exhibition. Which is what it was this year, and not just a few stalls but a good exhibition, and hopefully next year could improve more.

By 6.00 pm the judges were done and so the prizes were announced (check list) and the lucky winner of the T5 200 was given his new scooter. It was won by a lad from the Leicester area, which made me laugh as the Editor had bought a load of tickets! (I didn't as I never win raffles!).

I must say scooterists had travelled from all corners, from Britain, from Scotland right down to the South of England and covered a wide spectrum of ages, which is why a good custom show can be a great event. There were a lot of families and older scooterists as well as the usual run going scooterist at the show which all makes for a healthy scene and should be encouraged. Also at these events there are none of the clingons who in the past have infected our runs and caused trouble, which is why they can be such a relaxed affair.

In the evening the NSRA had laid on a large disco which was pretty full, and for many people rounded off a superb day's entertainment. It was an excellent show, and superbly planned and organised by the NSRA and you could fill a whole page with the list of people who contributed and helped out. The scooters were superb, and the owners and clubs should feel well proud, as should everyone who helped out. Ultimately though it's the ordinary scooterists who attended, behaved and enjoyed themselves who should be thanked, because without them there'd be nothing. (So everyone who went should buy me a beer for thanking them – ok!).

TRADE & CUSTOM SHOW RESULTS

CUSTOM CLASSICS
Best Lambretta: sponsored by Pete Merchant
1st: Sign of the Snake
Best Cutdown: sponsored by James Groves
1st: Captains Revenge
Best Plated: sponsored by Bournes Powder Coaters
1st: Apocalyptic Prelude

Above, the specially made awards for the winners at the N.S.R.A. Trade & Custom Show

Best Chopper: sponsored by Pro Porting
1st: Captains Revenge
Best Vespa: sponsored by Norfolk Scooter Centre
1st: Apocalyptic Prelude
Best Murals: sponsored by Aerographics
1st: Rum, Sodomy and the Lash
Best Engraved: sponsored by Majestic Trophies
1st: Rum, Sodomy and the Lash

SHOW CLASS
Best Vespa: sponsored by Scoot'
1st: Real Gone Kid; 2nd: Rainbow Culture; 3rd: The Cure
Best Vespa Murals: sponsored by Aerographics
1st: Real Gone Kid; 2nd: Rainbow Culture
Best Plated Vespa: sponsored by Beedspeed
1st: Messiah; 2nd: Luther Vandross
Best Engraved Vespa: sponsored by New Line
1st: Real Gone Kid; 2nd: Rainbow Culture
Best Vespa Pro Paint: sponsored by P.A. Merchant
1st: Rainbow Culture; 2nd: Some Kind of Wonderful
Best Vespa Am Paint: sponsored by Splat Design
1st: The Cure; 2nd: Pure Sex and Soul
Best Chopper: sponsored by Norfolk Scooter Centre
1st: The Hunter, The Hunted; 2nd: Captains Revenge
Best Street Class Lambretta: sponsored by MB Developments
1st: Bass (The Ale Racer); 2nd: Standard Original Equip (10)
Best Lambretta: sponsored by M.S.C.
1st: Rhapsody and Blues; 2nd: Immortal Tramp; 3rd: Their Finest Hours
Best Lambretta Murals: sponsored by C.J. Scooters
1st: Immortal Tramp; 2nd: Their Finest Hours
Best Plated Lambretta: sponsored by MB Developments
1st: Rhapsody and Blues; 2nd: Their Finest Hours
Best Engraved Lambretta: sponsored by AF Rayspeed
1st: The Hunter, The Hunted; 2nd: Rhapsody and Blues
Best Prof Paint Lambretta: sponsored by Kegra
1st: Rhapsody and Blues; 2nd: The Hunter, The Hunted
Best Street Class Vespa: sponsored by Armandos
1st: Blaupunkt; 2nd: Some Kind of Wonderful
Best Radical: sponsored by Hi-Style
1st: Moto-Rumi (owned by Graham Fisher); 2nd: Captains Revenge
Best of Show Class: sponsored by Splat Designs
1st: Real Gone Kid
Best Vintage Lambretta: sponsored by Mo-Tech
1st: LD150 Mk III (84) (owned by Anthony Scott; 2nd: Li 150 (72) (owned by James Davies)
Best Vintage Vespa: sponsored by GP Scooter Restorations
1st: Vespa Douglas 92L2 (28) (owned by George Cookson);
2nd: Sportique (owned by Clive Mills)
Best Unrestored Vintage: sponsored by Weston Scooter Parts
1st: Li 150 Special (79) (owned by Grant Williams)

ROAD CLASSES
Best Vespa: sponsored by Norrie Kerr
1st: Living on the Breadline; 2nd: Apocalyptic Prelude; 3rd: Road Warrior
Best Vespa Murals: sponsored by Holbrooks
1st: Living on the Breadline; 2nd: Shame
Best Plated Vespa: sponsored by Scooter Shop
1st: Living on the Breadline; 2nd: Road Warrior
Best Engraved Vespa: sponsored by Pete Robinson
1st: Apocalyptic Prelude; 2nd: Living on the Breadline
Best Vespa Prof Paint: sponsored by Beedspeed
1st: Apocalyptic Prelude; 2nd: Scoot Life
Best Vespa Am Paint: sponsored by Sparky's Airbrush Designs
1st: Oscillate Wildly; 2nd: They Call It Madness
Best Chopper: sponsored by Melton Scooters
1st: Road Warrior; 2nd The Kent Collection
Best Cutdown Vespa: sponsored by PM Tuning
1st: Piss in my Eye Boogie
Best Street Class Lambretta: sponsored by AF Rayspeed
1st: Repli-Kit; 2nd: Let It Be
Best Lambretta: sponsored by Kegra
1st: Westside Story; 2nd: Pseudo Satisfaction; 3rd: Majestic Realms
Best Lambretta Mural: sponsored by Bedlam
1st: Westside Story; 2nd: Pseudo Satisfaction
Best Plated Lambretta: sponsored by Scottish Scooter Services
1st: Shock; 2nd: Majestic Realms
Best Engraved Lambretta: sponsored by Jason Locke Engraving
1st: Majestic Realms; 2nd: Shock
Best Lambretta Prof Paint: sponsored by Scooter Shop
1st: Westside Story; 2nd: Pseudo Satisfaction
Best Lambretta Am Paint: sponsored by Jade Scooters
1st: Skol 1080; 2nd: GP200 (2) (owned by Alan Beckett
Best Lambretta Cutdown: sponsored by Rafferty Newman
1st: Mambo Street Surfer
Best Street Class Vespa: sponsored by The Scrot Shop
1st: Vep Tech 91 No 1; 2nd: Silk Cut T5
Best Radical: sponsored by Classically Italian
1st: Piss in my Eye Boogie
Best Vintage Lambretta: sponsored by M.A.G.
1st: SX200 (18) (owned by Malcolm Smith;
2nd: GP200 (2) (owned by Alan Beckett)
Best Vintage Vespa: sponsored by Mo-Tech
1st: Rally 200 (39) (owned by Keven Shipp);
2nd: SS 180 (81) (owned by Stuart McNeill)
Best Unrestored Vintage: sponsored by Weston Scooter Parts
1st: Delilah
Best of Road Class: sponsored by Sparky's Airbrush Designs + Video
1st: Living on the Breadline
Best of Show: sponsored by Scootique plus £50 Voucher from PM Tuning
1st: Real Gone Kid

OVERALL CLASSES
Best Individual Display: sponsored by Groove Records + £25 cash
1st: The Hunter, The Hunted
Best Lady Entrant: sponsored by Scootering
1st: Shocking Stuff
Best First Time Entrant: sponsored by Taffspeed
1st: Immortal Tramp
Best Vintage/Memorabilia Display: sponsored by Scootering
1st: Ian Harrop (VMSC)
Best Club: sponsored by Taffspeed + £50 cash
1st: Jokers S.C.
Best Trade Stand: sponsored by N.S.R.A.
1st: Taffspeed
Best Club/Assoc Stand: sponsored by Thanet Area Scooters
1st: B.M.F.
Furthest Travelled Club: sponsored by N.S.R.A.
1st: Orgasm Addicts S.C.
Furthest Travelled Solo: sponsored by N.S.R.A.
1st: Stuart Heath F560
Furthest Travelled Little Devil: sponsored by Scooter Press
1st: Charlotte and Kieron McCloughlin LD 13/14
Best Vintage (other make): sponsored by Rob Skipsey
1st: Dayton (59) (owned by Ian Harrop)
2nd: The Dayton Empire (58) (owned by Ian Harrop)
Originality Award: sponsored by BMF + Video
1st: Immortal Tramp
Committee Choice: sponsored by N.S.R.A.
1st: Immortal Tramp
Tug of War: 1st: Bridlington S.C., 2nd: Cloud Hill S.C.,
3rd: Calverton Hornets S.C., 4th: All or Nothing S.C.
Pool Tournament: 1st: Karl Russell, Hull S.C., 2nd: Paul Wynone, Hull S.C.
3rd: John Arskey, Hull S.C., 4th: Dave Craddock, Kingsmen S.C.
Winner of Splat T5 Scooter: David Delaney of Shepshed, Leicestershire.

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PAUL WELLER'S SX200

Paul Weller at the Scooter Shop picking his SX200 up earlier this year

The scooter is a 1967 Innocenti SX200, bought from a young scooterist and restored completely by that nice chap Roger at the Scooter Shop. The spraywork was done courtesy of Mr Nick Jolly of S & H Superpaints and the scooter is restored to perfection from the sorry state it was originally in. She is a classic Lambretta and the photos do not do her justice.

It is actually owned by a Mister Paul Weller who is known locally as a bit of a musician. As I said, he actually owns it and didn't just get it for a publicity shot so a few scooterists might buy a record. Paul has always wanted a SX200 which he stated in Scootering in Issue 69, and in his early days owned several scooters, his last being a Innocenti GP150. A Lambretta man through and through, he has no time for Indian or Spanish lookalikes. He does admit he still had a Vespa 50 for years and in fact it was only sold after he got the SX200. Needless to say his favourite dealer is the Scooter Shop and he reads every issue of that silly Scootering mag. So next time you see him on T.V. remember he's under all the hype – a scooterist like you or me – though not the Editor ok!

However, you may be slightly interested in the story behind how Paul got it! Well it began when someone said they were going to get an interview with Paul in March last year concerning the Paul Weller Movement. It didn't arrive and one night whilst at work I heard the Paul Weller Movement was on at Aylesbury. I went along and managed to have a chat with Paul. In the course of it he mentioned his love for scooters and he wanted an SX200. I put it in an issue but a cynical mate said "He was probably saying that to butter me up knowing it's a scooter mag". I didn't think that and at the Yarmouth Rally me and Stu met a lad with an SX200, registration JAM 161E. Get it? – JAM – Paul Weller. I wasn't sure and rang up his studio, Paul wasn't available but I told the girl about the scoot, but she didn't seem interested. That night I'd forgotten about it; my know-it-all mate said "I told you so". The phone rang, I was in a huff, the missus answered it and said "Someone called Paul, Bill" – "Paul who?" I queried. My wife mouthed excitedly "Bill, it's Paul Weller!!".

So we were off! Actually he would have had that SX200 but that fell through, then I met Roger at the Scooter Shop who told me he was restoring one to be sold. Paul came down, checked it out and we met several times and chatted about scooters, early do's, you name it. Nick Jolly told Paul he used to bunk into early Jam gigs and open the toilet windows for his pals. It was all good fun and Paul seemed a genuine bloke who wanted the scooter for his own sake. For all you purists out there, he had thought to have it sprayed to match his next album cover. When he got it though he loved it the way the Innocenti family intended her to be, immaculately original!! Nuff said.

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NSRA Presentation Awards 1991

Members of the Scootermaniacs S.C. picking up from Ray Kemp the trophies for 'Club of the Year'

Members of the Rossington S.C., a very close second in the 'Club of the Year'

Marco from The Jokers S.C. who were 3rd in 'Club of the Year'

Tracy Wilde, winner of the Female Scooterist of the Year

Shaun Hodgkin, winner of the Scooterist of the Year award

Graham Best picks up a racing award

NSRA Dealerwise award won by Taffspeed for the second year running

Mansfield Monsters SC, Best Small Club

Held in Kirkby in Ashfield, in Mansfield on December 1st, this was the 4th year that the NSRA have held Championship Awards, and brings the Club and Solo members championship to its conclusion.

After an extremely competitive year between the clubs, the Scootermaniacs S.C. only won the Club of the Year award on mileage from Rossington S.C., after both clubs were neck and neck all the way up to the final count. The Jokers S.C. were 3rd, and St George Elite S.C. a close 4th. In the solo championship it was also very close with Shaun Hodgkin winning by 2 points from 5 other competitors. On 190 points, Mark Hooper came 2nd, and Mark Seward 3rd, with 3 other competitors all on the same points, only losing out on mileage.

In the female competition, Tracy Wilde won the award convincingly, with Vicki Prior second, and Norah Mason coming 3rd on mileage. Small Club of the Year award went to the Mansfield Monsters. This award goes to a club which has a small number of members in the NSRA yet have done extremely well in the championship.

Also handed out at the Presentation was the Dealer award for 1991 which is voted on by the NSRA members in their opinion polls. Taffspeed, once again won as they did in 1990. NSRA Steward of the Year went to Mick Smith (Wolfie), and the Five-a-Side football winners, an event held earlier in November, went to Newbury S.C.

Also at the event, the NSSA handed out awards for racing at Cadwell Park.

Overall, about 150 people attended the Awards, followed by the celebrations, and was a good night out.

N.S.R.A. Presentation Dance

Scooter Club of the Year
1st: Scootermaniacs S.C., Silver Salver, £100 cash and Annual Trophy
2nd: Rossington S.C., Silver Salver, £50 cash
3rd: Jokers S.C., Silver Salver, £25 cash

Scooterist of the Year
1st: Shaun Hodgkin, Silver Salver, £50 cash & Annual Trophy
2nd: Mark Hooper, Silver Salver, £25 cash
3rd: Mark Seward, Silver Salver, £15 cash

Female Scooterist of the Year
1st: Tracy Wilde, Silver Salver, £50 cash, & Annual Trophy
2nd: Vicki Prior, Silver Salver, £25 cash
3rd: Norah Mason, Silver Salver, £15 cash

Small Club of the Year: Mansfield Monsters S.C.

NSRA Dealerwise Scheme Dealer of the Year: Taffspeed Racing

N.S.R.A. Steward of the Year: Mick Smith (Wolfie)

N.S.R.A. Five-A-Side Champions 1991: Newbury S.C.

National Scooter Sport Association Cadwell Park 1991

Specials up to 158cc
1st: Graham Best, Trophy and Lap Record award

Standards over 158cc
1st: Rob Miller

Specials over 158cc
1st: Ray Kemp, Trophy and Lap Record award
2nd: Nick Odell
3rd: Lloyd Walker

(All competitors received a special souvenir award.)

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Series II, III fork embellishers £17.95
Genuine Ali channels £18.00
SX Innocenti front light £35.00

SERIES I, II, LD, D
Grey rear runner sets, II Innocenti £25.00
Series II channel rubber, grey ..... £3.00 each
Single seat grab handles, I, II £9.95
Series II and LD, grey floor mats £18.00
LD side panel embellishers ..... from £15.00
LD grey lever covers £3.00
3 only, coffee pot exhausts, D .... £40.00 each
LD panel handles ..... £1.00 each
Series I, II inner front mudguards £10.00
Series II horn castings ..... £25.00 each

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LD & Li single seat covers ..... £60.00 pair
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GP Dual £43.95
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Li Series III, headset tops ..... £5.00 each
Li Series III, bottom headsets .... £10.00 each
2 only Lambretta silk banner, TV
Vespa chrome rims ..... £7.50 each

Tartan Covers, LD sets, 8" Wheel Covers
1 Leopard set : 1 Cloth red tartan
4 Plastic red tartan sets

Li Series III 10" Wheel cover sets
1 Plastic grey : 1 Leopard : 1 Plastic red tartan

Series III Dual 10" wheel cover sets
3 Plastic red tartan sets : 1 Leopard

Dual Cloth Tartan covers only
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Also 4 red Dual Plastic Tartan Rain Covers

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GP 200, yellow ochre – £950
French LD – £250 : LC 125 – £595
Li 150 : SX 150 : GP 150 – P.O.A.

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VHS Video Tapes 'Lambretta Twist' – £9.95
'Italy - Brussels Rally 1960' – £9.95

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Please telephone before coming down on Sunday mornings as we may be closed some Sundays.

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Lambretta memorabilia, e.g. old scooter magazines, dealer signs, posters, leaflets, calendars, banners, enamel signs, etc. Will buy or swap for parts, etc.

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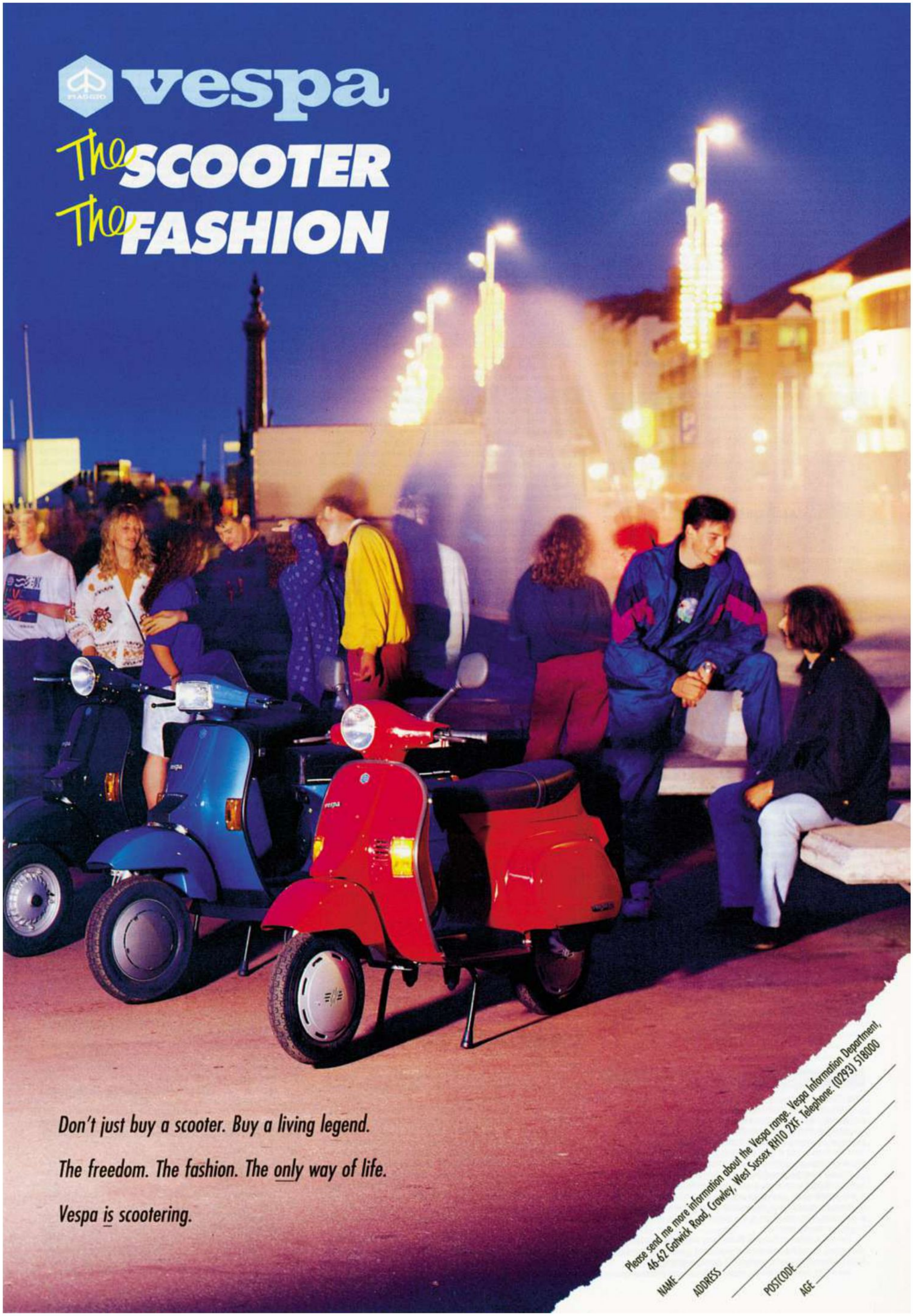
The SCOOTER
The FASHION



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THE NEW SCOOTERING

Members of Leeds Central S.C. line up outside Leeds' only scooter shop, Chiselspeed.

Club Feature - Leeds Central S.C.

Leeds Central S.C. was first formed in 1973 and is Leeds's longest serving Scooter Club. Over the years the club has had a strong following and are probably known better in the racing fraternity.

In 1977 a few club members started scooter racing and by 1985 they had 26 machines racing on the track. However, many of the members race just for fun and the enjoyment of it, and if any trophies are won then it's a bonus. Nowadays, although still a strong racing club with 16 bikes racing, including Chris Mallows who is now 39 and a founder member, the club has expanded, with various members building road scooters, such as Steven Blakey's "Pills, Thrills 'n' Bellyaches", as seen in the last edition. Other members also own other street scooters, such as Joe Bloggs and Mille Miglia, as the photos show.

Martin Cook, who has been with the Club for 17 years now, is also the proprietor of Leeds' only scooter dealers, 'Chiselspeed Scooters', which he opened in 1982. He also tunes and maintains many of the club's scooters, which is quite handy for the rest of the club.

Although much of the club was based around the racing scene, more and more members now are expanding to the customising and rally scene. No doubt you will recognise a few faces.

If you're interested in joining the club, they have their meetings on Tuesday nights at the Waterloo Pub (next to Chiselspeed Scooters) on East Street, Leeds.

This original SX200 is owned by Dave 'Riot' Clark. The only modification to the scooter is an A/F electronic kit. Dave bought this scooter from Martin Cook who obtained it from a student for just £20.

Chiselspeed Group 4 racing scooter with Trev Harrison, who races this machine, sitting on it. Behind is Martin Cook, proprietor of Chiselspeed Scooters of Leeds.

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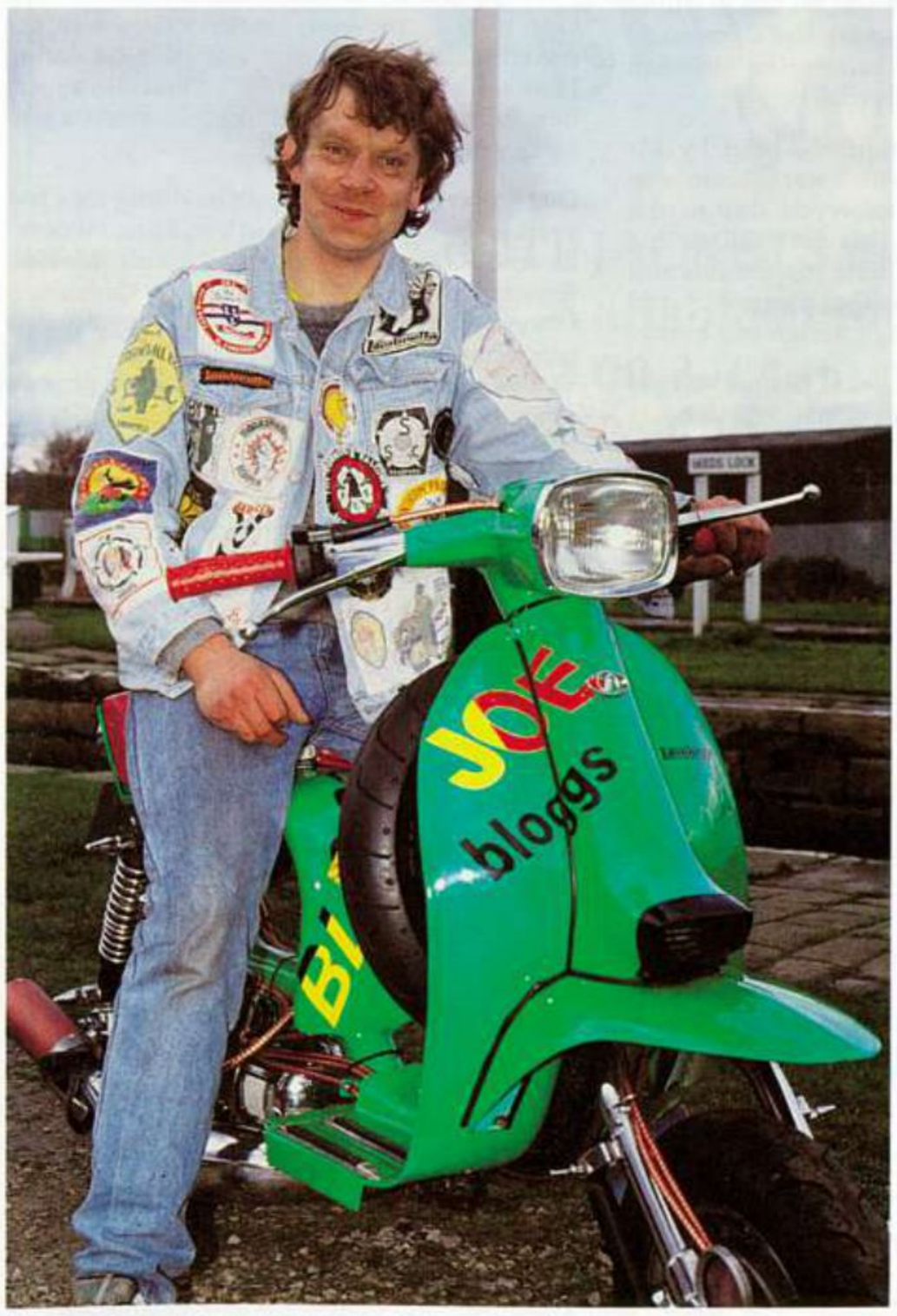
Mille Miglia - owned by Gary Bicknell, long standing member of Leeds Central S.C. The engine is a 240 Honda conversion with Swift exhaust, 32mm Amal carb and electronic ignition.



Joe Bloggs - owned by Mick Richardson, features a TS1 225 engine. Paintwork by Streetbeat in Harrogate.

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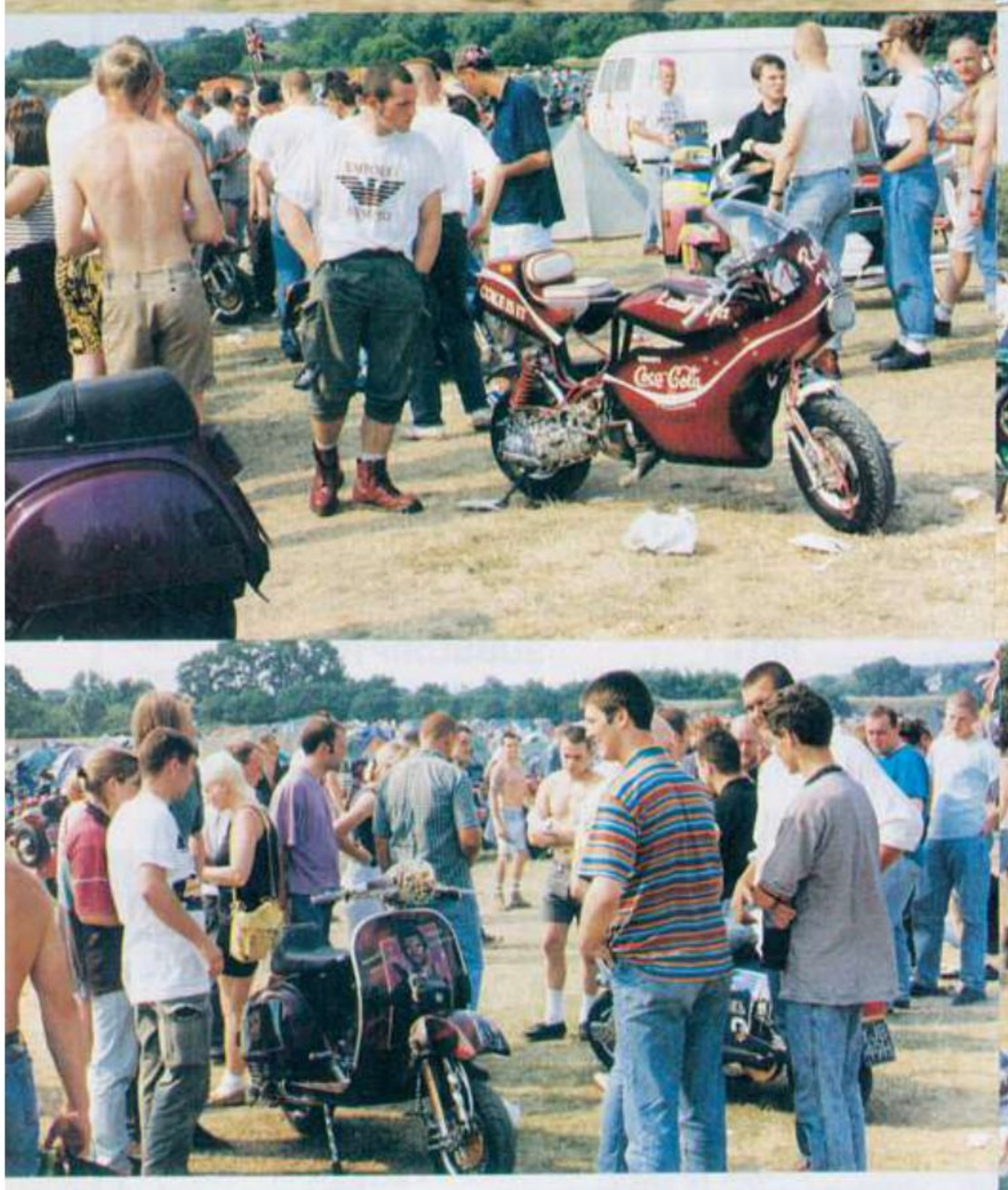

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NSRA BOURNEMOUTH SCOOTER RALLY

26-28 June 1992

Sunny Bournemouth was the venue for the fourth N.S.R.A. Rally for 1992, and believe me it was sunny. Having missed both the N.S.R.A. Euro Rally and the Euro-Lambretta Jamboree due to lack of money (mortgages do that to you – I suggest you live at home with your parents until you are at least forty!), I was well looking forward to this one.

Up at five in the morning . . . and went to work! Once home from work, a quick bath and wait for my travelling companion, club secretary Mick. He is also in a similar financial state so we decided to share the cost and go on one scooter . . . his scooter.

We loaded up the saddle bags and the tent and set off. Mick drove the first fifty miles or so, then after our first petrol stop I got to show off my two wheeled talents, much to Mick's distress! We got to Newbury and a large traffic jam. I don't stop for traffic jams so with my powers of width perception, I headed for all the tiny gaps between the cars, lorries and coaches. I hadn't got far when I heard the pained scream, "Oh my word!" from the back seat. With natural concern for Mick's safety I started laughing and the scooter started wobbling badly. Although I didn't damage anything I did manage to clip a big red car with one of the saddle bags and every fifty yards or so I heard a little slap as the locking straps came into contact with someone's car door or wing.

Every time a red car went past for the next ten miles I tried to hide my face – bit silly really, as a black crash hat with bright yellow stars on, sticks out like . . . well, a roundish black thing with bright yellow stars on!

The only other thing that happened on the way was the exhaust breaking in two.

We arrived at about nine in the evening and put the

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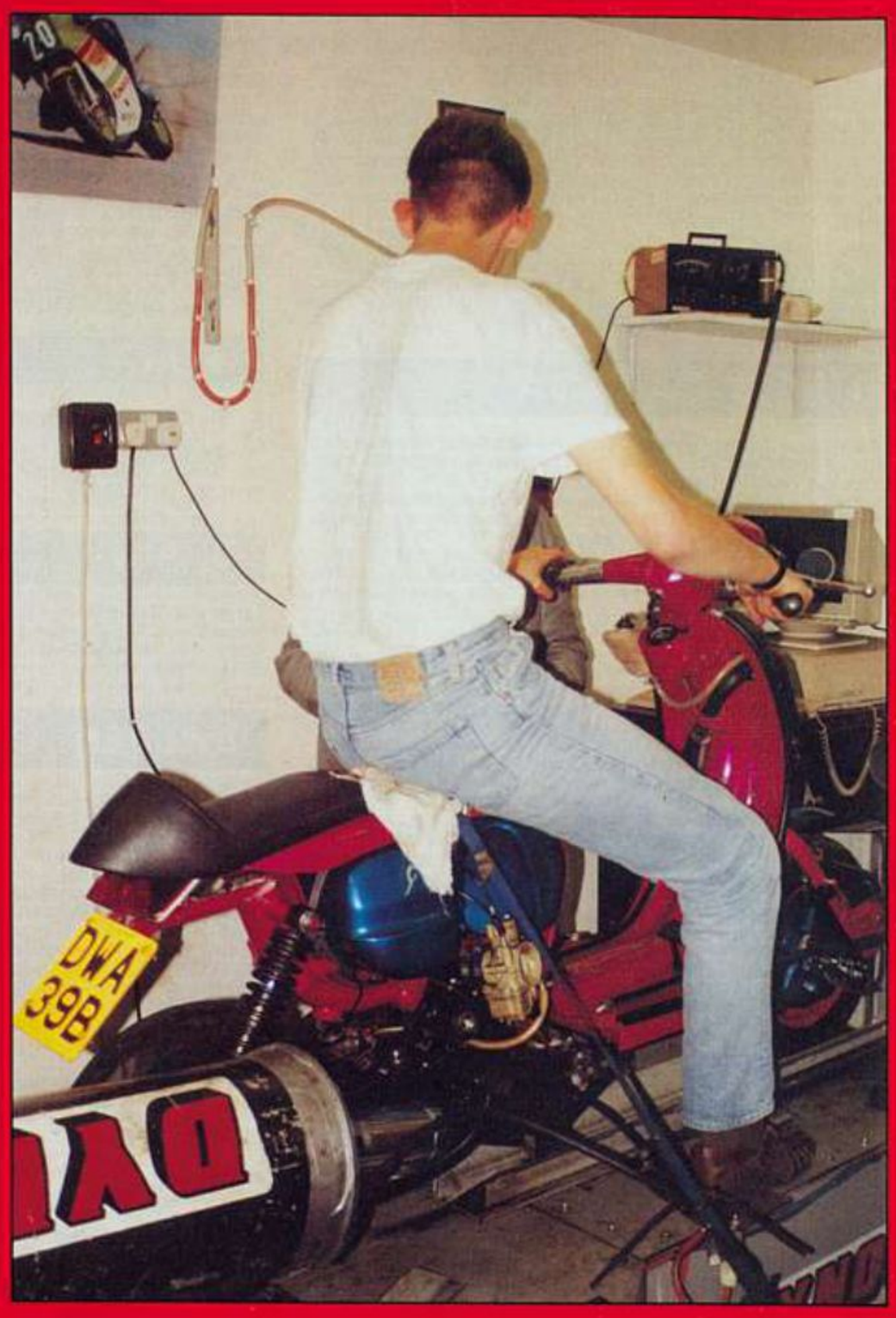
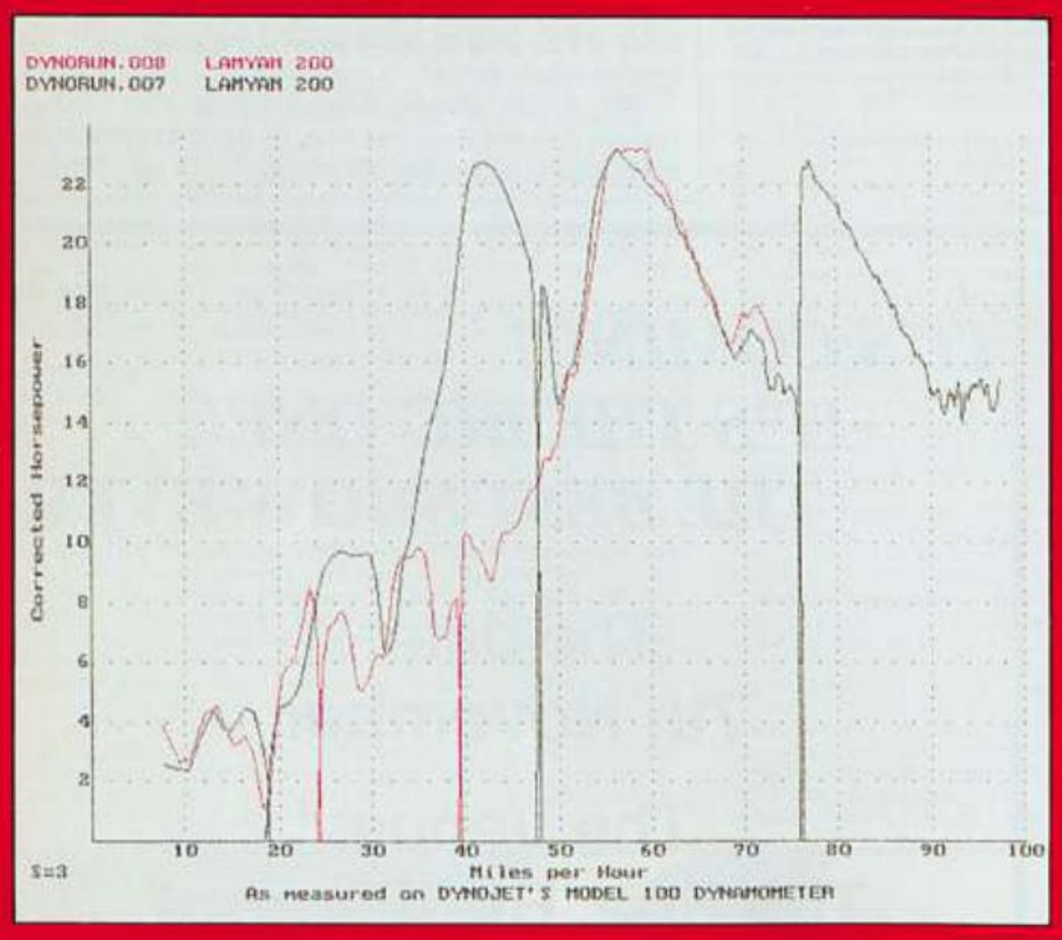
DYNO DAY – 100+ MPH STREET

LAMYAM 200

More technical blurb for all you performance freaks. We ran three scooters on the Allgear Tools dyno (£25 + VAT per hour, 0203-667525), and this time the tests were on three machines built by the young maestro Marc Broadhurst.

The first machine tested was Richard Milner's Lamyam as featured elsewhere in this issue. The engine is a highly modified Lambretta casing with a welded up Yamaha RD350 powervalve barrel fitted. Marc's idea for fitting the Yam barrel stretches back to before his shop was burned down, and the original plan was to fit the barrel with the original rotating 'spool' type powervalve still working, but sadly the computer control device and servo motor for the valve were destroyed in the blaze, so the engine was eventually built with the barrel welded up and altered for a fixed exhaust port height. The casings needed a great deal of welding since all four cylinder studs had to be moved to suit the Yamaha barrel. The casings and barrel have been welded and modified to give enlarged transfer openings and also for modifying the reed valve inlet for crankcase inlet round the top of the barrel spigot as well as through the barrel. The one advantage of welding up the powervalve is that the barrel can be bored out substantially from its normal 64mm (which would work out to about 175cc on a 58mm stroke Lambretta crank) to 66mm using the universally popular Yamaha DT175 piston, giving a 200cc conversion. Such a large rebore is not possible without a lot of work on a powervalve barrel because the powervalve spool runs very close to the standard piston and you would end up boring into it. The crank is a Lambretta item fitted with a 'long' RD400 rod to take account of the short compression height of the DT piston. The ignition system is an external rotor arm Motoplat road system and the lot all breathes through a 125 KDX Kawasaki 6-petal reedblock and a 34mm Delorto carb. The dyno chart shown below is the clearest one showing the results of a third gear roll on (in red) and a full 4th gear test (in black). However, on a previous run the scooter was caned within an inch of its life and the dyno read 110 mph! This may seem to some of you an unbelievable figure but the scooter has recently been downgeared to use an Li 150 box because with an SX200 box it would do 90mph in third gear and it wasn't happy to pull 4th gear below 70mph. With the SX gearbox the scooter should have pulled an even higher speed on the rolling road.





From the run above, however, it is possible to see that even at 97mph the engine was still making 15.6 hp, so we have no doubt that this scooter will do over 100 mph on the road.

The peak power measured for this bike was 23.1 hp, which is less than I was expecting considering the spec of the engine, but remember, this is power measured AT THE BACK WHEEL and not corrected power measured at the crank, which is what most of the Japanese motorcycle manufacturers quote and would be a good percentage greater than the rear wheel power.

For this sort of engine you can expect to pay around £2000, but since this conversion, Marc reckons he has found some more suitable barrels with more potential and one or two will soon be around. More details soon.

Do you think you've got an especially quick scooter? Would you be prepared to bring it to Coventry to test it sometime in the future? If so, drop us a line to: Scootering Dyno Destruction Day, at the usual address. Also planned for the future is a Lambretta TS1/standard exhaust test. Any manufacturers or importers interested in partaking in this test please drop us a line to 'Can You Break This Exhaust For Me Please' and enclose a generous bribe for guaranteed good results. In fact, if any of you have any new products you'd like to have tested by the magazine, then let us know – tyres, petrol and two stroke oil a speciality.

STICKY

Thanks to Marc and Richard for bringing the scooters down to test.

MARC'S STAGE 3 TOURING SX 190

While the magazine was picking up the tab for dyno time, Marc decided to test the power on his own road scooter. The engine is a mildly ported Lambretta barrel using a Suzuki 185 piston, Jap rodded crank, a 26mm carb and standard tailpipe Lambretta exhaust. The Suzuki piston conversion has been around for so long now that all the good UK tuners should have perfected them by now. The graph shows several things, the most noticeable of which is what a lovely enormous fat

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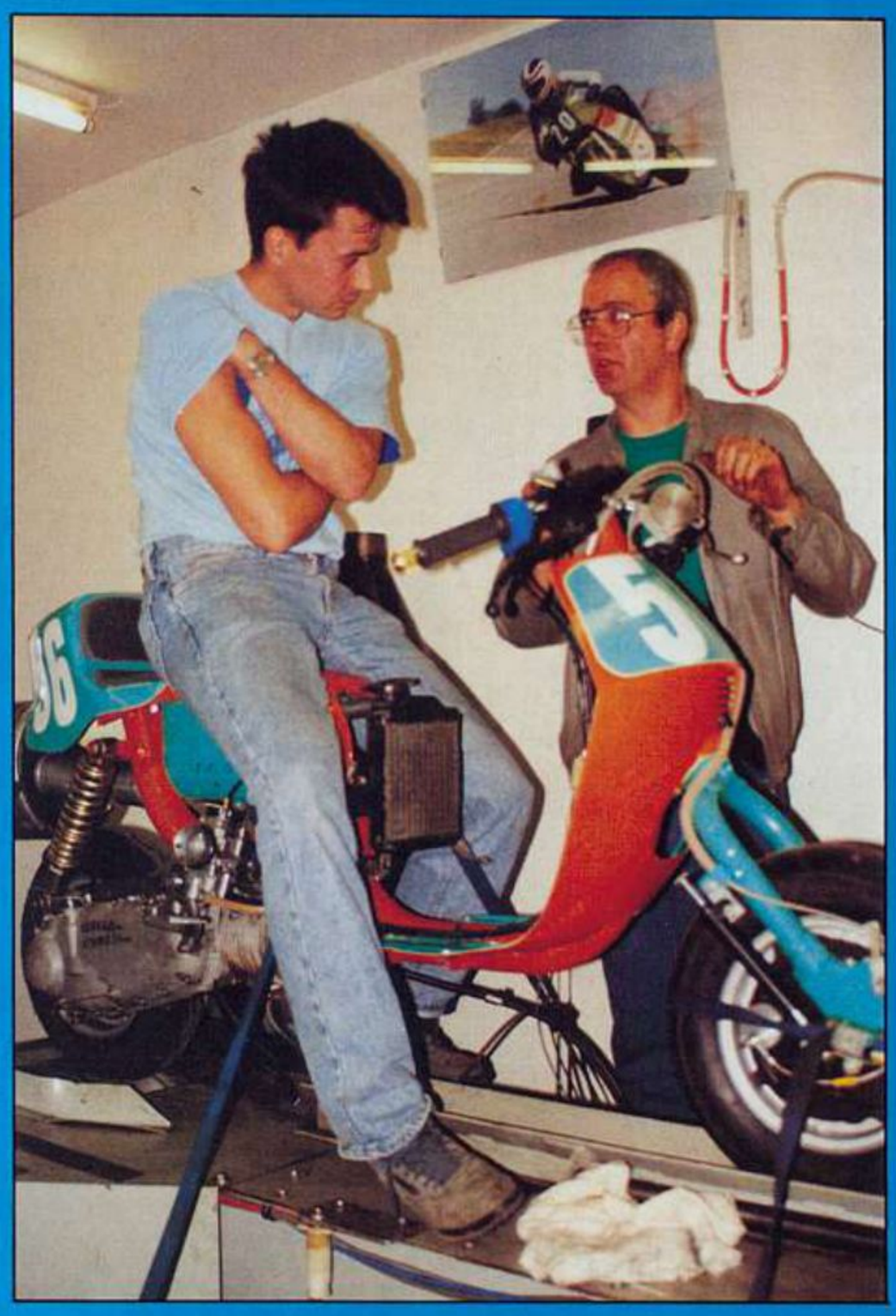
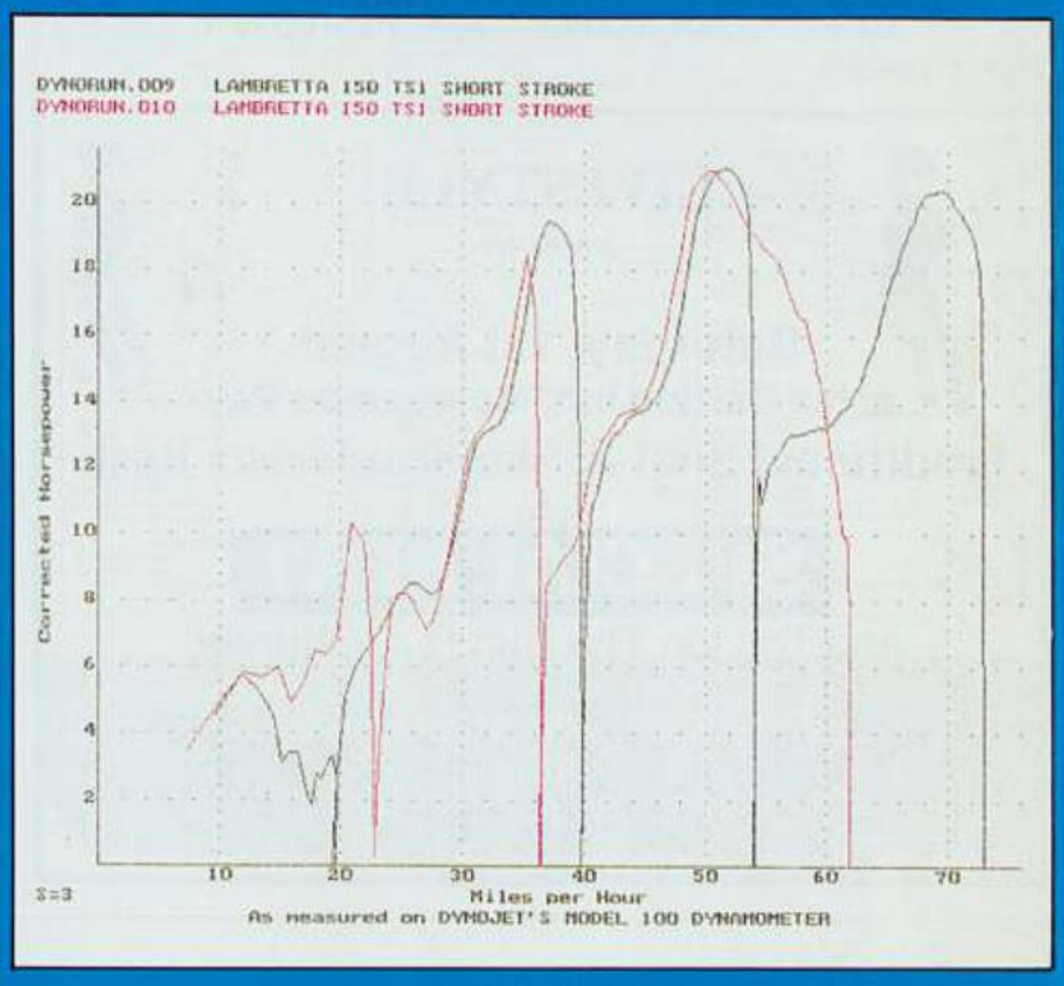
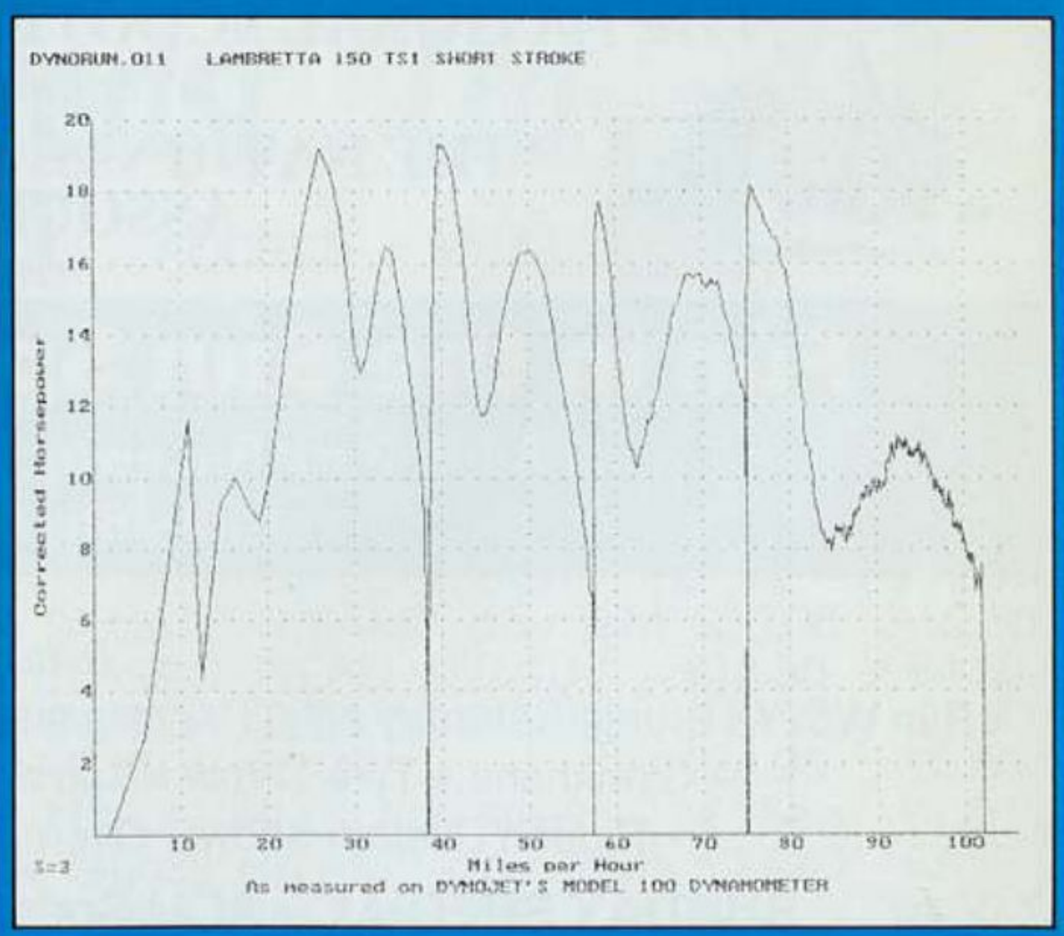
SCOOTERS – THEY DO EXIST?



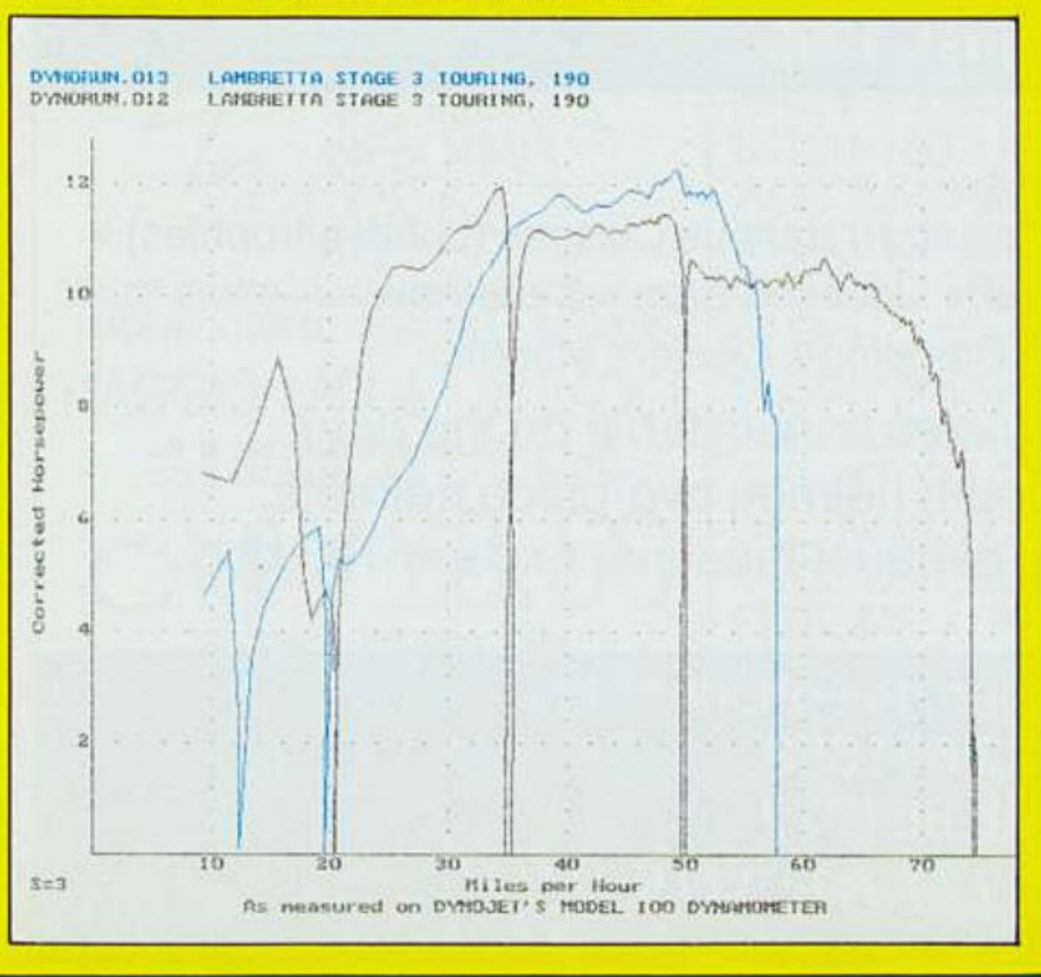
SHORTSTROKE TS1 150 GROUP 5 RACER

The motor in this racing scooter is based on a sleeved down TS1 barrel with a steel liner. The crankshaft is a 54mm stroke AF item converted to run an RD350 rod and a 60mm Kawasaki piston. Marc fitted one of his off the shelf water cooled heads which runs by thermosyphon (no water pump) and the kit breathes freely through an M.B. 6-petal reed manifold conversion. The sparks are supplied by a Motoplat internal rotor system. This dyno test gave a lesson to Mr Broadhurst in riding technique and tuning results. On the first graph two tests are shown; a full four gear test (in black) and a 3rd gear roll on (in red), and from the 3rd gear results on both graphs you can see that peak power for the motor is about 21 hp (at around 50mph). This is very impressive for a 150cc motor especially when compared to the 23 hp of the 200 RD barrel scooter.





powerband Marc has produced, this is a result of not going wild on the exhaust and inlet timing and using a sensible sized carb, all of which help bottom end power. You can see from the third gear roll on (blue line) that the engine starts producing over 10 hp in third gear from as low as 32mph, but there is still as much usable power at 56mph. This is the sort of power spread you want to pull quite tall gearing for touring, or pulling Mr & Mrs Lard Sandwhich up hill with luggage. The power from the full four gear test (black graph) is down on the 3rd gear test which suggests that either jetting is a bit out or the engine was not warmed up sufficiently. Either way the four gear test shows how a graph should look with the engine never really dropping out of the power in any of the gears as the scooter is accelerated.



The second graph shows Marc attempting to get a top speed reading for the 150 but as you can see peak power readings are now only 19 hp (26mph & 40 mph). Marc thought he was just coming into the power because he could feel and hear the scooter accelerating; this was in fact the scooter coming into a second smaller powerband in each gear (like the one in the second gear at 50 mph). The reason peak power was down is that Marc was revving the bike too hard, and when he changed up into 3rd gear for example (at 57 mph on the second graph) he only had about 17.5 hp on tap, but if he had changed into 3rd earlier, at about 50 mph, he would have come into over 20 hp straight away – see first graph.

Marc eventually managed to thrash over 100 mph out of the scooter but the scooter would have accelerated much faster to that speed had he changed gear earlier and not thrashed the nuts off it. The scooter was however geared for the small Three Sisters circuit where the top speed of the fastest scooter is only about 70-75 mph. It can be seen from the first graph that maximum power in 4th gear is at around 68 mph, meaning that the gearing is just about spot on and if the machine was geared differently it would reach 100 mph much more easily.

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EURO LAMBRETTA JAMBOREE KESTERFIELD, NORTHLEW June 18th-21st

EUROPEAN LAMBRETTA JAMBOREE 3rd KESTERFIELD 18-21 JUNE 1992 45th ANNIVERSARY 1947-1992

EUROPEAN LAMBRETTA JAMBOREE 3rd KESTERFIELD 18-21 JUNE 1992 45th ANNIVERSARY 1947-1992

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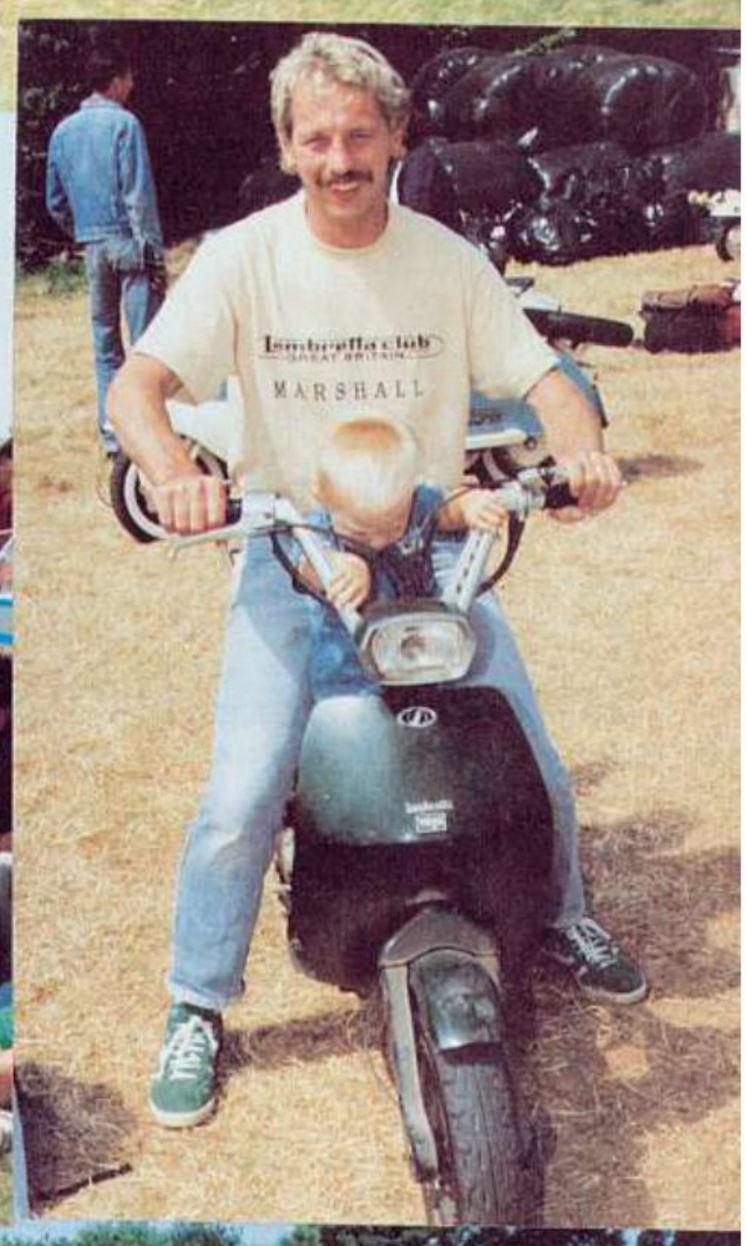

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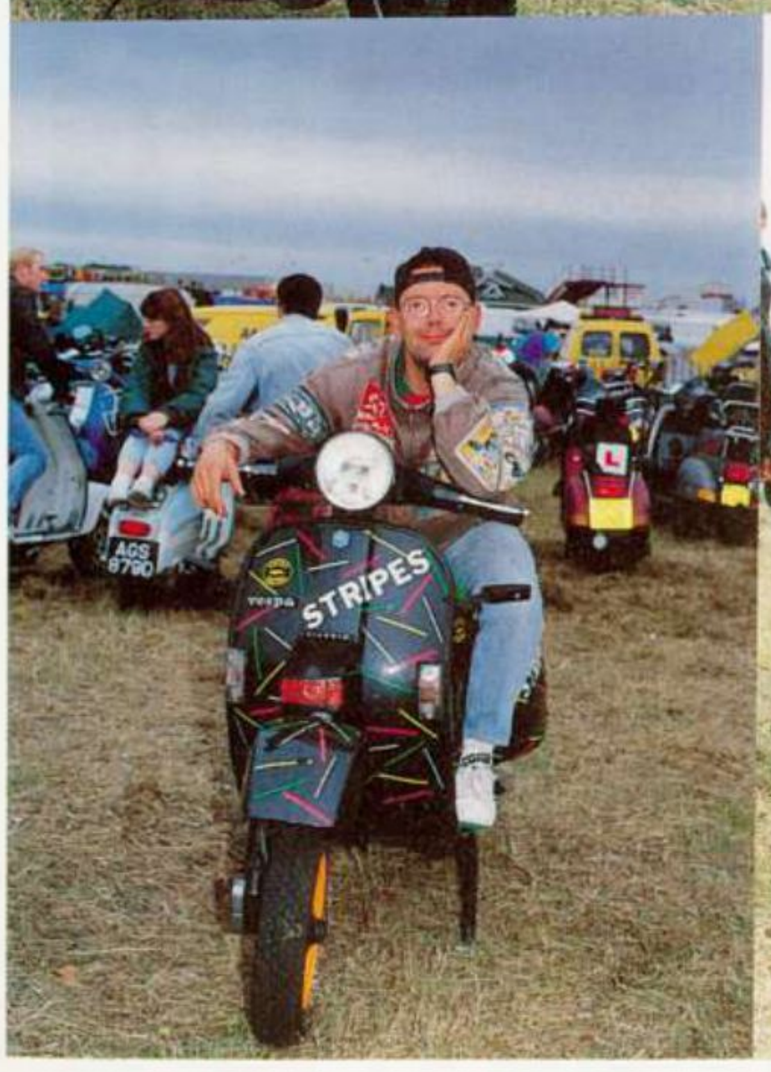

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N.S.R.A. SOUTHPORT SCOOTER RALLY 17-19 JULY 1992

The last time we had a large rally at Southport was way back in September 1983, some 9 years ago.

The police were less than friendly and out of the 2,000 who attended, 140 were arrested for minor offences such as being there, although when I was there I personally enjoyed myself as I had found B&B in a pub after camping out on the sands on Friday night and getting completely wet.

However, it was the worst police harrassment ever seen on a scooter rally. You dare not even look at the police, let alone say a word. You just walked by hoping they wouldn't stop you. It was the worst rally of '83 and a good reason not to ever go back there again – that was until now.

This year's rally also had its difficulties with the non-cooperation policy from the Council, although the police seemed a bit more friendly.

The usual Newsletter went out 3 weeks before the run advising to book B&B as no site could be found. However, after Jeff Smith's persistence in finding a site, the Council eventually gave in and a site was secured between the beach and town, along Marine Drive.

After weeks of sunshine, the weather had to take a turn for the worse sometime, and the journey up on Friday was a mish-mash of rain and more rain, with a strong wind thrown in for good measure.

On arrival the town seemed pretty quiet, so after a quick wash and change of clothing it was off to find a pub.

The busiest place that evening was Thorps Tavern, just across from the site in the middle of town. Like most pubs in seaside towns now, it had a summer extension licence which enables them to stay open every night (except Sunday) till 12 midnight.

As the NSRA couldn't find a large enough place for a 'Do' the gap was filled with a number of small Do's holding just a couple of hundred punters. On Friday night Mick from the Olympics had a 'Do' just down from Thorps Tavern which apparently was full to the brim.

The night passed reasonably peacefully. However, a large number of police vehicles (vans) were patrolling the streets and a number of scooterists were picked up for over-boisterous activities. Eventually, however, they were taken to the Police Station, kept for a couple of hours and told to go, without charge.

Saturday morning, and the weather hadn't really improved. Around 1,500 to 1,750 scooterists were either camping or in digs. There wasn't much activity on site apart from a few lads racing around on mini quads situated next to the site.

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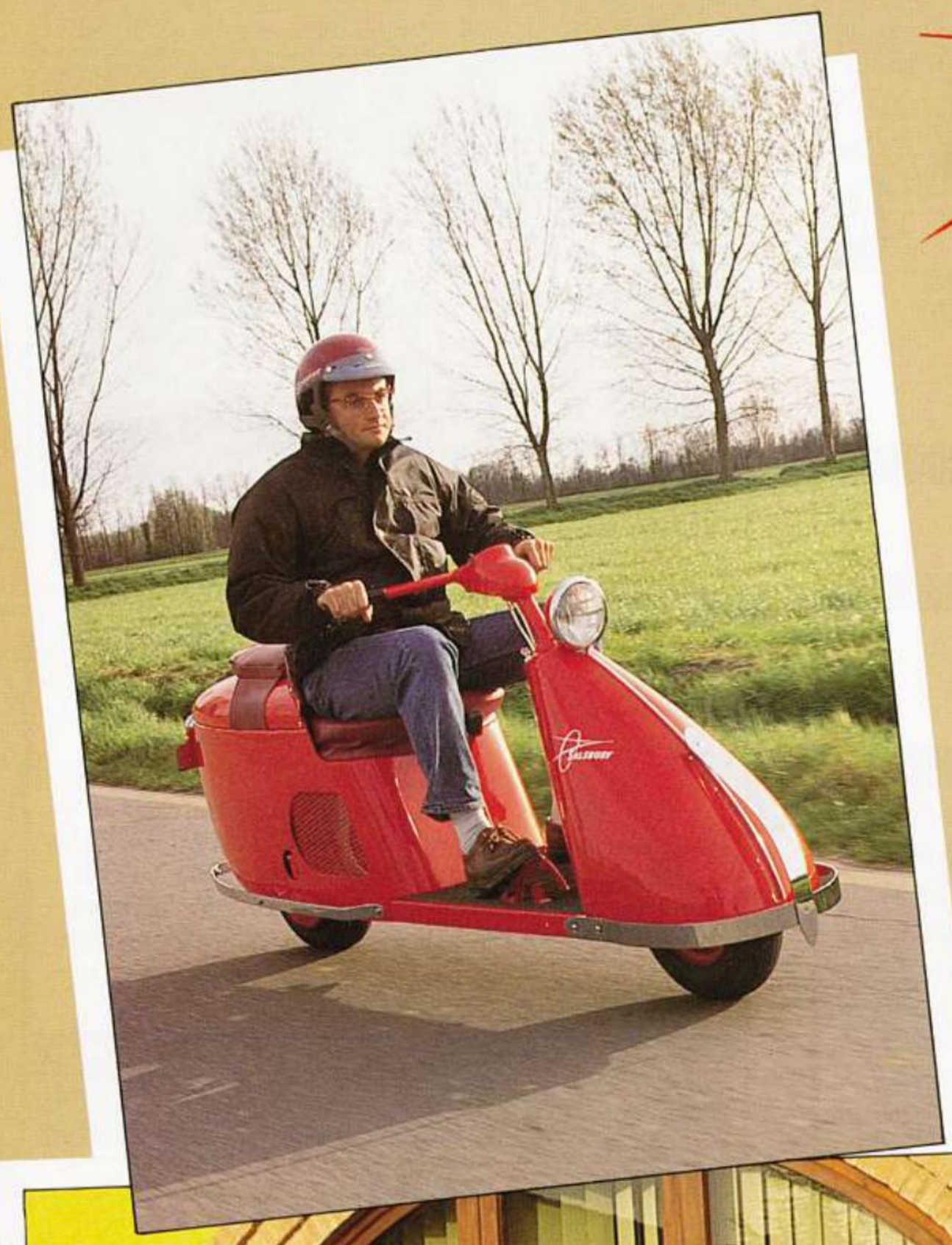
SALSBURY
Born in the U.S.A.



An overseas travel to discover a big scooter more than two metres long and mechanically very advanced, a remote ancestor of today's models

Some lucky guys have already had a chance to admire it at the Scooter Magazine stand at the Milan Salone del Ciclo e Motociclo; others will have the privilege to discover it in these pages and so to understand how much mechanical research has influenced the evolution of scooters. We are talking about the Salsbury, one of the most innovative scooters ever to appear on the market.

We are in America in 1930, the period of the Great Depression, when the "Black Wednesday" was the climax of the nation's crisis. The problems for the population were very big and covered a wide range, including motorization; so they felt the need to produce an economical but safe means of transport to "start again". Motor enterprises seriously began to think of the scooter as a mass vehicle; some of them had a previous military tradition in this field, such as Cushman or Harley Davidson, while others, such as California's Salsbury, had no past experience.

The first model of this great American producer sees the light in 1937 and is made of a very simple structure of tubes with the engine placed under the seat with the tank, and everything is partially closed by a sheet body. This scooter was approximately 48 inches long and could reach a speed of 20 mph, with a power of one HP.

The model we have found and tested dates back to a more recent period, exactly 1947, and is surely remarkable for its interesting structure and engine features, which make it unique in its kind.

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Usually, when we talk about American vehicles, particularly oldtimers, we immediately think of monumental and richly chromed cars like Buick, Chevrolet and Cadillac, which feature all comforts and, first of all, automatic gear. It is incredible but true: this concept has been adapted for this scooter, giving it safety, comfort and easiness to drive in the best possible way. Even the size of this vehicle make it look like those big automobiles: its length is indeed 7 feet 9 inches!

At first sight, the Salsbury looks like anything but a scooter (someone has even labelled it as a two-wheeled flat-iron), but under the clumsiness of its shape is hidden a summary of technology that makes it light and easy for anyone to drive.

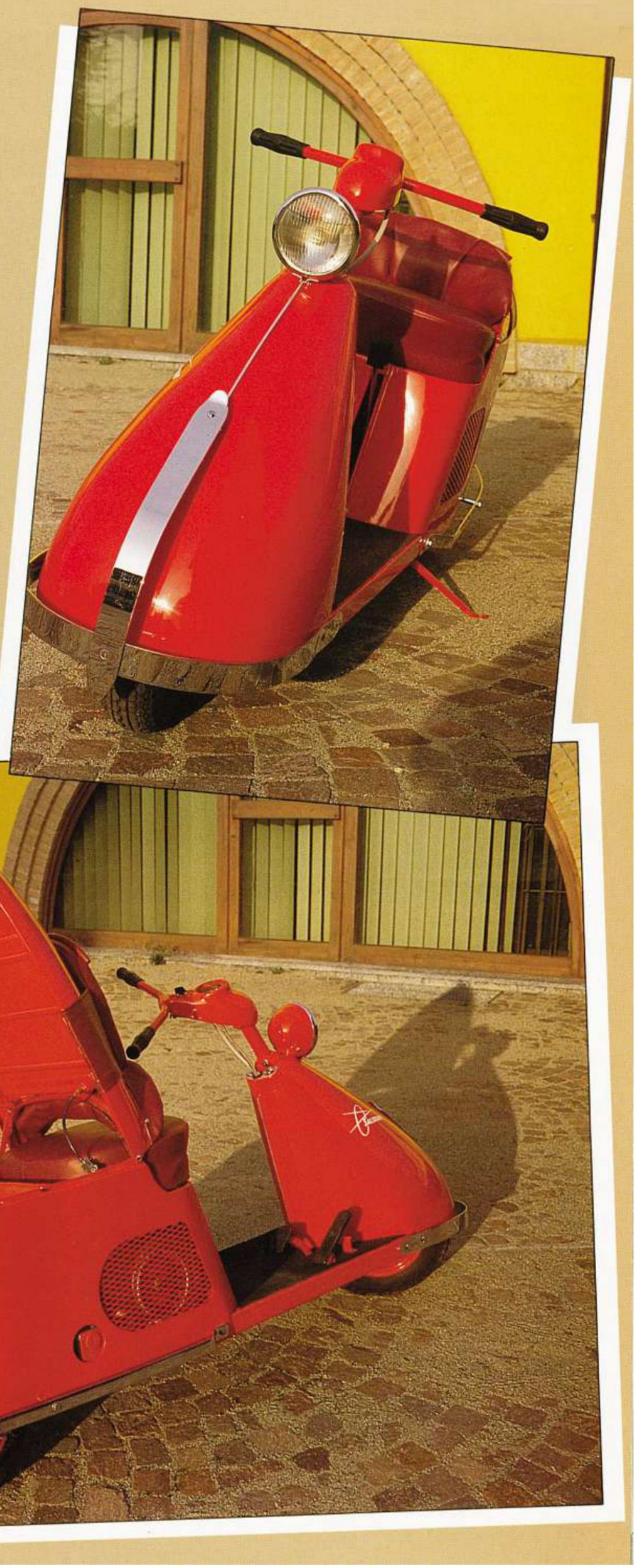
Let's start from the driving position, far from the usual motorcycle standard: the driver sits as in an armchair, with legs stretched on the spacious platform. The handlebar is high compared to the steering bar and very close to the body and allows changes of direction with little movements. The back is slightly inclined backwards, leaning with its lower part to the little and comfortable back of the seat, while the arms are doubled just over the hip. The controls are as simple as they can be: accelerator and brake, both pedal and easiest to use. This makes this scooter a real two-wheeled little car.

No clutch and gear, but a pleasure to drive with safety and confidence and without having to learn how everything works: the Salsbury ad pictured a nice girl sitting on the big scooter. The secret of its success was hidden under the bulky body: a four-stroke, 318cc engine, with an extremely low number of revolutions per minute, only 2.680, which carry the heavy scooter to a top speed of approximately 65 mph.

Up to now everything seems to be normal, but the great innovation lies in the replacement of the gear by a belt-drive system which works on a pair of cone-shaped fly-wheels. These, due to centrifugal force, tend to come closer, widening the circumference of the "pinion" on which the belt turns, transmitting the movement to the secondary transmission and then to the back wheel. This way we pass from a ratio of 14 rounds of the engine to one of the wheel up to 3 to 1, nearly a direct mesh.

Our test took place on a bright spring day letting us appreciate Salsbury's great qualities and notice how even forty years ago there was a scooter not so far from some models for sale today, in every aspect. The first thing to do is try to start the Salsbury using the lever which appears, a little sinister, between the legs. This can't be done sitting, but with one foot on the ground and the other, a little like a wading bird, on the lever and ready to push downwards. One hand is on the handlebar and the other pulls the starter, which is just beneath it. We wonder what to use for the accelerator, as arms and legs are all engaged in this hazardous undertaking, but no problem: the starter also works as accelerator.

The engine makes a reasonable noise which sounds much like a lawn-mower, particularly when we accelerate, and there are plenty of vibrations, despite the rubber silent-blocks, to the handlebar.



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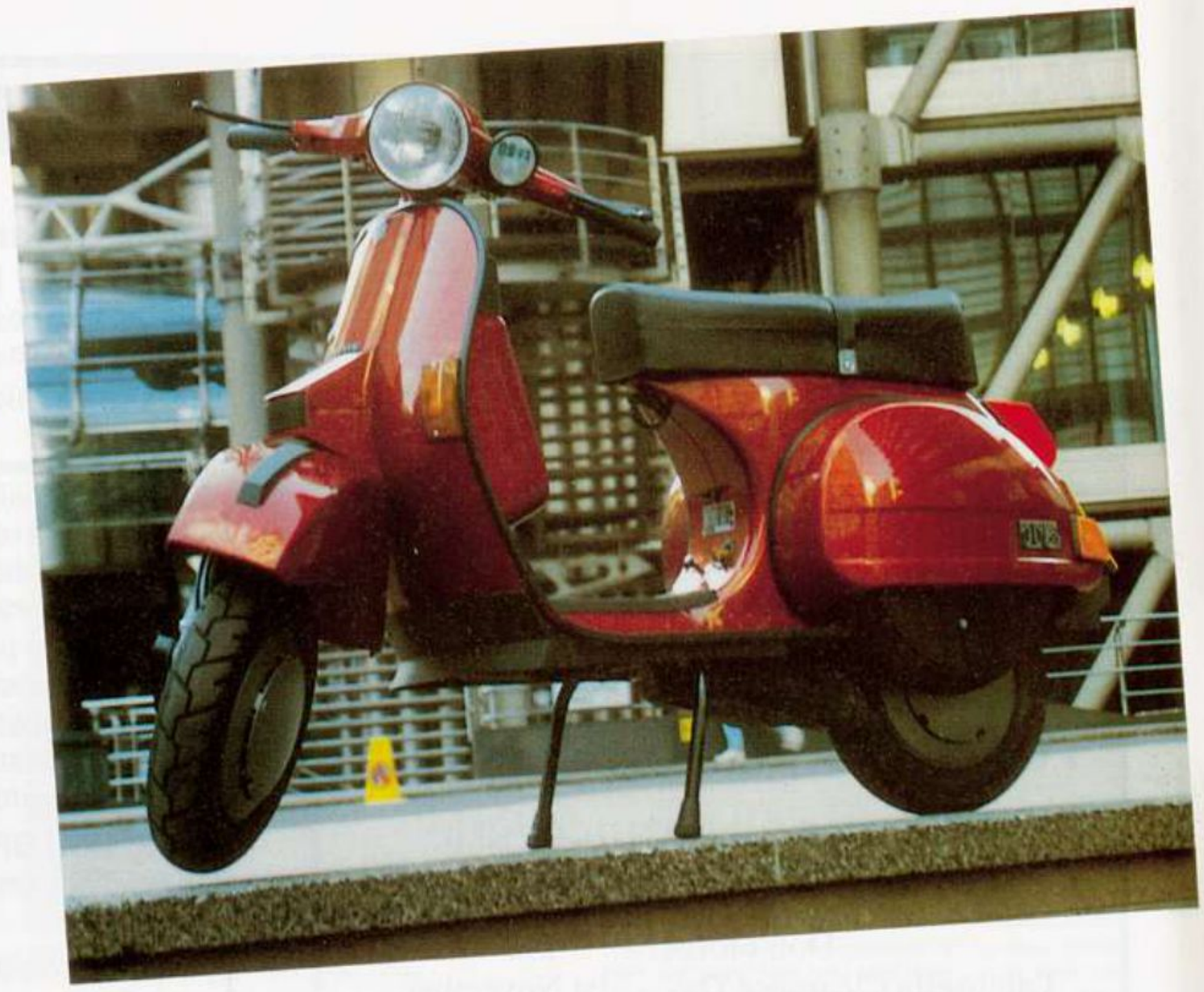
VESPA T5 CLASSIC



A couple of years ago, when yours and my favourite scooter – a big round of applause, please rush out and buy one – the Cosa first appeared on the scene rumours were rife that this was the end of the P-range and the T5, and by next week every good scooterist will own a lovely Cosa after being enlightened, and everyone who didn't own one would wonder what they were missing.

As it turned out the Cosa was only slightly more popular than the bubonic plague, a sales phenomenon about on par with Fly Fishing by J.R. Hartley. Its ridiculous styling panels, teardropped so they were larger at the back(?) giving it all the appeal of Norman Tebbit after a night on the tiles. The funny thing is, for Piaggio all the pointers indicated that the Cosa would catch on. In the late 70's when the P-range was launched all the Vespa Rally 200 and Lambretta riding Mods said 'Ugh', what's that bloody ugly thing with indicators', and five years later it was the most common scooter on any rally campsite. Ditto, when they launched the E.F.L. P-range, which was quite a bit squarer than it needed to be. Then finally the T5 arrived to be greeted by lots of scooterists (including myself) simulating vomiting inducement at the mere sight of it, before – overnight – it became a best seller. At the end of the day I think everyone was forced to get used to the way the T5 looked because so many people owned one, and because it was such an excellent scooter performance wise. I suspect that if the T5 had been introduced in say '81 the scooter boom would have been even bigger than it was. Many of the school leavers who spent up to £1500 on a restricted Yamahondazuki RD/RG/AR 125 bike to pull wheelies outside McDonalds on or race up the by-pass at 75 mph would have thought twice about it if they could have bought a second hand T5 with a Mikeck for half the price, that still did 75 mph, but also allowed them to go on scooter rallies instead of sitting around in cinema carparks aspiring to Cortina ownership.

As it was, in '85 when the T5 was announced it still caused a stir. Gareth and the late Mike Roberts thrashed a T5 and PX200 EFL from Lands End to John O'Groats and were amazed that the 125 could actually stomp the 200 on acceleration. The T5 blew up once on the journey though and this wasn't the last T5 to suffer engine problems by a long chalk. Many of the first batch of fire engine red T5's on the C registration – the model with the digital rev counter – suffered from failure of bearings around the bottom end of the engine. One from my area went back several times with the same problem but better quality bearings did the trick and subsequently the engine has proved to be a real gem, or as Norrie Kerr described it 'A work of art'. Genuine reliable 65-70 mph performance all from a learner legal scooter.

Luckily for us in the U.K the promised demise of the T5 itself doesn't mean the end of the excellent engine which now appears in an EFL style P-range frame under the guise of the T5 Classic. Incidentally, the reason that was given as to why the T5 should cease to be produced was that it was only popular in Spain and Great Britain and didn't sell well elsewhere. I don't suppose though that the fact it was only offered for sale for a short while in Germany – one of Vespa's biggest markets – has anything to do with that. The German TÜV authorities probably banned it on the basis that it was too enjoyable to ride.

Now before I start making all the obvious comparisons between the old T5 and the new Classic (?) there is one important difference between the two; the book price of the Classic this year is £1379, whereas last years book price for the T5 was £1529, saving the buyer £150. I know the actual price of T5's has been much cheaper recently but that has only been the dealers putting out the last few from Vespa U.K.'s old stock that were sold off cheap. So don't expect to see that level of discounting too often in future.

The funny thing is, the T5 Classic is what most scooterists and I suspect commuters too would have originally preferred back in '85. The styling of the original T5 is definitely an acquired taste, from the front to the rear. Firstly the seamless mudguard is actually a styling improvement on the P-range item, so much so that many customised P-ranges now carry T5 mudguards. The horncasting and wheel discs were passable and if you didn't like them they were also replaceable. The T5 headset was the first major change. Right, hands up at Piaggio, whose idea was it to fit the headset with those stupid locking rings which break in a minor tumble and which need a special tool to fit. On the other hand the T5 had that excellent, powerful rectangular headlight and a rev counter. The Indian LML factory makes a version of the T5 headset with the conventional pinchbolt so why the Italian factory insisted on locking rings is anyones guess.

The T5 Classic uses a plain EFL P-range headset instead of either of the other styles and this is one of the reasons why the Classic is cheaper.The Classic shares its headset parts and speedo with all the other EFL P-ranges so the tooling must by now be paid for whereas only the original T5 used that style of forks and headset and the speedo with the rev counter isn't cheap to make, hence the £100 plus price if you want to try and replace a T5 speedo. Next, the T5 had the all-over floor mats and plastic spoiler but these are also fitted on the Classic and are – I think – an improvement over the rubber floor strips on the normal P-ranges.

The worst, most hideous thing about the T5 was that hideous extra bit of tin welded to the back of the frame. O.k., so the designer wanted a slightly larger seat but what a strange way to go about it. Only a very very sad person could prefer that to a standard P-range back end and I don't think I would be too presumptuous to assume that the space-age styling of the first T5 was probably the major factor as to why it didn't sell elsewhere. Thrusting something as different as the T5 onto markets such as Germany with their naturally conservative tastes should have taught the Piaggio people how important minor styling alterations can be. Maybe consulting the major Indian design house such as Pininfarina (Lambretta SX) or Bertone (Lambretta GP) would have resulted in a more stylish design and many more people could have got to appreciate what an excellent scooter the T5 was.

Enough conjecture, what is the Classic actually like? Piaggio U.K. were kind enough to supply us with a T5 Classic on long-term test and after having run up nearly 800 miles on it so far I can't say I'm anything other than pleased with it. I've never had a new scooter before so riding something that doesn't rattle and shake is a totally new experience for me

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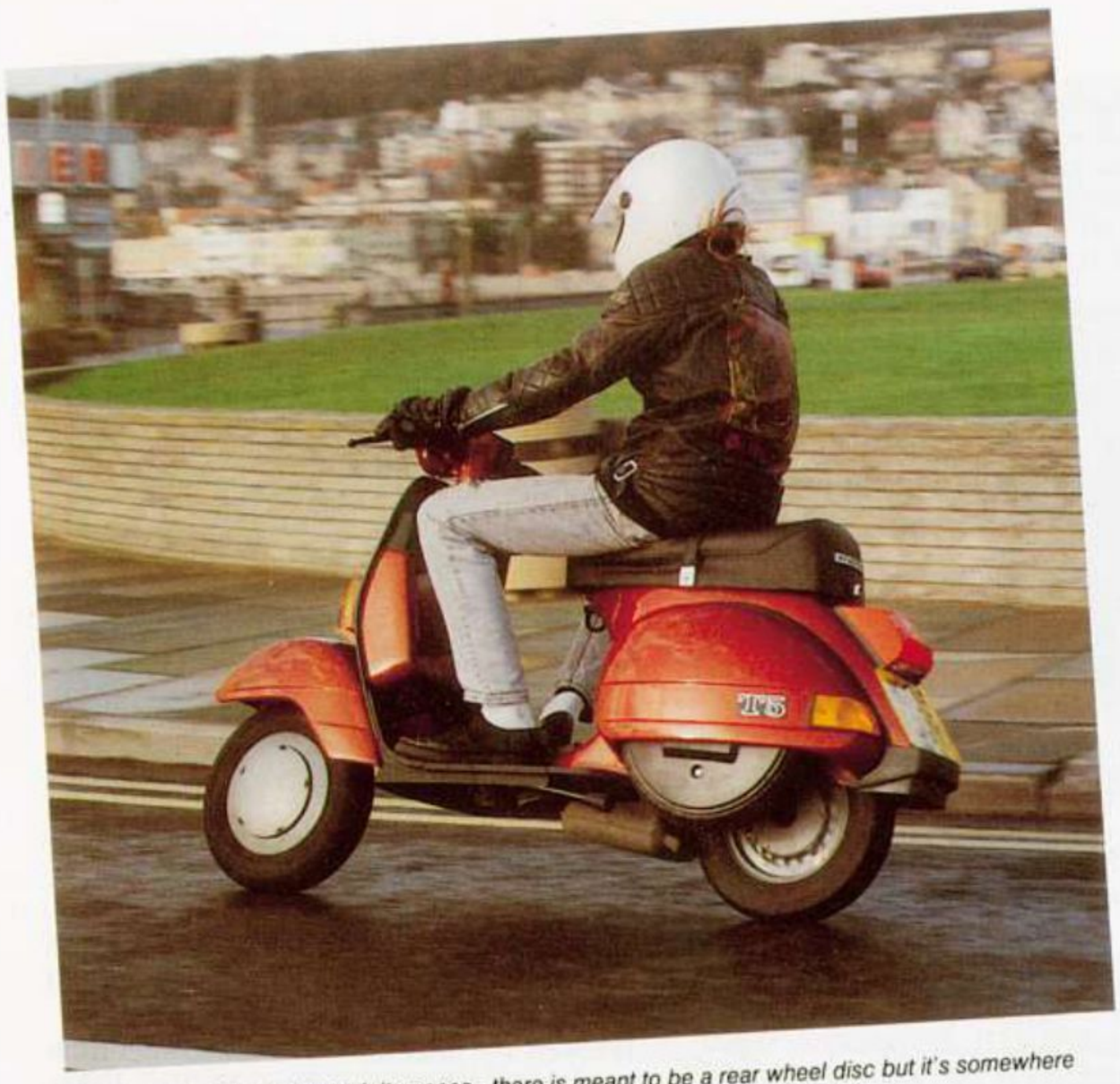
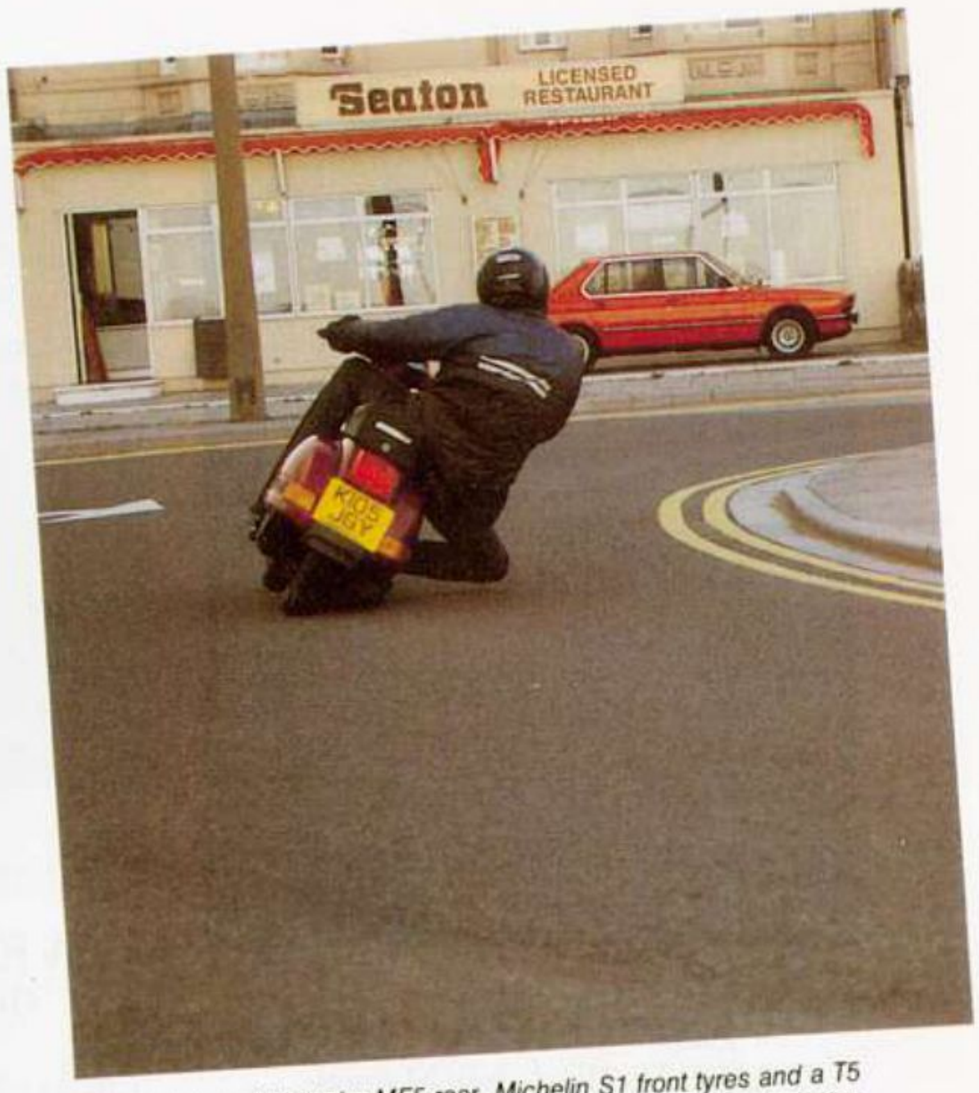


Mark puts the Classic through its paces - there is meant to be a rear wheel disc but it's somewhere between London and Coventry now. Sorry!



Combination of Metzeler ME5 rear, Michelin S1 front tyres and a T5 Classic allow you to do this. Only try it on the OE Pirelli's if you are a fan of brown underwear.

anyway. Initially there was a small problem with the wiring loom which Kickstarts soon sorted out so my only criticism can be that I do miss the rev counter off the T5 – maybe there is some way of fitting a small digital one to the headset, similar to the early T5 one – and also that it's about time new machines are no longer supplied with those crappy Pirelli SC28 tyres now that there are much better ones such as the excellent Michelin S1 on the market. The Pirelli's do nothing to inspire confidence in the handling with their square section and flimsy sidewalls which make them feel like they are going to give way at relatively modest angles of lean. I assume that since Pirelli are an Italian company they have an arrangement with Piaggio to supply the original equipment (OE) tyres but while they are about making some decent looking tyres for the Zip and Quartz couldn't they have made something better in 3.50 x 10 for the P-range. I wonder how many prospective scooter purchasers have been put off after a road test on a large frame Vespa and unjustly condemned the handling because the tyres aren't up to date. So far I've tried the new S1 Michelins and also the (fairly uncommon in the U.K.) Metzeler ME5 3.50 x 10's, both going a long way to improve the manners of the Classic when it is banked over. Incidentally, if you are interested in Metzeler tyres for your scooter the U.K. importers are Phoenix Distribution (0782-839879), at present they only stock the 3.50 x 10 ME5 which has proved excellent in all conditions but a new 3.50 x 10 sports tyre is coming over in 1993. So give them a ring to find out who your nearest stockist is.

The rest of the performance of the Classic is as you would expect from a normal T5, 60-65 mph one or two up on the flat, but it struggles into headwinds and up hills. In an effort to cure this I decided to fit my Malossi 172cc kit from my own T5 but for some reason the Classic with the kit fitted made a horrible knocking noise as if the piston was touching the cylinder head, so I took it off. This was peculiar since the Malossi kit just bolted straight onto my T5 and ran lovely, so I didn't know whether the knocking was due to minor machining differences between the two motors or if something internal has been re-designed. Either way, the Malossi kit on my scooter just bolted on with the jet supplied and the head modified, and let it do 70 mph even up hill and into the wind. Maybe now Piaggio have started to listen to what scooterists want we can have a larger CC version of the T5 Classic with a bit more mph for those of us who have either passed our tests or don't care anyway.

As for the claim in the Piaggio press release that "The T5 Classic is arguably the best Vespa scooter yet", well, I think the word 'arguably' was well chosen because I know plenty of P200, Rally 200 and T5 owners who might disagree, but one thing is certain and that is that is is a bloody excellent scooter that deserves to sell well not just in England and Spain but all over Europe, given that it is not too much dearer than such bundles of fun as Honda's immortal C90 £1099. To finish on a note of irony though, it looks certain that although the new Classic carries such a presumptuous name it is the original T5 which will undoubtably become the classic collectors item because of its shortish production run, and because it looks a bit different – having said that Trabant cars are now collectable 'classics'. STICKY.

The only bit of poor quality control we noticed; own up Piaggio who brush-painted the bottom headset

I don't know about knee sliders but it's very kind of Piaggio to supply an engine slider

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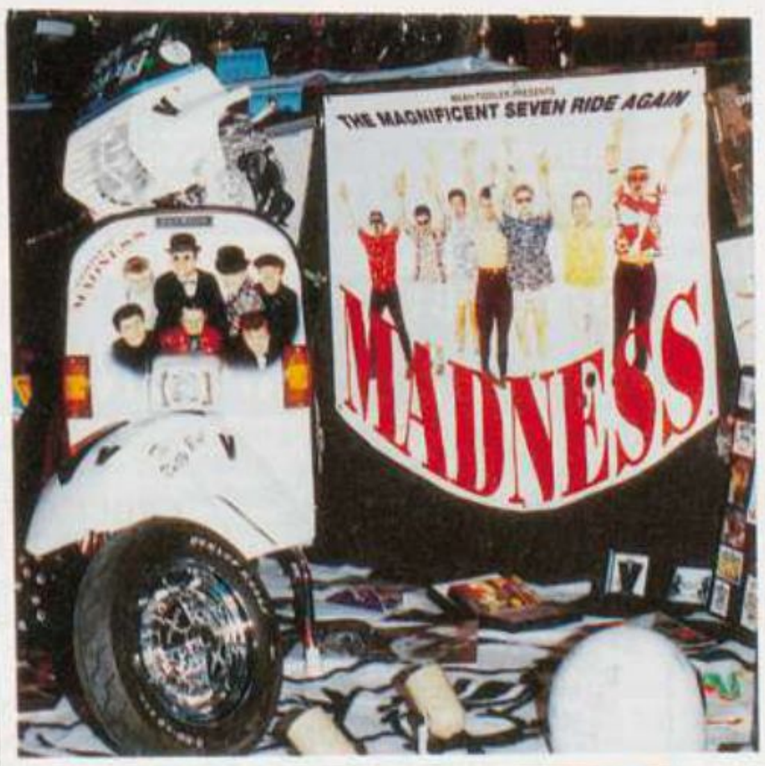

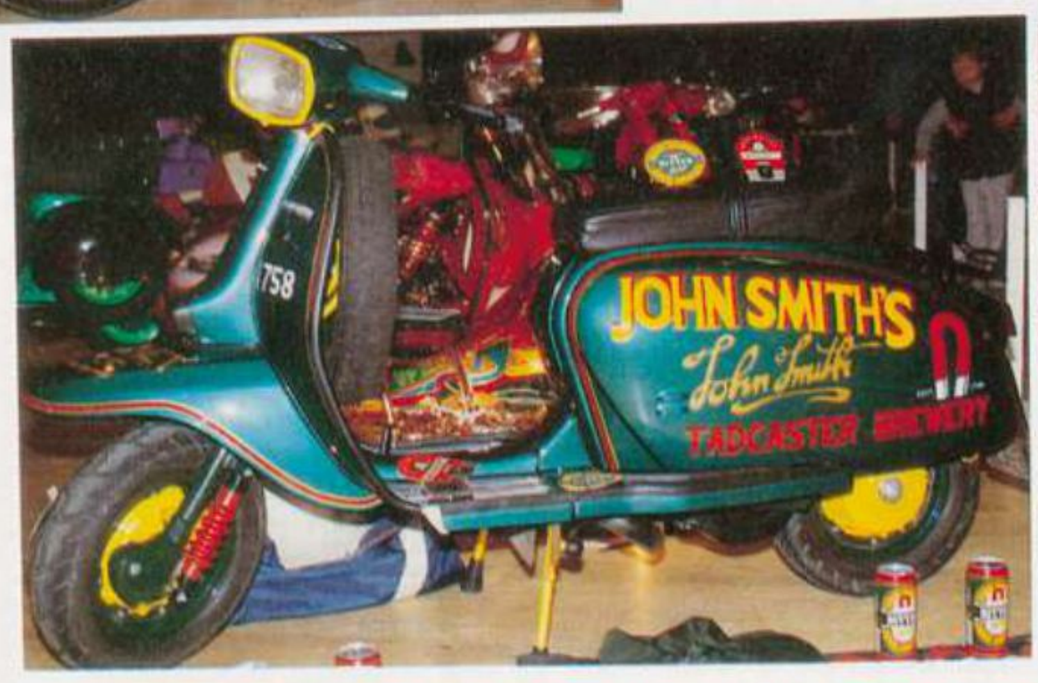

5th NSRA TRADE & CUSTOM SHOW

BRIDLINGTON (near the Arctic Circle) - 7th & 8th November

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SCOOTERING

January						
Mon	-	4	11	18	25	-
Tue	-	5	12	19	26	-
Wed	-	6	13	20	27	-
Thur	-	7	14	21	28	-
Fri	1	8	15	22	29	-
Sat	2	9	16	23	30	-
Sun	3	10	17	24	31	-

February						
Mon	1	8	15	22	-	-
Tue	2	9	16	23	-	-
Wed	3	10	17	24	-	-
Thur	4	11	18	25	-	-
Fri	5	12	19	26	-	-
Sat	6	13	20	27	-	-
Sun	7	14	21	28	-	-

March						
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Tue	2	9	16	23	30	-
Wed	3	10	17	24	31	-
Thur	4	11	18	25	-	-
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Sun	2	9	16	23	30	-

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July						
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Sun	4	11	18	25	-	-

August						
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Thur	-	5	12	19	26	-
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Sat	-	7	14	21	28	-
Sun	1	8	15	22	29	-

September						
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Sun	5	12	19	26	-	-

October						
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Sun	3	10	17	24	31	-

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Sat	6	13	20	27	-	-
Sun	7	14	21	28	-	-

December						
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Tue	-	7	14	21	28	-
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Sun	5	12	19	26	-	-

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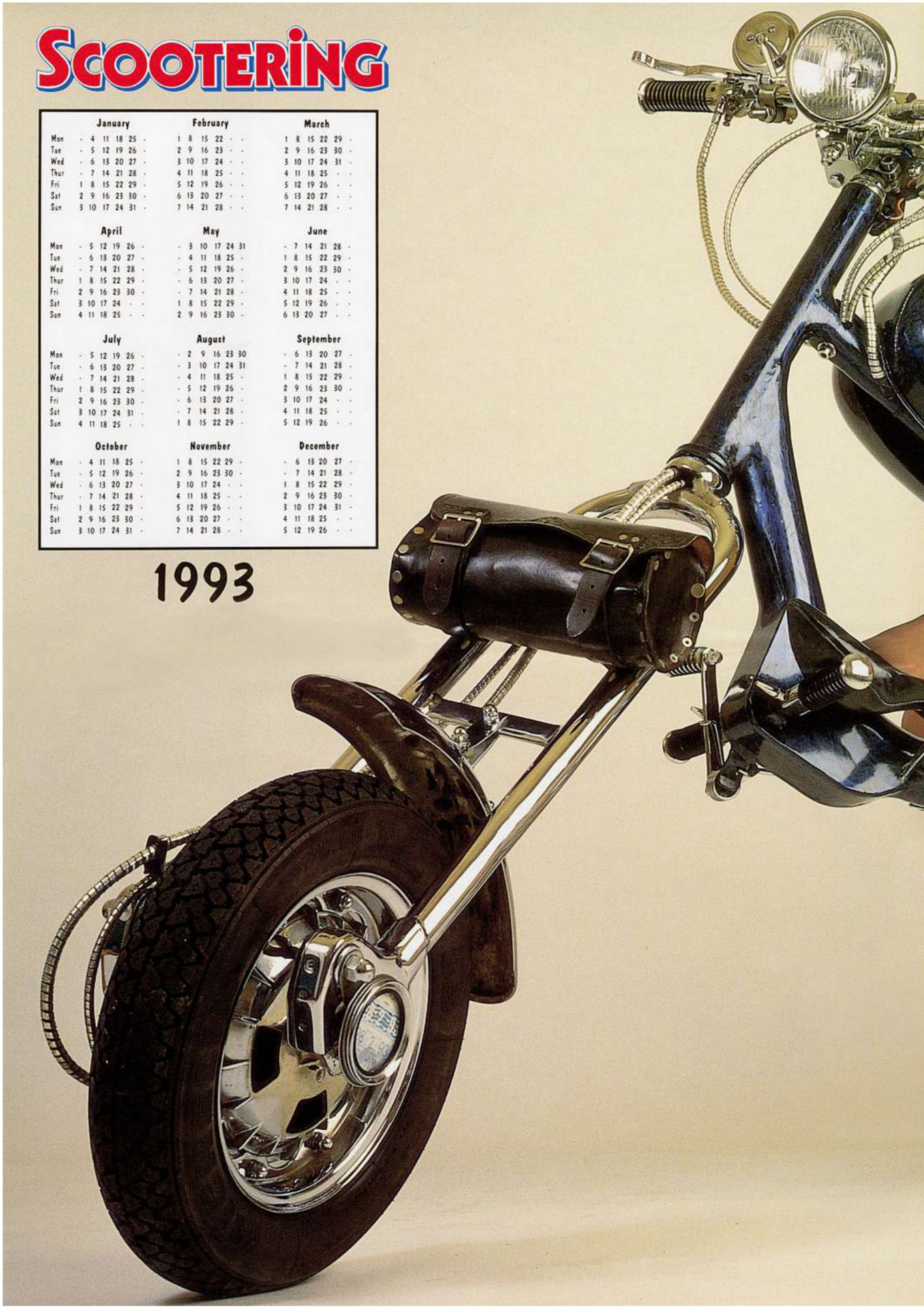

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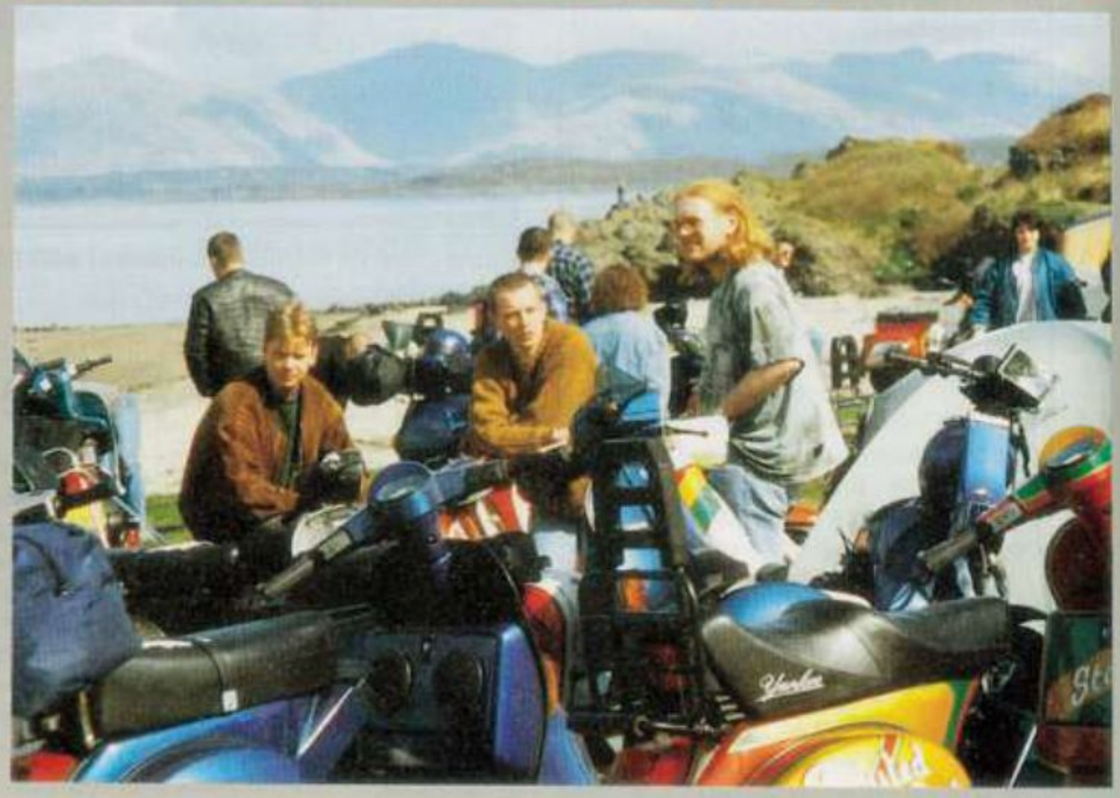

N.S.R.A. NATIONAL SCOOTER

RUN, OBAN – April 30th - May 3rd

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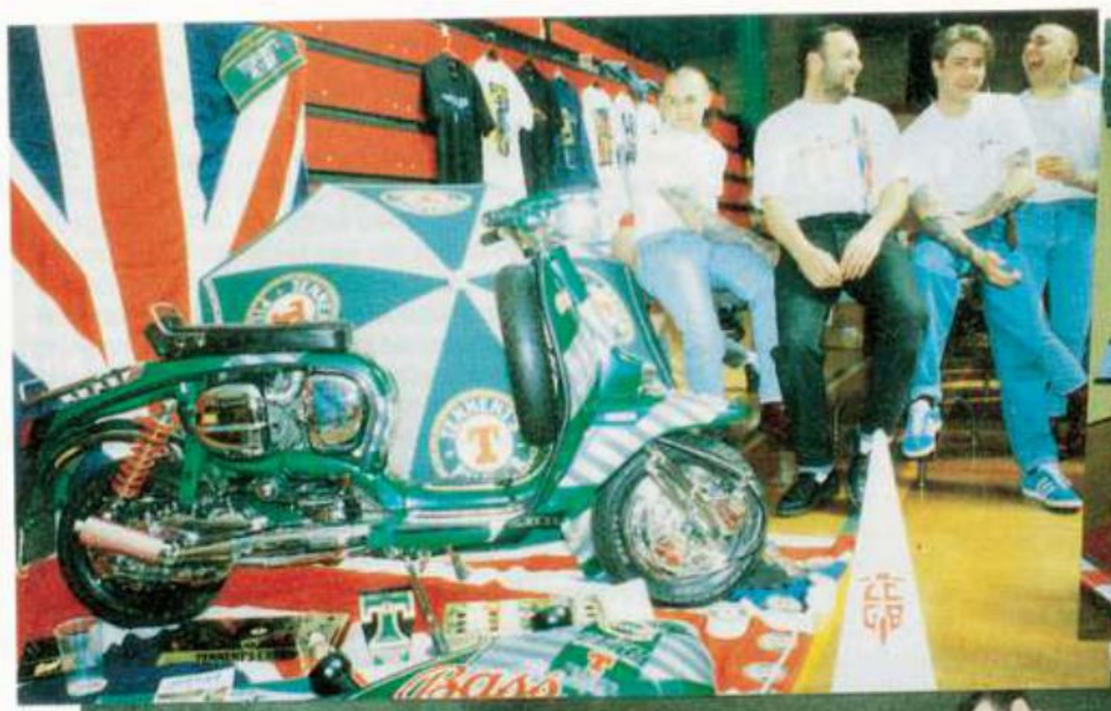

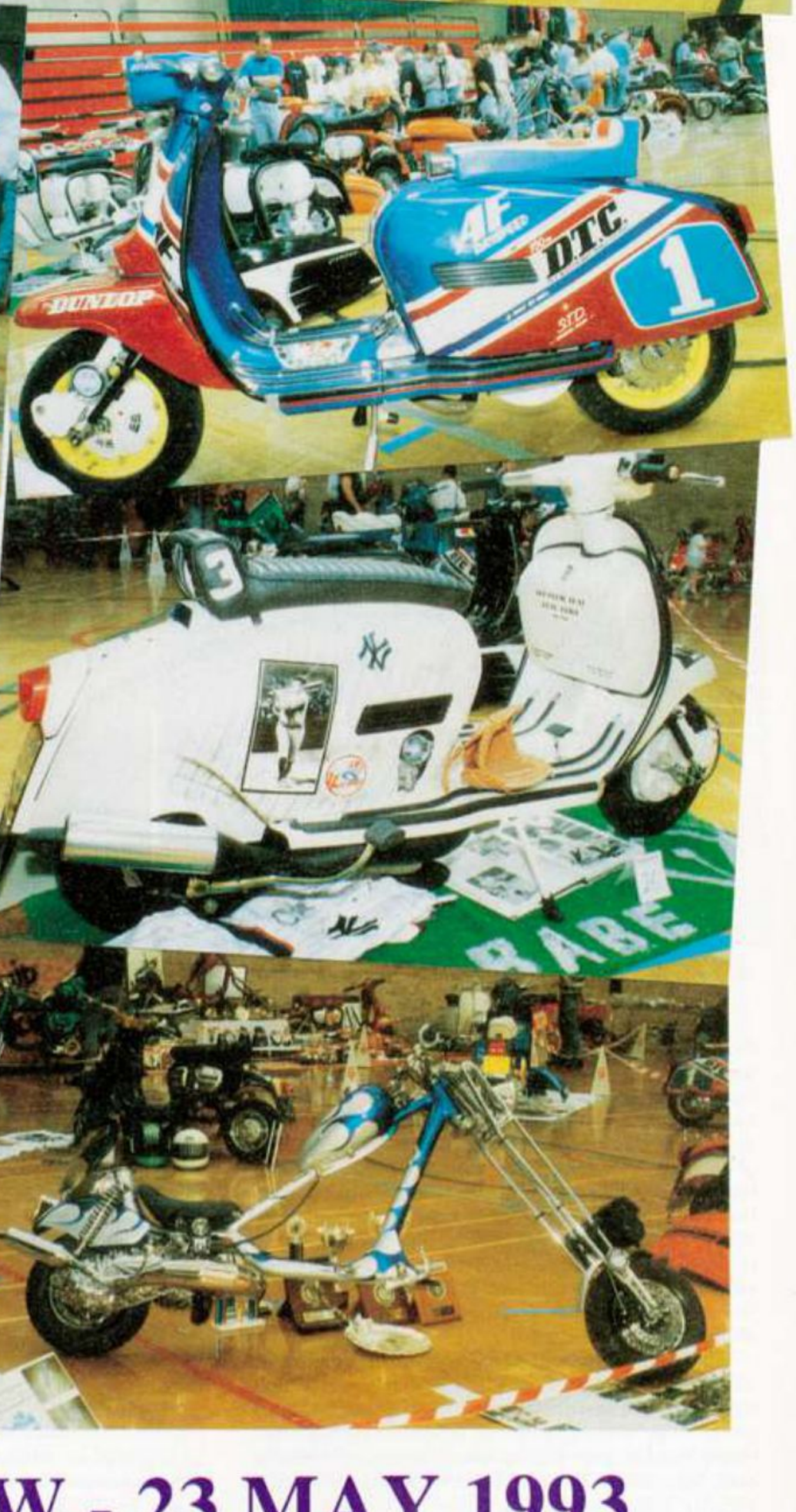

LCGB/VMSC SHOW - 23 MAY 1993

Three years ago when Ian Harrop of the Vintage Motor Scooter Club and myself put together the idea of this show, basically holding two shows in one, we never realised how successful it would be. Because of the sheer size of the show we needed a bigger venue and this was one of the reasons we moved this year to Bletchley Leisure Centre in Milton Keynes. I mention this fact as we will be back next year . . .

We arrived at Bletchley around 8am after a detour through Warrington to pick up an American scooterist who, by coincidence, had chosen this weekend to be in my area. Some exhibitors had already arrived and the staff were all ready to bend to our every whim (well nearly all). I first sort out the duty manager who turned out to be a genial character called Alan Randall, nothing was too much trouble and he really made a change from some of the people "we've worked with" over the years. His staff were equally helpful.

As Ian and his merry band set out their side of the show we set about ours, which would also house the auto jumble stalls and dealers. Watching the V.M.S.C. set out their show is a wonder to behold as they are so precise while we basically work out positions, then fit people in.

Bletchley is basically two large halls in one so everything is under one roof. There was easy access to both halls which meant by 11am most people were in position and we had the dealers/auto jumble stalls formed into a sort of market place. One thing that was apparent was entries were down on the custom side which I think can be explained in two ways. 1) The recession where people aren't building as many all out custom machines, i.e. for every 10 built possibly only 2 enter shows of this type. 2) Some machines would have been at the B.M.F. Show.

By 12 noon we were ready to open the doors to a public eager to see the latest custom machines and wallow in the nostalgia of the V.M.S.C. side of the show. I spent the first few hours with Goofy on the door and one feature that went down well was the cheaper entry (£1.50 saved) if you were a member of L.C.G.B. or the V.M.S.C. and showed your card. Also the 'Family' ticket at £5 for everyone.

Peter Robinson of engraving fame and Paul Waterfield, ex-owner of the Bass Ale Racer, judged the custom side while the vintage was done by the competitors themselves. The standards (no pun intended) of the vintage machines really has to be seen to be appreciated. Many must take longer to put together than a full custom machine. With classes for memorabilia and model displays there was something for

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everyone.

As the weather turned from warm to scorching, I had to take up position as doorman on the exit to ventilate the hall. This also gave me a chance to see all those that had got a bargain disappear to put it into the car, van or simply strap it to a scooter before diving in for more. Some people were content though to top up their tan, and have a few beers.

By 4.30pm we were ready for the presentations and a chance for many people to see John Law who was the founder of the V.M.S.C. and for a time was on the L.C.G.B. committee. John has been out of scootering for a few years, although he still has his famous model 'D' due to personal problems, but tells me he'll be getting back in again slowly. Good news for scootering as John is a very knowledgeable character.

We followed the V.M.S.C. presentations with our own and by 5.45pm I was surveying an empty hall. The show had been a huge success and we'll be back at Bletchley Leisure Centre around the same time next year.

KEV WALSH

LCGB CUSTOM SHOW RESULTS

Best Roadgoing Vespa *(sponsored by Midland Scooter Centre)*
1) Some Kind of Wonderful; 2) Kent Collection

Best Cutdown *(sponsored by York S.C.)*
1) Scraid Na Branach; 2) SX200 (No. 45)

Best Plating/Engraving *(sponsored by Beedspeed)*
1) Immortal Tramp; 2) Better Must Come

Best Chhopper *(sponsored by Tower Motor Scooters)*
1) Hunter The Hunted; 2) Mellow Daze

Best Engineering *(sponsored by M.B. Developments)*
1) (Used to be called Headhunter) - Owner: Denbigh Mudge

Best Mural *(sponsored by Aerographics)*
1) Shame; 2) Immortal Tramp

Best Paint *(sponsored by Peter Robinson Customising)*
1) The Babe (Ruth); 2) Immortal Tramp

Best Vespa *(sponsored by Malossi UK)*
1) Shame; 2) Kent Collection

Punters Choice *(sponsored by P.A. Merchant)*
Bass Ale Racer

Judges Special Award *(sponsored by SAS Banner Bodyshop)*
Kaya

Best Club Display *(sponsored by Chiselspeed Tuning)*
1) Cloud Hill Custom S.C.

Best Individual Display *(sponsored by M.A.G.)*
1) Hunter The Hunted; 2) Better Must Come

Best Lambretta Streetracer *(sponsored by R.S. Tuning)*
1) Bass Ale Racer; 2) D.T.C. (No. 16)

Best Vespa Streetracer *(sponsored by Holbrooks of Coventry)*
1) Some Kind of Wonderful; 2) —

Best First Time Entrant *(sponsored by Rafferty Newman)*
1) The Babe (Ruth); 2) Some Kind of Wonderful

Best Lady Entrant *(sponsored by Turners of Merseyside)*
1) GP150 (Louise Hart); 2) —

Best Roadgoing Lambretta *(sponsored by D.J. Scooters)*
1) Bass Ale Racer; 2) The Babe (Ruth)

Best Lambretta *(sponsored by C.J. Scooters)*
1) Immortal Tramp; 2) Bale Ale Racer

Best of Show *(sponsored by Armandos)*
Immortal Tramp

THE VMSC RESULTS

Best Scooter up to 1955 *(sponsored by Doncaster Hunters S.C.)*
1st: Martin Brench (Lambretta 'C'); 2nd: Nigel Cox (Lambretta 'F')

Best Scooter 1956-1960 *(sponsored by Mo-Tech Scooters)*
1st: Martin Brench (James); 2nd: Martin Plummer (Durkopp Diana)

Best Scooter 1961-1965 *(sponsored by Classically Italian)*
1st: John Chapman (Lambretta TV200); 2nd: Clive Williams (Lambretta Ser III)

Best Scooter 1966-1972 *(sponsored by Thanet Area Scooter Spares)*
1st: Jeff McBride (SX 200); 2nd: Robert White (180 SS)

Best Scooter 1973 onwards *(sponsored by Paddy Smith Designs)*
Sorry - no entrants in this class.

Best Unrestored *(sponsored by Midland Scooter Centre)*
1st: Phil Gooding (Lambretta Ser I); 2nd: Leslie Wilson (Durkopp Diana)

Best Lambretta *(sponsored by Scooter Restoration)*
1st: Jeff McBride (Lambretta TVII); 2nd: Nigel Cox (Lambretta GP)

Best Vespa *(sponsored by C.B.S. Whitton)*
1st: Paul Stevens (Vespa GS 160); 2nd: James McCabe (Vespa GS 150)

Best German *(sponsored by Rob Skipsey Scooter Spares)*
1st: Martin Brench (Maicoletta); 2nd: Martin Plummer (IWL Berlin)

Best British *(sponsored by Darlington S.C.)*
1st: Mike Dan (Piatti); 2nd: Martin Brench (Velocette Viceroy)

Best Italian *(sponsored by Bedlam Scooters)*
1st: Colin Bathe (Lambretta 'C'); 2nd: Howard Chambers (Lambretta 'F')

Best Rest of the World *(sponsored by Kickstart Motor Cycles)*
1st: John Thuluck (Puch); 2nd: Not given

Best Individual Presentation *(sponsored by K.S. Scooters)*
1st: Ian Harrop (Dayton); 2nd: Peter Wells (TV 1)

Best Paper Work Display *(sponsored by Scootering Magazine)*
1st: Jeff McBride; 12nd: Ian Harrop

Best Memorabilia/Models Display *(sponsored by Amethyst Video)*
1st: Claire Gale; 2nd: Ian Harrop

Competitors Choice *(sponsored by Kegra Racing Centre)*
Jim McCabe (Vespa GS 150)

Best in Show *(sponsored by Weston Scooter Parts)*
Colin Bathe (Lambretta 'C')

We, the Committee of the VMSC wish to thank all our Sponsors for all their support given to LCGB and ourselves; without them we would be unable to do so much. Our thanks also to Kev Walsh and the LCGB for their help and support. We hope you will support them as they support us.

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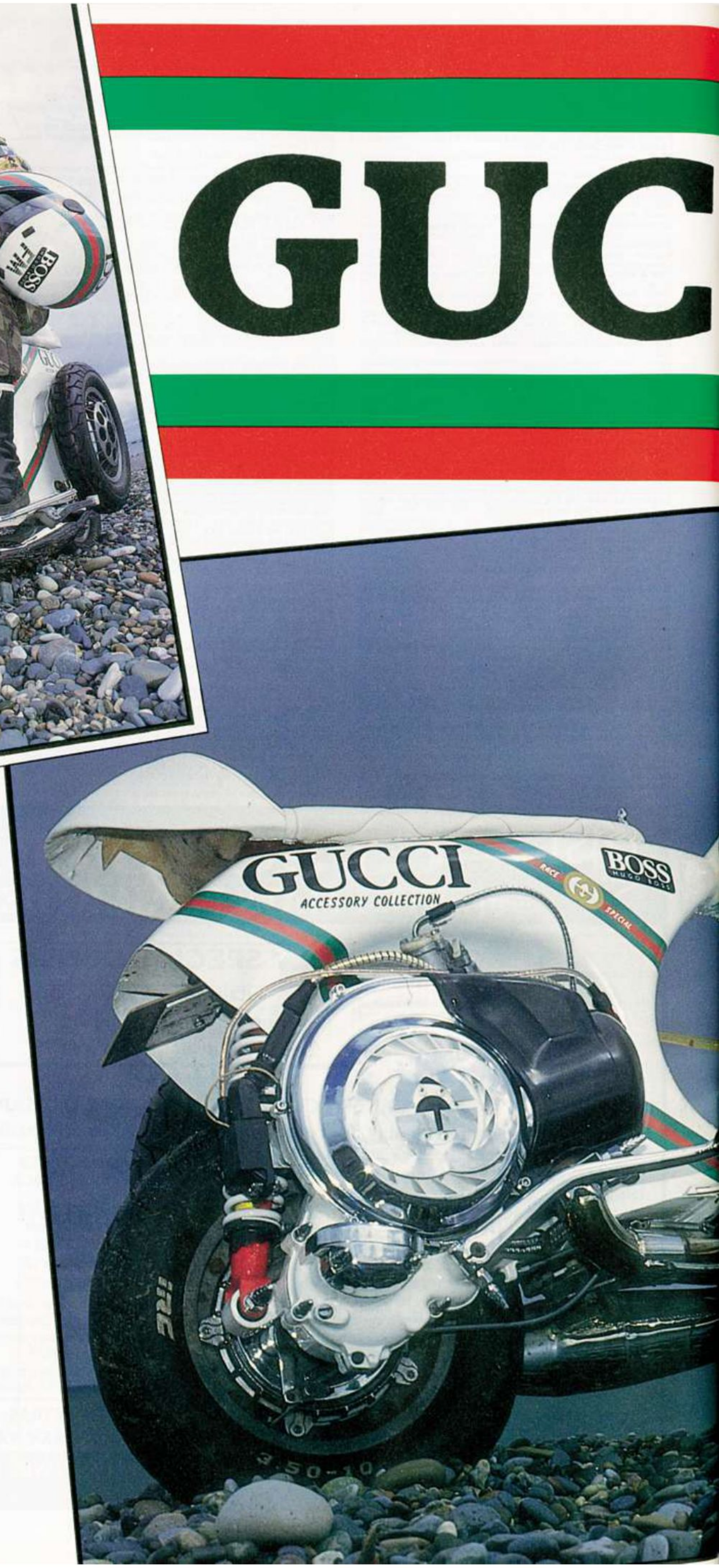

William Allison own's the Vespa cutdown Street Racer that is called "Gucci Racer".

It started life as a full bodied P200E. After two years of work, albeit 'on and off', by the owner, it has evolved into its current incarnation. It's no ordinary run-of-the-mill cutdown. A lot of thought has gone into the finished appearance of the machine.

If you look carefully you will notice that all the welded seams have been smoothed and blended. It's that type of attention to each and every detail, both small and large, that can make the difference between a custom scooter being a nice local club scoot and a show-winner. Small details DO add subtly to the overall aesthetics (that's appearance, in English).

The power unit has been left basically as the factory intended, except that a 30mm Dellorto carb and a Mikeck exhaust system have been fitted to give a better than standard acceleration and top end speed without sacrificing any of the renowned reliability of the P200 Vespa motor.

Gucci is, as everyone and his dog in the civilised western world know, one of the world's leading designer labels. A whole host of items are available . . . accessories such as bags, belts etc, clothing and even aftershave, with a price tag to match – giving the impression that it's not the actual commodity that prospective purchasers are paying for, but the authentic Gucci label.

Every time the name Gucci comes up, I always think of the Cramps' track from the 'Smell of Female' album. You know, the one that starts off with "This goes out to those of you with the Gucci bags . . . " or words to that effect. The title of the track sums up this particular 'Gucci Racer' perfectly. You've got good taste.

MARK S.

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CI

SCOOTER DETAILS

Name of scooter and why: Gucci Racer.
Scooter model: P200E. ***Date purchased:*** 1990.
Inspiration for building scooter: Always wanted a custom scooter, something different to catch people's attention.
Time to build and by whom: 2 yrs on and off, myself.
Frame modifications: Petrol tank and bar welded into frame, all seams smoothed. M.S.C. drop bars, cutdown T5 mudguard, bike electrics and horn, heavily modified Lambretta racing seat, Sebac shockers.
Specialised parts: Rear light sunk into frame and number plate, one off seat.
Engine: Competition clutch, race bearings.
Carb: 30mm Dellorto. ***Exhaust:*** Mikeck.
Paintwork and murals: Bike Paints, Cupar Muir, Fife – 0334 52971. Pearl white, red & green stripe, sparkling lacquer. £350 inc. helmet.
Chrome: Dragonfly Motorcycles, brilliant. 0986 894798.
Powder coating: Bournes Powder Coaters.
Is there anything about the scooter you would like to add: Powder coated rims, rev counter, fuel pump.
Hardest bit of building scooter, problems: Sorting out the wiring, jetting up carb to run correctly.
Technical tips: Don't forget all the little bits, they help to make it what it is.
Anything you would like to be different: Change paintwork a little, some engraving.
What else is to be done to the scooter: Fit front disc brake, have engine tuned.
What other scooters do you have: P200 chop.
Cost: £1200 approx. and rising.
Anything else you'd like to add: I dedicate this scooter to George Bell, a good friend who is still greatly missed. He made it happen. Rest in peace.

OWNER DETAILS

Name: William Allison. ***Club:*** Lone Sharks S.C.
Meeting place: Gatsbys Pub, Cupar.
When: Every 2 weeks. ***NSRA member:*** Yes.
Town: Cupar, Fife. ***Job:*** Mechanic. ***Age:*** 26.
When and why did you first become interested in scooters: 1983, through my friends. They had scoots and managed to help me get one.
What was your first scooter: P150X.
What's your favourite scooter model and why: Vespa P200 (early type) – Yesterdays Dreams and Lammy chops – Head Hunter, Exile.
First rally: Morecambe 1985, brilliant – first run!
Favourite/worst rallies: Colwyn Bay. Never had a bad rally yet.
Favourite style of custom scooter: Any style really.
What do you still like about the rallies: The driving, seeing everyone at the rallies.
Anything on the scene you dislike: Stealing. Everyone should be sticking together, not stealing from each other.
Ideas on how to improve our scene: Need to have more live bands, better food, accept people for what they are, don't be prejudiced.
What would you say is the biggest threat to our scene: Insurance, thiefs and legislation.
Any ideas on how to attract young blood to our scene: Be open to new styles and sounds.
Funniest experience with your scooter, or at scooter rally: Seeing how many people could get on Mac's PK50 down the beach.
Worst experience: Getting lost on the way to Scarborough.
Happiest memories: When first on the road with all the lads, and going everywhere on the scoots.
Worst memories: Hearing George had been involved in an accident.
Favourite dealer and why: Beedspeed, service is very fast and always correct.
Favourite period in scootering: All of it.
What advice would you give anyone building a custom scooter: Take it easy and don't rush it. It will happen in the end.
Technical tips: Think carefully before you start something because sometimes there is no going back.
Anything else you'd like to add: Thanks to everyone for the encouragement to keep building the scooter, especially in the darkest hours! Thanks to Mum & Dad, Robin, Calum, Gaz, Keith and Martin.

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WHAT I DID ON MY HOLIDAY

by MIKE THE BIKE (aged 28 - and a bit)

or MARGATE SCOOTER RALLY - 8 August 1993

It was a long time coming but here it was at last, the first Southern Rally of the year. Due to bad timing, laziness, or whatever, I didn't get some welding done for my 210 in time for the weekend so the journey was to be made upon my crusty (but trusty) PX 125E. I had booked the Friday evening off work and set off at about midday. My first port of call was Guildford, then without stopping straight to Margate.

The journey was pretty dull except for the occasional coronary due to the blistering pace of 60-65 mph every now and again! Despite the lack of performance I didn't get passed by a single scooter (the probable reason for which became rather clear during Saturday) and I even managed to pass a small group myself just outside Margate.

I had been considering giving up my evening to help the N.S.R.A. if they needed me but B.B. and Wendy arrived at the gate at the same time as me and the word 'BEER' popped into my head! Needless to say, once the tents were up I had forgotten all about working. On the way out of the site Jes from Birmingham pulled up on his TS1, he had a big hole in his exchaust and a nasty ringing in his ears! With natural concern for his problem I laughed at him and we continued to walk to town.

We started our socialising at a pub just up the hill from the seafront monument; once served we settled into a corner for a good dose of piss-taking until we were joined by Rob and Claire along with Tony, the only scooterist in Saudi Arabia. We moved onto the Kings Head after a while and sat on the verandah as the sun went down over the beach. It was very picturesque, I must say. It was onto the Ruby Lounge next, where we met Kate from Guildford and Stuffy who, like Tony, is in the Wipeout Scooter Club. B.B. and Wendy moved on elsewhere but the rest of us decided to stay as the bar was not due to close until 12:00.

I eventually got to bed at about 1.30am but yet again I was up by 6.00 to do stewarding. I started my shift with members of the Portsmouth Road and Track Scooter Club – as usual the first few hours were pretty slow and we chatted and ate breakfast whilst watching the rear of the site.

A few days prior to the rally Stuart had phoned me and begged on his knees for me to do the write-up and the photos for the weekend. Naturally a large bribe was negotiated before I agreed. With this in mind I managed to combine my stewarding duties with photo taking.

The whole shift was pretty quiet and I spent a fair while touring the site with Mel from the Modrapheniacs, who bent my ear about my mate Steve (who's not a tart!) We were approached by a local journalist at one point and I told him there was a mobile brothel on the site and that he wasn't going to see any violence. He didn't fall for it and seemed genuinely interested in the scooters so we left him to it.

The weather was really good all day but this did nothing to boost the numbers on the site. I don't think there could have been more than 1500 camping, if that. The N.S.R.A. will have lost a lot of money at Margate, which can only be bad for scootering in this country. After my shift I got together with Rob again and we sat talking with Duncan from Australia (now living in London) and Martin, also from London. Whilst sitting in the sun, relaxing and talking, it came to my mind that there is definitely something missing from the campsites these days – a Disco certainly, and maybe even a mini Gymkhana or something along those lines would go down well. Not everyone wants to, or can afford to go down the pubs during the day as well as in the evenings. I think it's time to get some fun back on the camp sites.

Claire joined us after a short kip so we popped out to the nearest pub to get a drink each, and I got a much needed meal as well. We got back to the site at about 3:45 as the Custom Show was well under way. I only had four frames left on my last film though, so I couldn't snap at much. As is usual these days, the quality was fine but the quantity was sadly lacking. There were some excellent 'Hardly Rideables' to view though; a group of rat bikes adorned with badges taking the piss out of the Harley Davidson item. The results of the custom show are as follows:

Best Lambretta: Shock
Best Vespa: Obsession
Best Cutdown/Chop: Hendrix
Best Vintage: Li 150 Series II, 674 TPD
Best Radical: Last Minute Baby

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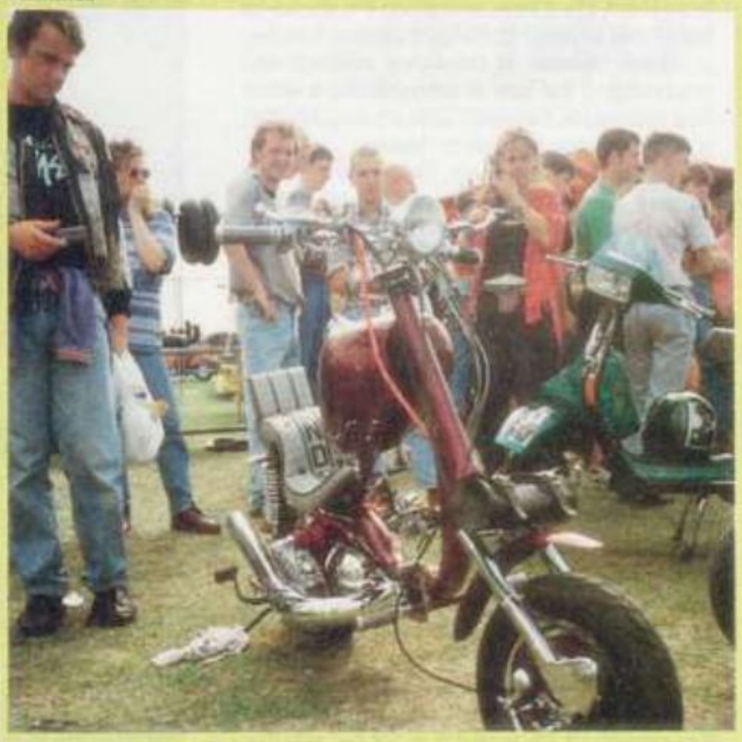

Best Street Machine: French Vespa, 8701 WK44

We sat about talking for a while longer and discovered that during the afternoon something rather unpleasant had occurred. It appears that some chap had been attempting to cook food inside his tent with a gas stove when it burst into flames – apparently he was quite badly burned. I sincerely hope he recovers soon, but I'm sure you will agree that it really was a bloody stupid thing to do.

I was also pleased to meet up with Mick Langton and Trot, a couple of friends from years back. Trot tells me his Rally chop, Psycho Lust, will be back on the road again soon. Matt black it may be, but at least it's being used.

After getting changed we headed into town again, this time with a lift from Bats Scooter Club Nol Barry, who had popped down for the day with his wife and daughter. We started the evening at the Kings Head as it was the pub that Barry parked next to. We had a few beers and watched a group of lads challenge each other to arm wrestling. The next stop along the way was the Ruby Lounge again; it was more packed than Friday so we only stayed for a while before moving on to the Benjamin Beale. This is usually a very popular pub with scooterists, but as if we needed reminding about the lack of attendance the place was hardly even half full. Paddy Smith and Bill came in shortly afterwards, and we got into a good discussion about the state of the scooter scene today with Bill.

The next stop was the N.S.R.A. do and once inside it was me that got collared for the first round. Just my luck, whilst I was ageing at the bar the D.J. started spinning all the sounds that I wanted to shake my pants to! The do was quite good though, but despite the good attendance there was something missing from the atmosphere. As you would expect, all the usual sounds were played but still heavily dominated by Northern Soul.

With the do over it was off to find some grub; the pizza shop near the Ruby Lounge seemed the best place. Steve (who's definitely not a tart) and Mel were there and once served we all strolled, lolled and staggered back together. I think Stuffy got his name by his eating habits! By the time we had supped a cup of tea back at the site it was nearly 3.30am, and I was due up at 5.30am!! Naturally I hit the sack.

By 6.00am I had packed up and was ready to leave. B.B. and Wendy made a rather vain attempt to convince me they got up specially to say goodbye – I was having none of it as they had disappeared in the direction of their respective loos.

To sum up, Margate was a good rally as always. The people who didn't attend missed out in my opinion. The Police and landlords are always dead friendly, and the campsite is excellent. On the subject of attendance, this year's Margate was terrible, proving that six rallies a year is no way of increasing the numbers turning up. It was worth a try, of course, but we may as well return to eight next year. I've missed the other two this year.

Unfortunately we seem to have at least one complete scumbag on the rallies this year, as yet again a tent was smashed up and the contents kicked around the place. The stewards and police helped to rebuild the tent but there was little else they could do. Keep your eyes peeled for these scum in future – it could be your tent next. What drives people to do this kind of childish thing is totally beyond me.

Anyway, enough from me now, see you all soon.

MIKE THE BIKE

As many of you will be aware, there was a nasty incident on the campsite at Margate involving an accident with a camping stove. There are a lot of lessons to be learned from this incident, but now is not the time to go into them.

As a result of the accident, a young lad, TonyRichards, suffered severe injuries and is now in a specialist burns unit of a London Hospital. I'm sure that you will all join me in wishing Tony a full and swift recovery from this unfortunate accident.

Tony strongly believes in the scooter scene. After his accident he wanted to avoid his parents being upset, to make sure his scooter was safe and to know that he would be alright for the next rally, in that order – if that's not commitment, what is?!!

Please let Tony know that we are all behind him on his way to recovery by sending him cards or goodwill messages to: Tony Richards, 30 Rosebery Road, Hounslow, Middlesex TW13 2RE. Thank you,

Jeff Smith, President, N.S.R.A.

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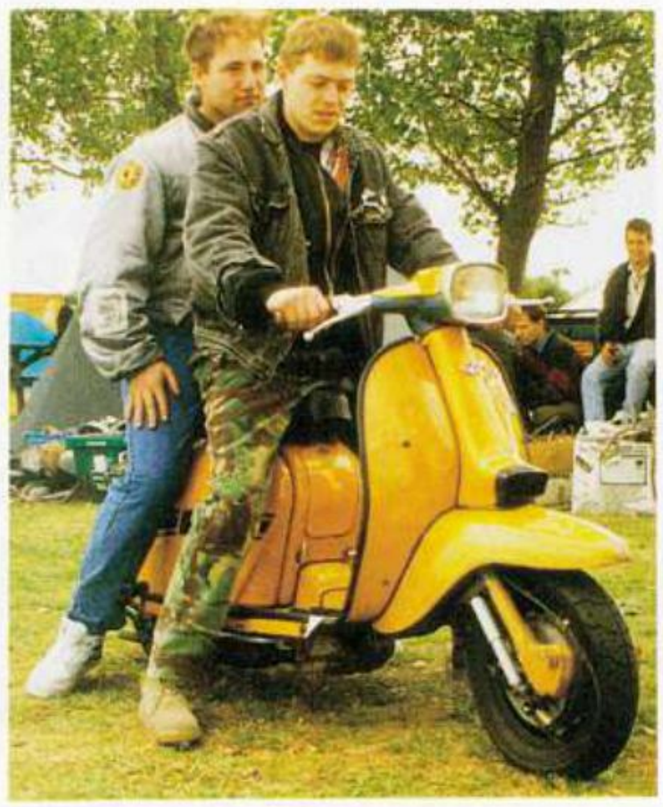

MERSEA ISLAND RALLY

3rd-5th September 1993

"I can't believe it's 13 months since we first saw this site" said D.V.L.C. No. 1 Jon Betts, on Saturday afternoon, to Sue Prettyman and myself following a hectic schedule. It was true. Over a year's planning and preparation had gone into this one weekend's activites.

While trying to locate a good venue for an evening do, Jon came across the Youth Camp on Mersea Island. For those that think Mersea is near Liverpool, it is about 10 miles from Colchester and is joined to the mainland by a causeway, or 'Strood', which floods a couple of dozen times a year (and is haunted by Britain's oldest ghost) and makes Mersea a true island.

The site, which covers about ten acres, had a hall for the do, toilets, a canteen, showers, all the facilities for football, good camping areas and even the decks, amps and lights for the evenings entertainment. Fantastic! Let's have our own rally!

So on the morning of 3rd September I was busy erecting signs from the A12 to the site. By the time I had signposted myself to Mersea it was midday. I met up with the crowd from Scarborough who had arrived the night before(!) and been caught in the only bit of rain to affect the rally during a trip to Colchester for provisions. I unloaded the firewood for the beach party from my trailer, watched the hoisting of the D.V.L.C. flag and went home by car to return by scooter in the early afternoon. A few more had arrived but by 7 o'clock things were still a bit slow. I did a fair bit of gate duty, welcoming new arrivals with a full colour programme, a site map and a free Paddy Smith patch.

It was hard to judge numbers as they filtered through but a visit to the main hall showed numbers to be not quite what we had expected. Oh dear! Before I knew it, the band were on to rather fewer spectators than they deserved, as those who saw The Faceless said they did a storming set. At this stage, the new arrivals were still putting up tents but the bar quickly filled up and there were over 300 in attendance, dancing to the records spun by Rene Spindler, Dave Porter and Tony Class.

The wind was cold outside and the warmest places were by the brazier on the gate and in the do. I started to set up the beach party with Doug, the "truly mobile" D.J. I built the bonfire above the previous high tide mark (bonfires were not allowed in the campsite) and briefed Doug to prime the wood with some of the petrol he was using to fuel the generator that powered equipment fitted in his V.W. van. Doug followed me the 100 yards back to the hall about 30 minutes later. "Did you put the petrol on the firewood Doug?" I asked. "I couldn't find it" was his reply. Shit, the tide! I ran down to the beach to find my perfectly built bonfire being carried out to sea before I had even lit it. I retrieved it but it was a struggle to light.

At 2am, about 50 people staggered down to the beach to be confronted by me making a pigs ear of pyromania. Two pints of petrol on the fire and a quick twist of the volume control on Doug's amp had the beach party in full swing. Further King Canute precautions were necessary to stop the fire being doused by the exceptionally high tide. Now it really was an island.

The music was brilliant and Tony from the North Derbyshire S.C. decided to go for a swim. He was joined by other willing participants but when the radical faction of the D.V.L.C. thought I should join them, fully clothed with my camera round my neck, I decided to turn in. Even at 3am the late arrivals were confronted with a party in full swing until after 4am.

I did not sleep well, or long enough. Up for a hot shower at 8am then down to the dining room for a full English breakfast and tea for £2.50. I didn't feel too bad, until I walked into the main hall and saw the mess. It certainly looked as if everyone had enjoyed themselves, but suddenly they weren't there to clear it up.

Mob-handed, the hall was cleared in less than an hour. The tattooist arrived and set up – but was moved to the more hygienic environment of the first aid hut, on the suggestion of Doug, the site warden.

I met Jon Betts and went over the schedule for the day's events. The 5-a-side tournament started about 10 o'clock and took most of the day owing to the large number of teams competing. Alongside the football, we started the scooter events with the gymkhana. Now this was to be a beer and blancmange race but, having seen the disgusting vile green blancmange mixture, I did not expect any entries at all. However, two heats of three teams sampled the green stuff resulting in a final between the D.V.L.C team and the Screaming Perverts, Doug Ross and Binni, who built a winning lead by tipping the blancmange down the drivers neck, much to the delight of the sizeable crowd. All competitors were relieved that they didn't have to drink any more blancmange, or Pete Backhouse's home brewed beer.

The football progressed as I organised the scooter jousting tournament. Incredibly, 24 people signed up for this event where teams of two had to knock the opponents passenger off with a pillow. There were three 'charges' followed by close order combat with the loser being the first passenger to put down their feet, fall off or be hospitalised. The event was incredibly good-natured considering the amount of violence being unleashed. The Gt. Yarmouth Wasps were the eventual winners of the knock-out competition, victorious over the A41 Eagles, the D.V.L.C. (who were rubbish!) and the Ipswich Perverts.

The football continued over lunch. It was high tide again and the speed boat arrived. This launch towed a large inflatable sausage and other items behind which immediately attracted the attention of Tony, the N.D.S.C. amphibian. The rides were free, but those that tried it reckoned it was worth the £10 entrance fee for the 30 seconds they managed to

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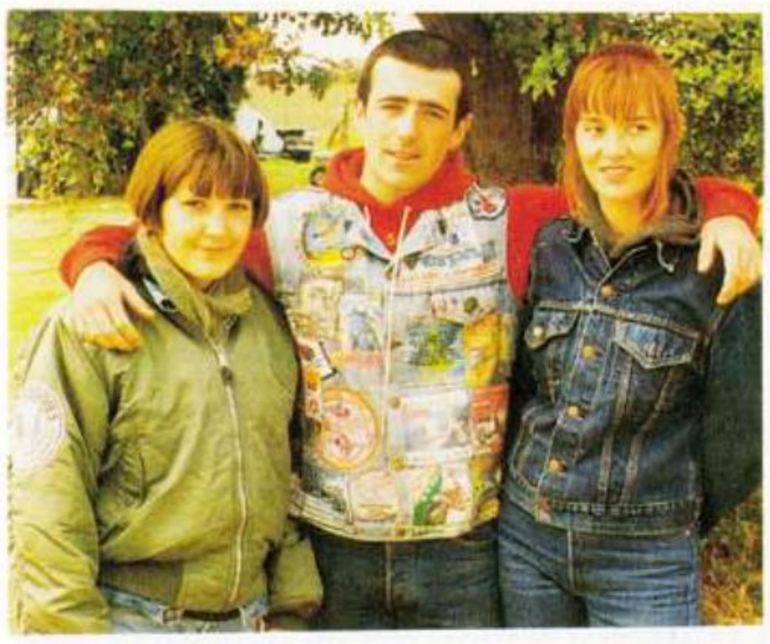

hang on! Big smiles on the faces of the people on the beach. It made me feel good.

I sold some raffle tickets for the P200 which had been restored by Fairdeal Spares of Chelmsford, our principal sponsors for the weekend. Take up was quick and I soon had a reassuring lump of cash in my back pocket.

At this point I had to leave the island to recover all my road signs because the traffic police had objected to them during an early morning visit. I was away for a total of 3 hours and was disappointed to miss the tug-o-war, which was won by the East Kent Sovereigns, and the scooter tug-o-war. This attracted the largest crowd as two scooters were roped to pull against each other. The eventual winner was the D.V.L.C.'s own Dave Thompson on a Vespa chopper who had to enlist a volunteer to sit on the front wheel to stop it tipping over. Victory was declared half a second before his clutch blew.

The D.V.L.C. 'A' team won the football, coming from behind to win, and then the custom show started. The most notable entry was an extended T5 with a mini back wheel! Very strange. Our excellent trophies, a 3" high statue of an Asterix-the-Gaul style Roman soldier sitting on a scooter, were presented to the winners.

When I returned to the site I found people still arriving and very quickly the evening's festivities began. The loss of Tony Class (who doubled booked himself) was not a problem as the music came fast and loud with Rene Spindler, Dave Porter, Doug and Mick Gauntlet on the decks. Doug, who did an excellent set on the beach the night before, was too far gone to repeat his performance inside the do on Saturday. This also ruled out another beach party – but I was too tired to worry.

I continued to sell tickets for the raffle until I could sell no more. The awards were made for the best turned out club, Fine City (though Chelmsford also deserved a prize as well) and furthest travelled, Fred and The Vulcan S.C. from Marseilles. The D.V.L.C. 'A' team got their engraved tankards for the 5-a-side victory and then the yard of ale contest started outside. Again, it was Peter's home brew that filled the yards as the wiser contestant stripped to the waist to tackle the beer. The Doncaster Skins complained about the taste, but it didn't stop Jock from the club winning with a time of 19 seconds.

I went to the gate and sat on my own next to the brazier as I listened to the raffle being drawn on the walkie-talkie. The winner was Lars Lammers, a rider from Belguim – but where was he? We checked the entry list and found that he had arrived. Frantic calls went out but we gave up trying to find him and assumed he had gone home. We had his address but it was a bit of a shame that we couldn't present it to him.

There was a bit of a scene on the gate as some locals tried to gate-crash at midnight. They later sneaked onto the site and, although they didn't cause any trouble, they may have been responsible for the damage to a tent and three missing jackets. The do itself was excellent and even after the DJ finished at about 2.30am, some records were found in the cupboard and the music kept going until 5 o'clock.

I awoke at 9am to bright, warm sunshine and queued for breakfast in the canteen. I made a point of asking people if they were having a good time and if it was what they were expecting. The reaction was "Yes, having a great time" and "No, this is nothing like we expected, it's better". People with long journeys started to pack up and leave, but some, especially the A41 Eagles who threw themselves into everything, wanted more fun and games. Whilst we would have liked to organise more, we were knackered (especially Jon Betts) and our first priority lay with clearing up the hall and the site. By the time this was complete, most had left, declaring to return next year.

Postscript.

In total, 390 people paid to enter the site. Over £350 was made for Colchester League of Hospital Friends who help prop up the NHS by buying things the government should provide. Lars Lammers was contacted on Monday by Jon and collected the scooter from Felixstowe on the Tuesday. Lars was over the moon with the scooter which apparently would have cost three times as much in Belguim to buy.

We sent everyone happy. I know because I asked them before they left. The most common comment was "Why can't the NSRA do this for 3000 people when the D.V.L.C. can do so well as a club event?". Perhaps Jeff would like to answer that?

Someone said it was the best scooter event he had ever been to and that was enough for me. I worked out later that I had had about three and a half pints of beer all weekend, but it was the thrill of making people happy for two days that kept me intoxicated until long after I had got home.

Everyone who attended owes a big thank you to Jon Betts for all his efforts in organising the weekend. He could easily have been too busy to enjoy himself but I think he got high on the pleasure that those in attendance were getting, just like me. Sue Prettyman, Simon Barber, Tin-Tin and Doug the site steward all deserve credit for work before and on the day. The D.V.L.C. would like to extend an invitation to all the clubs who attended to return for Mersea Island '94 on 9th-11th September 1994.

I hope in years to come, people will be proud to say "I went to the first Mersea Island Rally way back in 1993!'.

Thank you for being there.

MARTIN LEECH.

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Around Britain on a Vintage Scooter!

When John Manns set off to ride 4,178 miles on a 35 year old Lambretta scooter, there was one thing he made sure he didn't leave home without – a high-tech telecommunications system.

The 1957 Lambretta scooter had laid in a field for 26 years, rusting away and forgotten. But engineer John Manns took one look at it and decided that it was just what he needed for the 4,178 mile journey round Britain he was planning.

"It was horrendously horrible," he says. "But I'd tackled projects like that before, so I wasn't put off. And it's a great machine – a very early model D with an open frame, no side panels. If I was going to spend 35 days driving round the coast of mainland Britain, raising money for charities and getting publicity for the appeal along the way, I needed something that was going to attract attention."

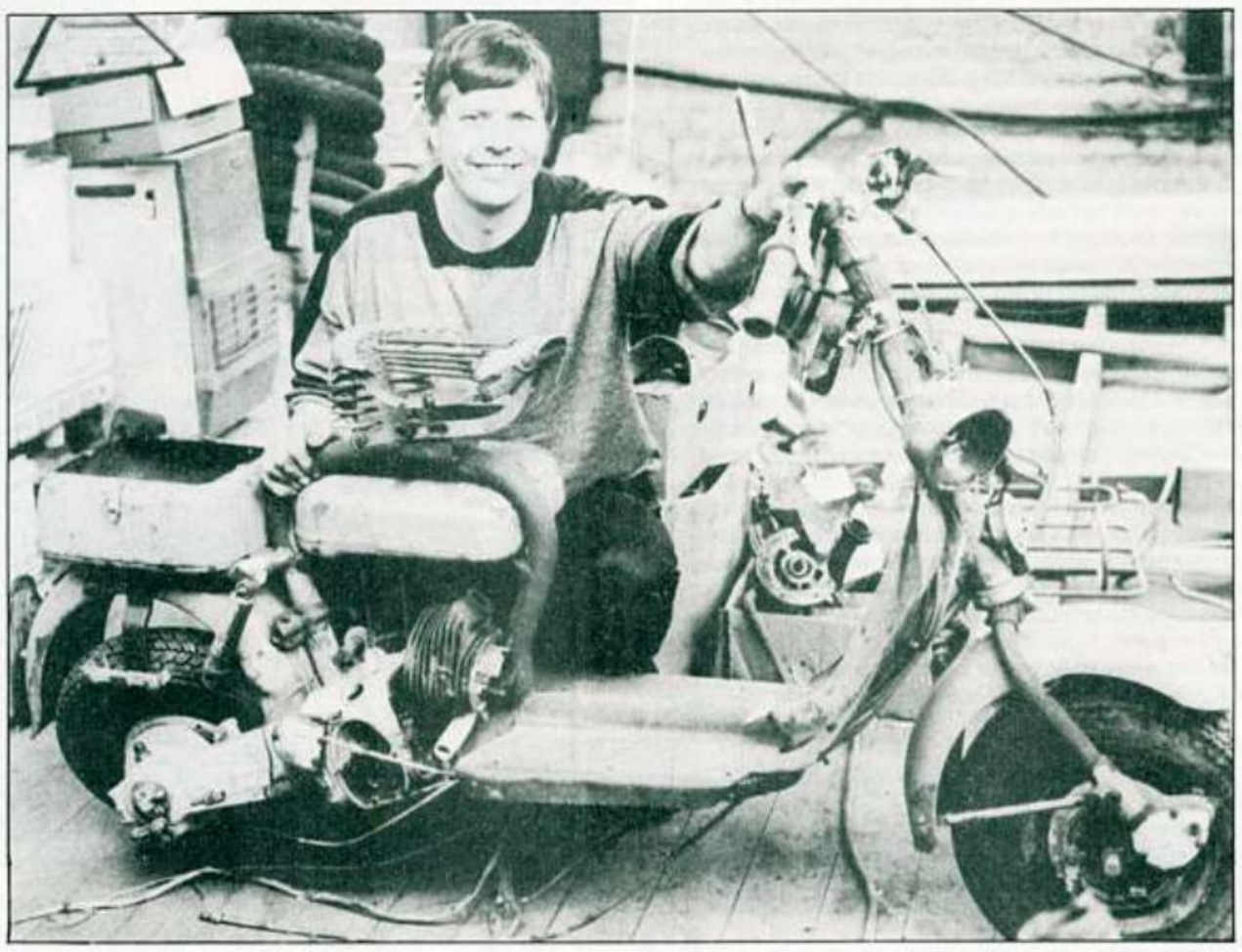
It was when his cousin died of cancer a few years ago that John decided to set out to raise money for cancer research. He is also collecting in aid of the Cancer & Leukaemia in Childhood Trust (C.L.I.C.) and for SOS, a charity for people with cerebral palsy. John, who lives in Ivybridge, Devon, with his wife and two daughters, is a systems and operations engineer with Mercury Messaging, a division of Mercury Communications.

When he told his employers about the trip he was planning, Mercury Messaging gave John a cash donation of £10,000 to have the scooter professionally restored and to underwrite most of the costs of the journey. Other well-wishers pitched in with offers of help: local Vauxhall motor dealers along his route would provide free fuel for both the scooter and his back-up van, and hotel groups promised complimentary accommodation for both John and the van's driver, Vic Saunders and mechanic/friend.

Planning the trip took "two years of all my spare time", according to John, but finally, on 27 July this year, he got on his bike and set off to ride all the way round the British coastline. His route has taken him from Land's End, through Wales and up the western coast to John O'Groats, at the most northerly tip of Scotland. From there, he is travelling down the east coast of England and then along the south coast, arriving back at Land's End on 30 August.

Despite the scooter being an old crock, it is perfectly capable of holding its own on the hills and zooms along at between 40 and 60 mph. "The back-up van can't keep up with me," John says. He is doing an average of 119 miles each day – though Day 16 (August 11) saw him doing no less than 266 miles round the Isle of Skye, by ferry to Broadford and on to Gairloch in the Western Highlands.

Right from the start, John was sending his family and colleagues fascinating reports of each day's events and adventures. Knowing that he would be away from home for 35 days and that he'd be travelling through some pretty remote countryside, where telephone boxes would be thin



John Manns with his 1957 Model D before restoration prior to his 4,178 mile trip around the British coastline.

John maps out the route for his coastal ride on his trusty 1957 Lambretta scooter

John's coasting along for charity

MESSAGING systems engineer John Manns is planning to raise over £250,000 for charity by riding a professionally-renovated 1957 Lambretta Scooter Model D around the coastline of Britain this summer.

The scooter is already a star, having won first in its class at the Bristol Classic Motorcycle Show in March.

For John, it will be a chance to make some money for charity out of a hobby which has taken much of his time over the past 20 years, including a marathon, 6,000-mile trip in 1992 – the longest continuous ride ever made on a motor scooter.

John and his friends have put in many months of planning to ensure that Around Britain's Coastline for Charity will be a success. He's one of four scooter enthusiasts who will start the 4,000-mile round trip at Land's End in Cornwall next month, and they hope to return on the August Bank Holiday weekend.

Mercury Messaging is supporting the scooter ride.

● Contributions, payable to: "Around Britain's Coastline for Charity Appeal (August 93)", can be deposited at any Midland Bank branch quoting the account no. 01700073 (deposit account).

The Run starts here at Lands End with Roy Moore, John Manns and family, Christina, Sarah and Hilary.

John stops in Swansea and accepts from Sales Manager of FRF Motors, 45 litres of diesel, 20 litres of petrol, 10 litres of two-stroke oil and 5 litres of diesel fuel.

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Have scooter, will travel - 4,000 miles

HE'S A man with a mission - and a couple of records in sight. John Manns scooted into Oban this week, on a 36-year-old Lambretta that he is hoping will take him more than 4,000 miles around the British coastline.

That's the first record. The second is the aim to raise a quarter of a million pounds for charity - the Cancer and Leukaemia in Childhood Trust (CLIC), The Spastics Society (SOS Division) and The Cancer Research Campaign.

John, who comes from Devon, started on July 27, at Lands End, and hopes to have completed the circuit - including the Isle of Skye - by August 30. His transport is a professionally renovated 1957 Lambretta 150 Model D, which has worked perfectly so far.

His companion is mechanic Vic Saunders, in a back-up vehicle which has broken down four times.

But of the journey itself? 'It's been a nightmare - the weather couldn't have been worse if it tried,' said John. 'We had fog when we started - with visibility down to three feet - and we had storms in Blackpool.'

Yet John and Vic arrived right on schedule to spend Monday night at the Oban Bay Hotel, after a 150-mile scoot from Glasgow. On Tuesday they were bound for Skye, and from then on it was up to Ullapool and John O'Groats before beginning the homeward journey.

John's scheme to raise money followed the death of his cousin, from cancer of the spine. His ride is being sponsored by companies and individuals, and anyone wanting to make a donation can do so through any Midland Bank, quoting account number 61700073, sort code 40-36-22, with cheques made payable to the 'Around Britain's Coastline for Charity Appeal August 93'.

on the ground, the one thing he dared not leave home without was a complete satellite telecommunications kit.

The scooter may be a veteran, but his mobile system is bang up to the minute. Wired into the roof of the back-up van is an Inmarsat-C data messaging system which allows him to send telexes to his wife, Christina, and daughters Sarah and Hilary, as well as to the Mercury office and to Richard Harris of B&P Instrumentation, the company which lent him the equipment. This consists of a Toshiba laptop computer and printer, an antenna (which looks like an inverted icecream cone, about six inches long, and is mounted to the roof of the vehicle) and a transceiver (a metal box about half the size of a typical video recorder, which contains the 'electronics' of the system).

Inmarsat-C is a global communication system used by people on the move or in remote areas, in regions where there are no conventional terrestrial telecommunications.

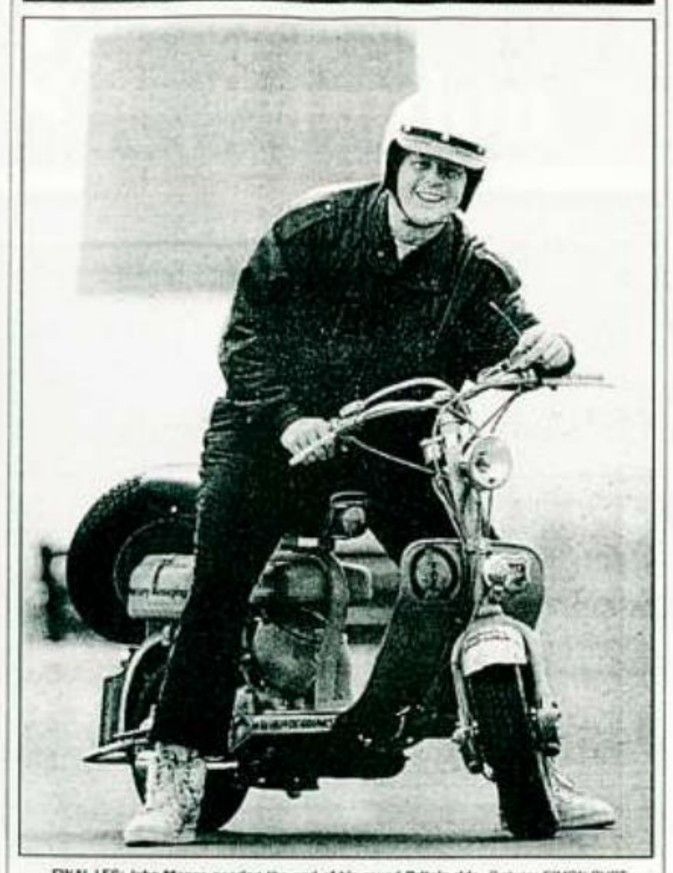
Every day throughout his journey, John sets up the equipment which carried in the back-up vehicle and sends his telex messages. At the end of his first day, his message read: "Day One: Land's End to Padstow. Started 15 minutes late due to Westcountry Television's camera crew still filming. Our coastline run was started by the deputy mayor of Penzance, his wife and Jane Friggens of Pirate Radio FM. Weather conditions: visibility extremely poor at Land's End, with worse to come from St Buryan to Hoyle. Fog reduced speed to less than walking pace. Back-up truck failed to restart after scheduled stop. We finished the day with a live broadcast from outside the Metropole Hotel, Padstow, to Pirate Radio."

In fact, the wintry July and August weather soon dominated John's daily progess reports. By Day Eight (Conwy, North Wales to Liverpool), his message read: "Extremely cold and windy (worst conditions to date). Rhyl and Prestatyn deserted." And on Day 10: "This has been the hardest day, with extremely foul weather conditions. Run was from Liverpool to Grange-over-Sands. Across Blackpool front, we encountered severe winds with the bike unable to do more than 20 mph and being blown all over the road. Other than a stop for coffee, we carried on all day. Not sorry to finish." By three days later, it had only got worst: "Total distance now covered 1,347 miles. Wind was very blustery, heavy showers of rain with poor visibility. A reporter on Scottish News said this has been the worst two weeks since 1931 and, if the weather does not improve before the end of August, the worst summer ever recorded. This gives an indication of the conditions we have been travelling in. The bike made short work of the motorway into Glasgow, travelling along the M8 at 50 mph."

The state of the roads has been far from ideal, too, as John said in his reports: "Porlock Hill, Somerset, with a one-in-four gradient hill to descend, was extremely hard for the pick-up and trailer." "On reaching Caernafon, we found all the missing holidaymakers – it took 45 minutes to travel half a mile." "Ride from Skye into Gairloch was over the worst roads so far."

But, despite the weather and the potholes, John and Vic have found plenty of fun, entertainment and friendliness along the way. A garge owner in Aberystwyth welcomed the scooter enthusiastically as he owned a vintage Lambretta himself. In Liverpool, which John described as "a very colourful place", they went to the Beatles Shop, where Vic bought some original souvenirs from the 60s. On Day Five, they set up the satellite messaging equipment in the carpark of the Hilton National Hotel, Swansea, and sent this report: "Highlight of today was meeting David (Syd) Lawrence, the Gloucester and England fast bowler, and taking him for a ride and then watching him drive my bike away. The Welsh authorities

JOHN'S DESTINATION'S END AT LAND'S END



FINAL LEG: John Manns nearing the end of his round Britain ride. *Picture: SIMON BURT*

BIKER John Manns is due to reach Land's End today at the end of a 4,000-mile charity zip on a renovated 1957 Lambretta scooter.

Caring John, of Stonehenge Close, Ivybridge, Devon, set off on July 27 and has since covered more than 3,700 miles at an average of 134 miles a day - and he didn't collect any speeding tickets.

Money raised on the round-Britain ride is earmarked for three charities which John has taken under his wing.

They are Cancer and Leukaemia in Childhood, the Cancer Research Campaign, and SOS - the fund-raising arm of the Spastics Society.

The ride had raised more than £5,000 for the charities by the time John reached Plymouth Hoe on Saturday.

He hopes the final total will be substantially higher.

refused payment on the Severn Bridge when they saw the motor scooter and the support vehicle and trailer."

The pair have received other acts of kindness and generosity on their journey. From Aberporth came this message: "Accommodation in Swansea was provided by the Hilton National, who gave a sizeable donation. We left the Hilton and went to FRF Motors (Swansea), Vauxhall dealers, who refilled both vehicles and fuel containers. On stopping at West End newsagents (LLanelli), they emptied a collection in aid of Jane Affley, who recently died of cancer, into our collecting bucket."

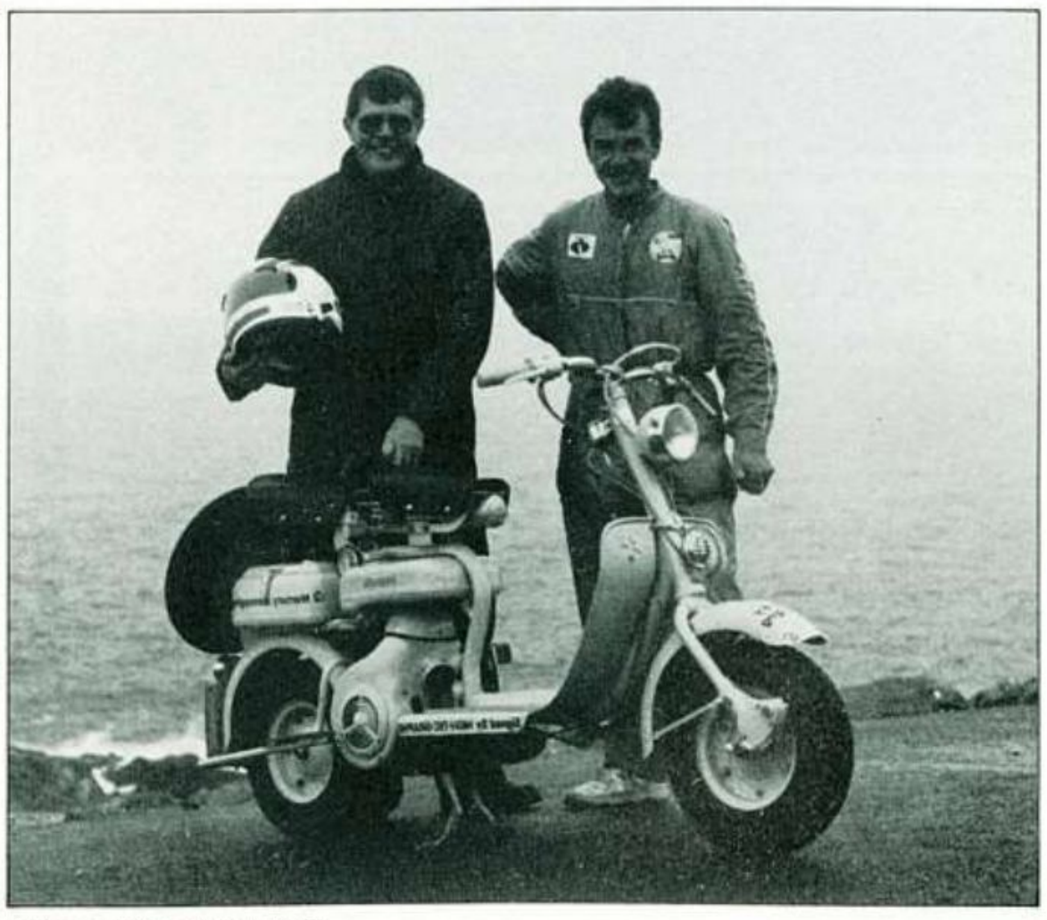
At most of the hotels where they have stayed so far, they've been allowed to park the scooter in the middle of the foyer, which has attracted a lot of interest, and donations, from other guests. Although they are having tremendous fun on the round-Britain ride, their sole aim and purpose is to raise money for their three chosen charities. By the time they get back to Land's End on August Bank Holiday Monday, they hope their collecting buckets will be overflowing.

(PART 2 NEXT MONTH)

If you would like to contribute to John's fundraising efforts, make your donation payable to Around Britain's Coastline for Charity Appeal (August 93), and pay it in at any Bank to Account No. 017 00073 (sorting code of destination Midland Bank: 40-36-22).

© J. Manns. O & O.E. 8/9/93.

John and Vic Saunders pictured with the Manager, Bert Fol at the Gladstone Crest Hotel, Liverpool.



John and Vic at Lands End.

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THE Rat-PACK III

Well, we find ourselves at the end of the rally season . . . so, the summer is over, the leaves are reddening, and the kids are back at school, trading their games cartridges. Santa's elves are busily hammering away in readiness for the festivities of Christmas. The mums are buying bulk loads of turkeys and preparing the Xmas pud. All the dads are working as hard as they possibly can in order to fund the endless lists of toys, computers, bikes, records etc. that their children have painstakingly watched hours and hours of advertisements to write, unaware that even young Micky Jackson's budget would be hard pressed to cover their flambouyant needs (although I'm sure he would give them something else!)

But what is there for all the scooterists to do during those jolly winter months? All those poor penniless scooterists with no money and a shedful of scooter bits that look like they've been attacked by the evil rust monster.

You could sit in the lounge and watch Star Wars/Raiders of the Lost Ark/ Only Fools and Horses *(delete where applicable)* or you could go down to your shed, grab all the junk – and build a scooter. A free scooter. Built with a ripped seat, snapped levers and a scrounged top-end. You can have an extra scooter – a runabout. Okay, so it looks shit. Even I have some taste – so tidy it up! Cut all the rusty, rough edges off and get a tin of red oxide off the shelf and hey presto! A new-born rodent. A shed. A beast. So do it – I know you can, and what else were you going to do with that rank old Super frame? It'll only take you a couple of days and a few phone calls to your mates. Do it – before everyone else does.

Oh yes, a change of address, so if you'd like to send me any photos of ratty scooters just jot down a few details and send a couple of clear snaps to: **10c Purplett Street, Ipswich, Suffolk 1P2 8HH.** If you've sent photos to me at the previous address and they haven't been published, it's because the present occupiers are thieving bastards but I shall do my best to retrieve them. Also, if you haven't had your photos back yet it's because I haven't had them returned yet. (Hint, Hint!)

I shall leave you with this thought . . . What's pale brown and goes up and down in prams? – Michael Jackson's bum.

Until next time,

JAY GOLDSMITH

P.S. Thanks to Kev from The Jailbirds S.C. for the little "Hardly Rideable" sticker. When you decide that your forks aren't shiny anymore you can send me some photos, can't you? Lovely clutch!

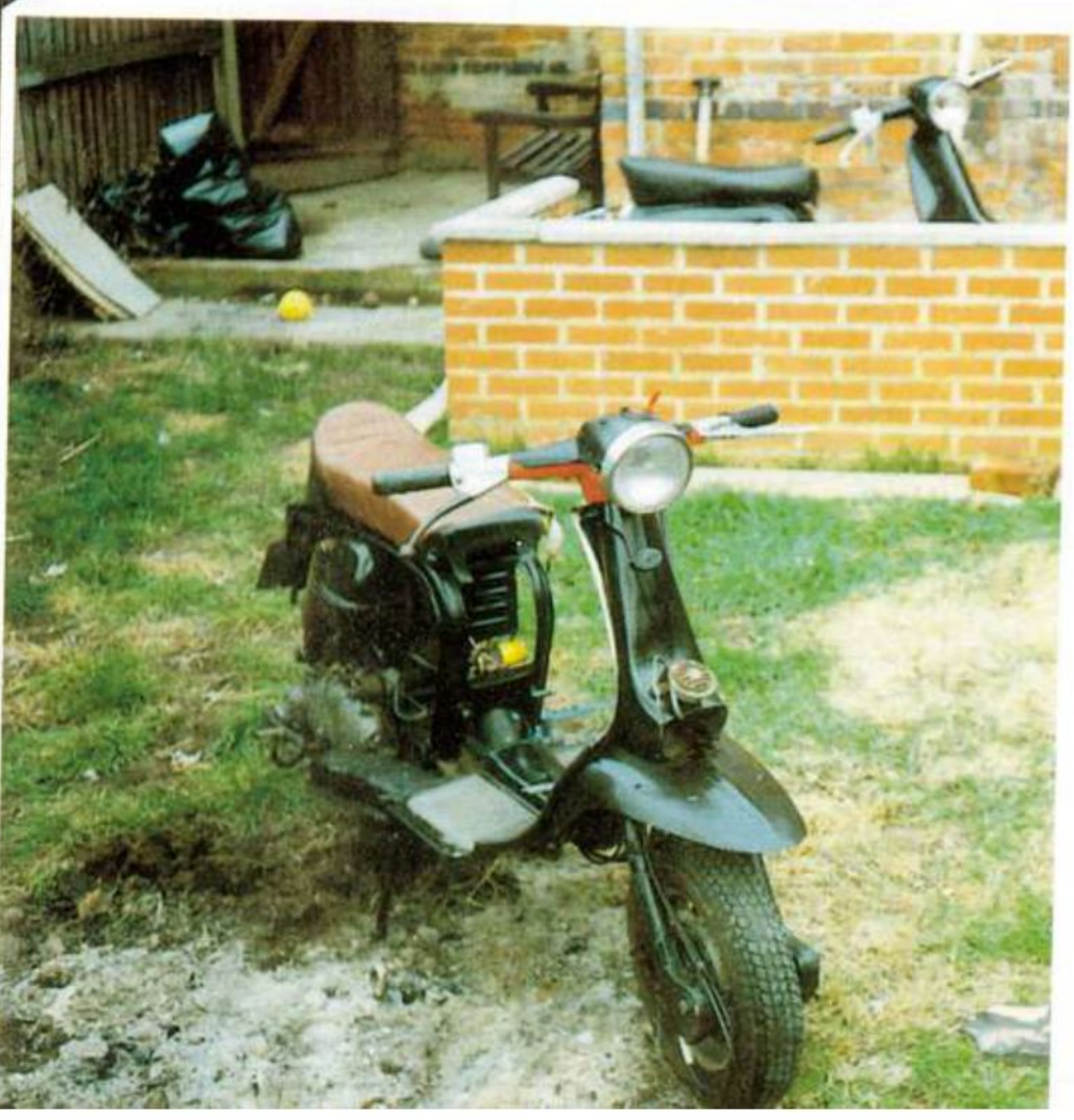
MENACE

OWNER DETAILS

Name: Ben Bardwell (Bob).
Age: 19. ***Town:*** Parham.
Club: Screaming Perverts. ***Job:*** Welding Engineer.
First rally: Gt Yarmouth 90. ***Fave rally:*** Den Haag 92.
First scooter: PK50.
Favourite custom style: Chops and cutdowns.
Funniest joke: What do you call two gay dinosaurs? Meggasorearse.
Happiest memories: Overtaking a tractor on my PK50.
Worst experience: Crashing scooter after 2 weeks on the road.
Other hobbies: Tattoos.
Other scooters: Li 150 Pacemaker Chop, PX180.

SCOOTER DETAILS

Name of scooter: Menace.
Make and Model: Vespa PK50S.
Inspiration to build: I smashed it up.
Time to build: A day or two.
Engine: Polini 110, PK80 gearbox, 24 Dellorto and Polini pipe.
Top/Cruising speed: 60 top, 55 cruising.
Paintwork: By owner, panel by Glen Carol, Parham Tattoo Studio.
Anything else to be done: Cut back end down, connect rearsets.
Cost: I've spent about £500 on it.



WORST NIGHTMARE

Owner's Name: Dave Stratton.
Scooter's Name: Worst Nightmare.
Scooter model: Li 125
Purchased: March 1993
Engine: Standard
Top Speed: Don't know yet.
Reliable: It is now.
What else to be done: It's presently undergoing complete strip and respray.

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FLYING PENIS

OWNER DETAILS

Owner's Name: Danny Hatley. Age: 20. ***Town:*** Ipswich. ***Job:*** Unemployed.
Club: Radioactive Rats S.C. ***First rally:*** Yarmouth 90.
What do you like about the rallies: Getting fucked up.
What do you dislike: Not having money for the above.
First scooter: PK80, rode it into the ground.
Favourite custom style: Ratty chops.
Funniest joke: What's brown and hangs off a leaf? – A tree.
Happiest memories: Acid at Yarmouth.
Worst experience: Sliding my PK80 under a Mercedes lorry.
Other hobbies: Shagging – due to my fiancee Sarah being an Ann Summers rep.
Advice to other rat builders: Grinder, bungees, loads of paint.
Other scooters: Another PX chop (being built).

SCOOTER DETAILS

Name of scooter: Flying Penis.
Make and model: 1985 Vespa T5.
Inspiration for building it: Stoned with Jay – it just happened.
Time to build: It's always being added to.
Engine: Bog standard PX125.
Top speed, cruising: 65 top, 65 cruising.
Paintwork: Danny, Doug and Jay.
What else to be done: The lights have got to be fixed. Extended forks if Dave Thompson ever gets in touch – (0473) 287183.
Cost: £20.96.

WILD THING!

OWNER DETAILS

Name: Iain Wilkins
Age: 22
Town: Atherston
Club: Broken Bones S.C.

SCOOTER DETAILS

Name of scooter: Wild Thing.
Make and model: Vespa P200E.
Frame mods: See photo.
Engine: 213 Pinasco, 28mm Dellorto, Micron.
Paintwork: By owner.
Any other scooters: A few.

LITTLE RAT

While in hospital I received an amusing letter from a young Austrian scooterist, with photographs of his PK (my little rat). Unfortunately I have misplaced the details so I can't tell you his name. I know that he has a 135 Euro-cylinder kit and that he's in Wild Boar that which leads a Vagabond Life Scooter Club, but can't tell you anymore. If the owner would like to write to me again I will rememdy this next time!

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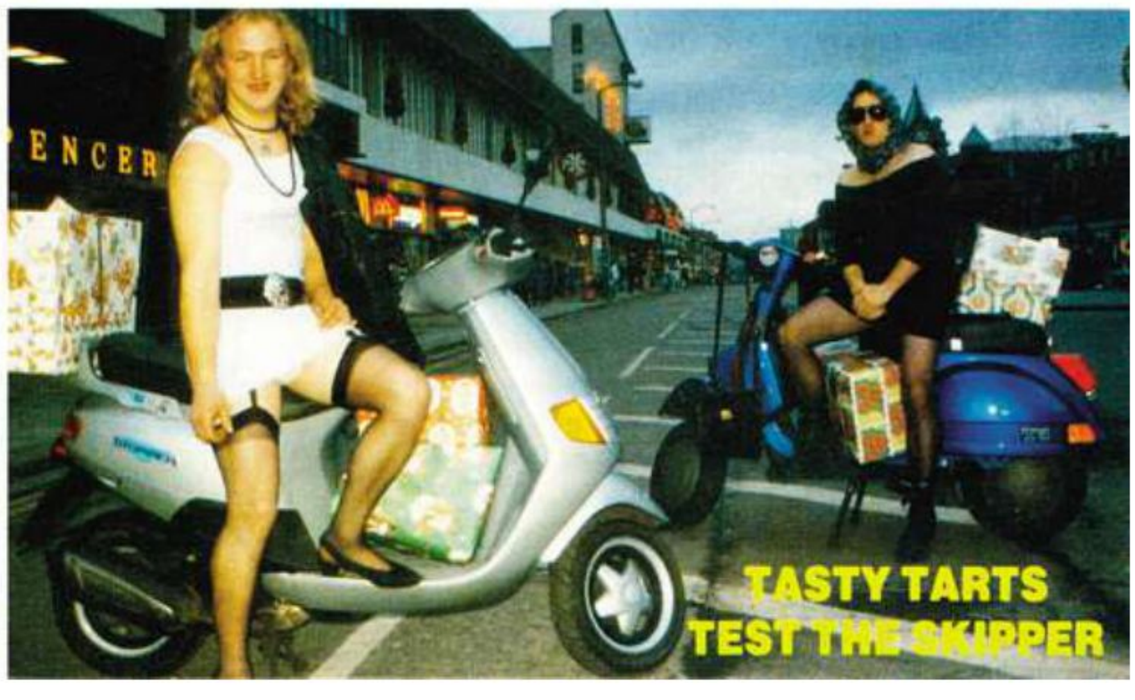

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BLAST FROM THE PAST *or* INCONSPICUOUS CONTINUATION?

The ex-Editor of Scootering, author of the book "Scooter Boys", and committed scooterist since 1978 Gareth Brown, speaks out in this the One Hundredth Edition of Scootering Magazine!!!

Q) So what's he doing back? He's given it all up, hasn't he?
A) Oh no he hasn't! Never would! Never could! And NEVER wants to!

Although Gareth has been affiliated to the NSRA and Chelmsford Scooter Club since their respective inaugurations, these days he is seldom seen. So when he attended the Avon Park Scooter Sprint Weekend, it was decided that he should be put "on the spot" and answer the following questions. But I'll tell you something right now: despite his absence on the rallies, Gareth is still very much a Scooterist (unlike another past editor I could mention) . . . so read on:

Q) Firstly, how, why, and when did you become interested in scooters?
A) Read my book.

Q) Do you still own a scooter? and if so, what is it?
A) Yes! What's more, I've continuously owned a scooter since I was sixteen. I'd like to think I'll always have a scooter, as they represent much of my life . . . the past fifteen years, in fact. I currently own the Lambretta Li from Issue 51 of Scootering. It's still in good condition, and was recently featured in Classic Bike Guide.

Q) I've heard rumours that as a teenager you rode a Yamaha FS1E moped. Is this true? If so, why? Are there any photos? Can we have them?
A) Ahh, good one. Yes, I did own an FS1E, but for wholly practical reasons. Up until August 1978, sixteen year olds were only allowed to ride 50cc machines designated as mopeds, i.e. pedal assisted. As I was sixteen well before this magic date, it meant that I couldn't legally ride anything without pedals. Although latterly I learned there were Vespa 50s available with pedals at that time; even now I've still to see one. They were/are as scarce as rocking horse shit!

As sixteen I was an engineering apprentice. I started work at 7.30am and needed transport. I couldn't face a Puch Maxi or its equivalent, but Yamaha FS1E equipped with pedals, met all the legal requirements and offered a degree of performance the afore-mentioned lacked. After August '78 however, I rode a Vespa 90. Yes, there are photoes of me on my FS1E, but you sure as hell ain't having them!

Q) What's this about you owning a Harley-Davidson? Is this true? Why?
A) No, it's not true. At least now now. I did buy an 883cc Sportster in 1989, but sold it almost immediately. It was too unreliable. Because of my job, I bought myself several other Harley's in 1990/91 (including an Electra-Glide 1340), all of which I have since sold. Whatever the reasons, they've all gone.

I'm not embarrassed by owning H-D's, as many scooterists have experimented with motorcycle ownership. I know the Road & Race SC have, among others, so where's the harm? Anyone who thinks differently is living in a time warp. It's thirty years since the Mod v Rocker clashes of Clacton, and I'd like to think we've moved on since then. If owning a motorcycle as a second vehicle makes you less of a scooterist, because you don't ride a scooter everywhere, then the same MUST be said of owning a car! How many scooterists own cars? See my point?

Q) You mentioned that you owned an H-D because of your job. What was that? and did you use a scooter at that time?
A) I left Myatt McFarlane Plc (the original publishers of Scootering Magazine) in March 1990, moved to Gillingham in Kent, and went to work for a Kentish Harley-Davidson import company. This was great fun. I got to visit California, toured Eire and Northern Ireland, and earned good money. Although I used my P200E when working locally, my employers felt this didn't create the desired image when visiting customers. So a Harley-Davidson was made available for me at a favourable price. This I bought, sold, bought another, customised, sold, and bought another, ending up with an XLH 1200.

In the summer of '91, I went back to work for Myatt McFarlane Plc, as the editor of 'Heavy Duty' magazine. This I celebrated by rolling out my P2 and heading off for the International Scooter Rally in Belgium. So to any blinkered bigots reading this who think you can't be a scooterist if you work for a Bike mag, I'd just like to say: Bollocks! Yes, you can. To me, journalism is just a job, and a way of earning money. Is a scooterist working as an electrician, for example, any less of a scooterist because he's an electrician eight hours a day? Of course not. So am I less of scooterist for editing non-scootering magazines between nine and five? No, I'm not! See? If you can't, you must be educationally challenged. Anyway 'Heavy Duty' is behind

me now, even though I've still got a soft spot for Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

Q) Why did you leave 'Heavy Duty'? What are you doing now?
A) Don't suppose you fancy asking me one on sport instead? Didn't think you would. Well, here goes. In the same way that 'Scootering' was sold by MM Plc to Stuart & Co, 'Heavy Duty' was sold to its editorial staff. I then became one of four joint directors in Power Play Publications, the company set up to publish HD. However, due to heavy under-funding, the sticky stuff hit the fan so to speak. This created a lot of internal turmoil, so it was decided that I should go my own separate way. As it's turned out, this proved a blessing in disguise.

I then went to work for 'Holiday UK' magazine as a features supervisor, until my application for a place at Essex University was accepted. I'm now studying for a BA Degree in Sociology and politics. I'm currently living off a student grant, earning bits and pieces as a freelance journalist, and working for a security firm at weekends. That's the reason why I don't go on many scooter rallies any more – work – although I still manage to make a couple of runs each season.

Q) Truthfully, how many scooter rallies have you attended? Which was your first, and how many of these were done on scooter?
A) My first ever rally was to Gt Yarmouth, Whitsun '78. However, I went there on a coach with a fellow group of young Mods (as we were then), and didn't really have a clue. There were around four hundred scooters there. I thought this was fantastic. I met the infamous Scunthorpe Path Finders – who all wore orange open face lids and took the piss mercilessly – heard my first real blast of Northern Soul, and had a thoroughly good time.

My second scooter rally, was the now legendary Southend '79. This I attended on my Vespa 90, bedecked with an array of frivolous chrome fancies (it's a wonder it ever moved), and was the real start of things to come. Although I still didn't have a clue, I knew then that this was the life for me. I haven't looked back since.

I've been to exactly eighty-five rallies, including six Scottish Nationals, and three European (Brussels, Barcelona and Vienna). The only rallies I've attended wholly by car are this one (Avon Park), because my Li failed its MoT), and Weymouth '83 due to a broken ankle. I finished Newquay '87 by AA, and Scarborough '88 by train after my SX blew up in Leeds. ALL the rest I drove to and from by scooter!

Q) Which was your favourite rally and why?
A) Without a doubt, the Isle of Wight, August bank holiday 1982. The weather was fantastic, the entertainment in the Carousel Club was first class, the campsite at Smallbrook Stadium was brilliant, and the atmosphere electric. It was just perfect in every way. Next . . .

Q) Which was your worst ever scooter rally, and why?
A) It's a toss-up of three. It'd either be Blackpool '82, Southport '83, or Redcar '85. Blackpool was an end of year pirate run, but the other two were Nationals. In each case, the weather was diabolical, reception from locals hostile, and police attitudes appalling. I still managed to have a pretty good time though. You've got to, haven't you?

Q) When did you start working for Scootering magazine? How did you get involved? And why did you leave?
A) I wish I had a quid for every time I've been asked that. My first article was published in Issue No. 2 of Scootering, June 1985. At that time I was an engineering technician. I picked up the first issue of Scootering in April of that year, wrote to its publishers, MM Plc, informed them that I went to all the rallies (as I did then), and offered my services as a journalist. Following a test piece, I got accepted as their freelance rally correspondent.

I got taken on full-time in June '86 when Scootering went monthly, moved to MM Plc's base in Manchester, and soon became Scootering's associate editor. Following the tragic death of Mike Holland, I became full editor in March '87, a position I held for the next three years.

MM Plc bought the title, Scooter Scene, off Stuart Lanning in 1990, offered him continued employment as part of the purchase package, promoted me to the position of Projects Manager, and made Stuart Scootering's new editor. I didn't like my promotion, so when head-hunted by the H-D import company, I jumped at it – April 1990.

Q) What are your fondest memories of the six years you spent working on Scootering magazine?
A) There are hundreds, but I suppose the top four have got to be Barcelona '86 (Scootering Magazine issues No. 10, 11 & 12). Being the first person to drive a standard Vespa from Lands End to John O'Groats in under 24 hours (Issue No. 11). Being interviewed for the BBC2 programme 'Top Gear' at Scarborough '86 (Issue No. 14), and learning to drive a Vespa and side car outfit for Issue 18.

Q) What are your worst memories of working for Scootering?
A) Driving a Vespa from Lands End to John O'Groats, being interviewed for Top Gear, and learning to ride a side car outfit! Seriously though, there are two moments in Scootering's history which sicken me – the vicious racist attack on Desmond Dekker at Gt Yarmouth in 1986 (Issue No. 7) and the Sunday night riot on the Isle of Wight, August Bank Holiday 1986 (Issue No. 12).

Q) What is your funniest memory of working on Scootering?
A) Easy! In August '89, I received an anonymous and abusive letter from a complete "Prick" accusing me of attending the Fort William rally by van. I published his letter in Issue No. 46 of Scootering, along with my reply headed "Dear Mr Myopic," in which I sarcastically explained that he couldn't have seen me in a van at Fort William, as over the weekend in question I was 12,000 miles away in Acapulco. I've subsequently found out, that the ill-informed author of the original dyslexic note, has since been the brunt of many a S.C. joke. Revenge is so sweet, don't you think?

Q) What would you most like to be remembered for, and what do you feel have been your most notable scootering achievements?
A) You mean apart from global peace and total world domination by lunchtime? I don't know really. Christ, what a question. I was always very pleased at the way Scootering enticed people to attend international rallies in the early days, as could be seen by the 250 odd who went to Vienna in '87 following our Barcelona reports, but I'd mostly like to be remembered for simply being a scooterist. I'm very proud of having the book "Scooter Boys" published though, I really am. Right then, that's your lot, I'm thirsty.

Questioner) Thank you for your time. Keep on keeping on, and enjoy the rest of the rally.
Gareth) I will.

Interview conducted by **Robin Quartermain,** *based on questions asked by Paddy Smith, Ron Morgan, Bernie, Steve Stratton, and Glynnis.*

100 Editions of Scootering Magazine

In April 1985, Steven Myatt, publisher of Back Street Heroes and numerous other titles, launched Scootering Magazine, which was an instant success selling around 30,000 copies. It's been well over 8½ years now since the mag has been on the street, although sales have dropped.

There have been various editors and new owners and we still hope the magazine has improved with experience and now has a much wider and broader readership all over the world.

Steve Myatt tells us why he launched the title. We would like to thank everyone for supporting us over the years and we sincerely hope we are still here in another 100 issues.

STEVE MYATT

Why I launched Scootering Magazine.

I should have had a party or something last week . . . should have bought myself a large drink at least; it was twenty-five years to the day since I passed my bike test. And no, it doesn't seem like yesterday . . . it seems like a hundred years ago. It was a wintery November day in South Manchester, on a TV175 with an SX150 engine. Didn't wear a helmet but did wear the RAF greatcoat I'd paid ten shillings for at the Oxfam shop; didn't have a kick start but did have a dozen mirrors, bright red airhorn, a bright red megaphone exhaust, florida bars, a high back rest, a Union Jack seat, a red, white 'n' blue footwell mat, spare in a chrome rear carrier . . . and more chrome – on the horn cover, the car tops, around the 'screen, and on the side panels, than you could shake a stick at.

I passed first time, to my surprise, but was saved from riding through the dankest days of the winter by the Stolen Vehicle Squad of the Manchester Police. They knew that an SX motor didn't belong in a TV, and it was late February before I was back on the road.

Later that year I moved on to bigger wheels and much bigger engine capacities, and scooters didn't figure in my life again until 1979, when I researched and wrote a feature called *Revival Of The Fittest* for a car magazine. Quadrophenia was just about to come out, the Pendle Scooter Club was a couple of hundred strong, and the Mod revival was happening.

I sort of kept an eye on that side of things, and in '83 and '84 went along to some of the runs and a couple of Number Ones meetings (looking as out-of-place as a pork pie at a barmitzvah). With my first bike magazine already underway, I decided that the new scootering movement needed one too; nothing fuels fashion like communication. So in the Spring of 1985 I devised and designed Scootering Magazine. All my own work, I have to admit – aided by a bright and wild-haired young biker called Mike Holland, who used the surname Roberts in this guise.

Mike and I had a terrific time, did a huge amount of the work ourselves, and while neither of us looked in the slightest like scooterists (and certainly never pretended to be) we were very warmly welcomed both by feature bike owners and at the events we covered. The whole movement was new ground for us, but was fresh and dynamic. I particularly enjoyed shooting the front covers and centre-spreads. I did the majority of them myself and loved it.

By the end of the Eighties we had bought out Stuart and *Scooter Scene* and amalgamated the two mags. The scooter world had shrunk back to its hard core though, and while the magazine was ceasing to be good business for a mid-sized publishing house like ours, it could still provide a living for Stu on his own. After less than a year working from our offices in Cheshire, Stuart bought the merged title from us and set up base in Weston-super-Mare once more. We were left with Gareth Brown, who was Scootering's first member of staff, and who is now at university; and with Steve Berry, who is now editor of our two-wheeled-mega-nutter magazine *Streetfighters*.

I've had no input in Scootering for years, but I am delighted that it is still very much in existence, and still speaking to the right people in the right way. Indeed, I'm flattered that it is. I'm often on the motorways of this country on a Thursday or Friday night and see lines of scooters on their way to the runs, and if you see me, an aged capitalist git in a very big and flashy car, then I'm looking at your means of transport with great affection. I've launched more than half a dozen magazines completely out of nothing over the last decade, but few of them have given me that straight forward sense of fun that Scootering did.

STEVEN MYATT, DECEMBER 1993.

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THE 1994 SCOOTERING DIARY

A tongue-in-cheek look at what could happen this year

This isn't meant to offend anyone (but it probably will) so no C.S.O.H.F's (Complete Sense of Humour Failures) please. There's a moral to this one, just when you think things are bad, they could still get worse . . . "be thankful for what you've got" as the old song says!

January 20th: Insurance Companies get together and as a special New Year's treat to customers decide to increase motorcycle and scooter premiums by 5%.

January 30th: European Parliament announces that from January 1995 all British scooter riders must be proficient at running red lights, stealing handbags and wear leather trousers and silly crash helmets to bring us in line with the rest of Europe.

February 5th: Malossi UK announce they are soon to start the import of hot tune-up kits for Tomos mopeds. There is much rejoicing on the scooter scene.

February 10th: Federation of British Scooter Clubs announce they will be starting a new racing class called the Tomos Trophy for tuned Tomos mopeds. This is a "cheap new class" aimed at "broadening the appeal of scooter racing" and "bringing in new racers".

February 10th (afternoon): National Scooter Sport Association claims it has had plans for a Tomos-only class for years and for 1994 it will be running a "Tomos-Wonder of Woolworths-Championship" at all its scooter-only meetings.

February 21st: All major prizes at the first custom show of the year are scooped by Glyn Dove's latest custom masterpiece muralled by the one and only John Spurgeon. Everyone marvels at how the effect of cutting out photos from the TV Times and gluing them on to an eeriedess base coat can be achieved using an airbrush. The following week the scooter "Mr Blobby – the Axemurder Years" appears on the cover of Scootering.

February 28th: The price of tuning bits for Tomos mopeds inexplicably skyrockets.

March 8th: As a spring present to customers, insurance companies put up premiums by 4%.

March 13th: The Lambretta Club of Britain elect a new committee at an emergency meeting. Kev Walsh states the new committee will be John the Fat Northern Bastard, Billy the Welsh Sheepshagger, Andy the Southern Shandy Drinking Poofter, and Jock the Tight Scottish Git. Between them they pass a vote to eliminate racism and racial stereotyping from the LCGB.

March 20th: Michael Winner, last British film maker, unexpectedly releases a Quadrophenia sequel entitled 'Quintrophenia - the Fifth Jimmy Gets Even'. It is a gorey, vigilante version of the original and immediately becomes a 'cult classic' (no-one goes to watch it at the cinema).

March 25th: After the release of 'Quintrophenia' the British Mod movement is swelled to ten times its size by an influx of 15 and 16 year old boys in Parkas. There are now 1,000 British mods.

March 26th: A certain notable Canadian ex-Mod is arrested for hanging around outside boys schools on a white Vespa.

April 1st: National Postal strike.

April 2nd-4th: First National Rally of the year passes without trouble at the small resort of Budleigh Salterton in Devon (near Exmouth). The police praise the behaviour of the 128 scooter riders in attendance despite a small scuffle and looting after 93 scooter riders are refused entry to the NSRA Do in the Budleigh Colosium Nightclub for not having NSRA cards. DJ Chaney packs dancefloor with Ska favourites.

April 9th: NSRA newsletter arrives telling members the first rally of the year will be a B&B only run in Budleigh Salterton, Devon, on 2nd-4th April.

April 21st: Bishop of Durham announces that he no longer believes in Jeff Smith.

April 14th: As the last race of the day at the FBSC Pembrey meeting, the first national Tomos race takes place, hotly contested by Norrie Kerr, Terry Frankland and a no-hoper on a standard Tomos.

April 25th: First National Tomos race actually finishes. There is little or no rejoicing.

May 7th: The Shamen reach Number One with a rave version of "My Generation" from the "Quintrophenia" soundtrack. The Mod movement grows to ten times its size again.

May 9th: Secondhand scooter and US Army parka prices skyrocket. An A-Reg Vespa PK50 sells in the Scootering smalls for a record £850.

May 20th: In response to the new interest in 50cc Vespas, Piaggio decide to reintroduce the 50 Special but it is only available in pink and is now named the Vespa 'Pansy' because they couldn't think of a better name. It completely fails to sell.

May 21st-22nd: The Second National Rally of the year is a surprise success. 6,000 scooters arrive at Clacton, the biggest rally for years with the numbers swelled by the influx of the New Mods on their L-plated smallframes and T5's. A record 4,200 people are turned away from the NSRA do for not having membership cards and in the ensuing carnage Clacton is completely destroyed. In Parliament an MP suggests there should be a new National Holiday to celebrate but it is pointed out that much of the rest of Essex escaped unharmed.

May 29th: NSRA Committee decide to hold their Euro Run in Brussels in the hope that Belgium too will be destroyed.

June 6th: The first letter appears in Scootering moaning about police harrassment, from an old diehard scooterist. The police forces all over the country have stepped up routine stop-checks and harrassment of all scooter riders in revenge for the burning down of Clacton Police Station.

June 10th: Scooter riding becomes the height of fashion. All the members of Take That claim to have been scooter riders for years in an interview with Smash Hits. Normski applies for NSRA membership.

June 24th-26th: Joint LCGB and CCI Rally to IOW attracts 10,000 people (though not all by scooter). Hack from tabloid newspaper seen paying skinheads to beat up old grannies.

June 27th: Sun headline reads *"COURAGEOUS SUN REPORTER ATTACKED BY SCOOTER SCUM WHILST DEFENDING OLD FOLKS"*.

July 10th: Scooter racing at both NSSA and FBSC meetings see biggest grids for years and 500 spectators at each event. At FBSC meeting only one person races in the Tomos Class though and NSSA drop the class completely.

July 15th: Tomos prices slump unexpectedly but scooter spares and machine prices skyrocket as demand exceeds supply.

July 22nd: Scooter shops declare record profits and Taffspeed announce the opening of three new massive scooter centres in London, Liverpool and Newcastle, called surprisingly Cockneyspeed, Scousespeed and Geordie-speed.

August 12th-15th: A successful NSRA scooter rally in Gt Yarmouth is marred by unbelievably harsh policing and a large number of scooter thefts thought to supply the enormous demand for secondhand scooters. The insurance companies put scooter premiums up by 10% to celebrate.

August 19th: TV presenter, Normski, crashes a Lambretta while filming an article on the scooter revival for BBC 2's DEF 2. He has suffered nasty injuries putting an end to his TV career. There is much rejoicing.

August 27th: The Sun declares scooters are "death traps" for youngsters because of their little wheels and campaigns to have them banned from British roads after a spate of accidents during freak August snowstorms.

September 1st: First letter in Scootering Magazine about the problems young blood have brought to the scene and how they can be got rid of.

September 7th: Department of Transport announce proposals from the TRRL (Transport and Roads Research Laboratory) to make stabilisers compulsory for scooters under 125cc and regulate their speed to 20 mph in order to address public safety fears after the newspaper scare-mongering.

September 20th: MAG organise a Trafalgar Square demonstration against the new anti-scooter legislation. Hardly any motorcyclists turn up and only 300 scooter riders because there is a rally on. The BMF organise a nasty letter to the Minister for Transport threatening they would like to meet him in Langans Restaurant in London to discuss the whole scooter problem over a meal and a few bottles of wine.

October 12th: Scootering Magazine is now the third best selling Motorcycle magazine in the UK but its Letters Pages are filled with letters about how good the scene was in '92 and '93 when only a few thousand hard-core scooterists went on the runs, everyone knew each other and there was no stealing of coats with Paddy Smith patches on (pre '85 patches sell for £10 each to youngsters), or scooters.

October 20th: The last rally of the year ends in heavy fighting between young Mods/Scooterists and police after trying to invoke the Public Order Bill as Skegness Council opposed the rally (which was strange because the rally was in Morecambe). There are heavy casualties on both sides as police use water cannon and play East 17 records to disperse rioting scooterists.

October 21st: Prime Minister, John Major, visits injured policemen in hospital in Morecambe and declares "something will be done".

November 1st: Vespa Club of Britain announce an increase of membership due to the Scooterist Mod revival. They have had 83 new members in '94 which seems quite good until a wag in the Scootering Letters Page points out that membership is offered free with every new Piaggio scooter sold and there have been 1,675 new Vespas sold this year.

November 8th: Last of the 1994 NSRA cards arrives with a note explaining there has been a small delay due to unexpected demand.

November 22nd: At the FBSC Racers dinner and presentation, Norrie Kerr is given the trophy for winning the Tomos Championship. Unfortunately there weren't enough competitors for second or third place trophies. Consistency Trophy to Mark Sargent (Scootering's Music Editor) for consistently having an excuse about why he came last when grasstracking.

November 30th: Steve Berry announces on BBC's Top Gear programme that scooters are no longer fashionable and Skodas are in.

December 3rd: John Major announces the success of discussions with the insurance companies to tackle the scooter problem; scooter insurance is set to rise by 50% and will be subject to 25% VAT.

December 12th: Michael Winner announces the making of a new film "Bug Jam II - the Skoda Drivers Revenge" in which a vigilante Skoda driver gets even by killing scooter riders who raped his son and threw him in the nettles. Strangely at a dinner to thank backers and sponsors of the film are several representatives from the Lancashire Police Force, the Department of Transport and the Skegness Tourist Board.

December 28th: A journalist from Scootering Magazine who has been in hiding for over a year, is finally killed by a hitman after receiving death threats from many sources, following an article entitled "The Scootering Diary '94 – a tongue-in-cheek look at what might happen this year".

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LPARZERSTR. 3

The Joyful Reminder

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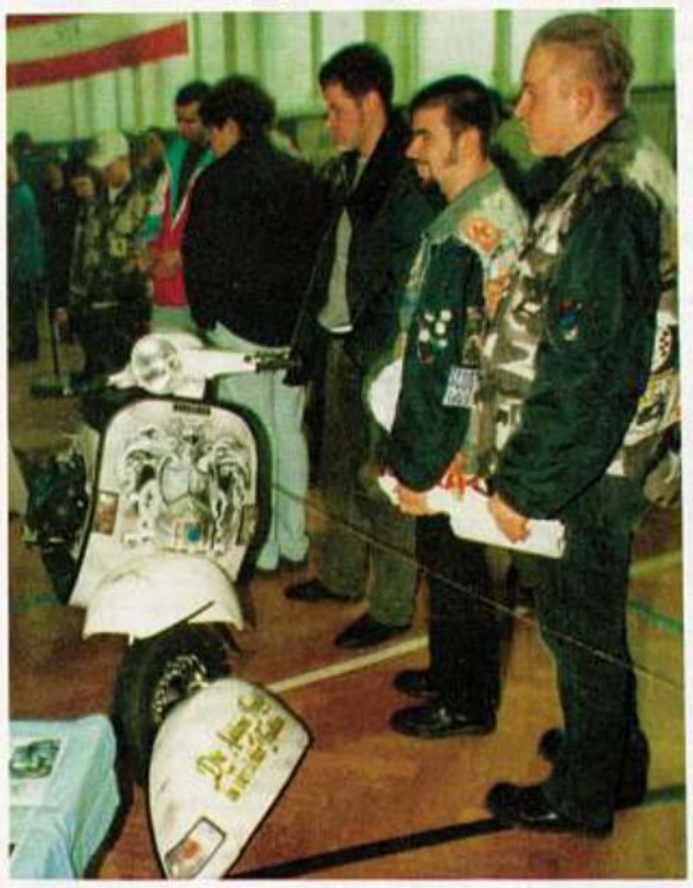

CUSTOM SHOW - RIED, AUSTRIA - 29/1/94

After the success of last years custom show, a return visit was definitely in order. So, Thursday morning arrived and off we set on the first leg of our journey, opting to sail Dover-Calais, due to the shorter crossing time.

The crossing was rougher than normal and certainly tested your sea-legs. I remember staggering around the duty-free shop, ricocheting off of the whiskey shelves like a demented pinball!!

Upon landing, we left France as fast as we could (nothing personal), heading for Belgium where we were greeted by the worst rain I've seen since the last time I was in Belgium. Cast your minds back to the drive to Borculo, July 93 those of you who were unfortunate enough to ride scooters through that 'rain from hell'. The motorways have neither cats eyes nor lane markings, just to make your journey that little bit more exciting, nor do they seem to regard road surface maintenance as necessary with pools of water accumulating all over the motorway.

After passing through the border to Germany, we made better progress, still no cats eyes but there were lane-markings, not to mention the distinct lack of speed limits on most of the autobahn system.

The evening was spent in Koblenz at a friend's house, just nipping into the town centre for a quiet drink with Jorgi and Wilbert, two scooterists who were also travelling to Ried the next day. Koblenz is actually built upon two rivers, and was a recent victim of the flooding that took place back in December. Our host's pointed out the high water marks along with various forms of mud deposits along the riverside roads, obviously nothing new if you live in Chichester, but of interest to ourselves.

The following morning we tucked into a traditional German breakfast, courtesy of Florki's mum, who also supplied a packed lunch and a change of vehicle for us. This was due to Austria still not being a member of the EC, therefore all imported goods (magazines,books etc..) are subject to a high taxation, so to avoid the red tape, an estate car with German plates was preferable to a works van on British plates.

The weather forecast was pretty grim, with reports of snowstorms across much of southern Germany. Later on, about halfway, we encoutered one such blizzard and our speed was reduced to 40mph with visibility down to about 10 metres, but we just persevered and eventually came out of it. Such was our relief that a cigarette break was made(non-smoking car), but these blizzards are persistent bleeders, this one quickly catching us up in mid-smoke, so a quick getaway was made, with us outrunning the snow eventually - Hurray!

Despite all the crappy weather that was encountered we managed to arrive at the show hall by late afternoon, inside we met the organisers, a few early exhibitors and Max from the Screaming Dead, who had also left Blighty a day early and split the journey, as the mileage from Calais is about 650miles.

After the obligatory drinks a meal was needed and a small pub/restaurant just down the road served our purpose adequately. Once inside we settled down and relaxed with a beer, discussing different aspects of scootering with both Austrian and German scooterists. As has been mentioned before, most of the Austrian/German scooterists understand and speak English, which is handy if you're anything like myself. After the meal everybody headed back to the hall for some more liquid refreshment, ours being put onto a tab.

The atmosphere was not unlike that of an English pub on the Friday night of the first rally, with lots of people meeting friends they hadn't seen since last year, discussing rallies past and present, scooters old and new, some of talk was even in English!! As the night turned to day we decided to make tracks to our hotel, which had been organised by the Lambretta club of Austria (thank you). Outside, the temperature had dropped from cold to bloody freezing with an additional covering of snow, making the drive back a bit more interesting. We set off in our two cars to cover the short drive to the next village, but Max's driver, Gary had other plans. As we turned left, their headlights vanished and we thought nothing more of it, but somehow they had managed to spin their shiny, nearly brand-new hire car several times, removing a large portion of Austrian embankment and creating a large hole in the spoiler that Ford hadn't put there! Back at the hotel a nerve calming drink was needed by the occupants, and I joined them for moral support.

Saturday morning arrived and off we set for the custom show, after a meal of that old European favourite-ham and bloody cheese! When we got to the venue most of the scooters were already in place, with their owners polishing away merrily. So, with our stall and Max's crammed into a 10 foot stair-well, I headed for the bar for an orange juice and to settle the tab. This caused a lot of sniggering as a bill headed "England" was produced, amounting to a grand sum of 1400 schillings (£80), which was pretty steep for just 4 people. We studied the bill and noticed that we had consumed 34 shorts and 22 pints, as nobody would own up to drinking more than a few drinks, it was obvious that we had bought drinks for everyone and their brother. A discount was arranged, the bill paid and all drinks were now on a cash basis!!

The show opened at noon and after a while it became apparent that this year was going to be busier than last year, in fact 1300 people paid the equivalent of £3.50 to view the 50 scooters on display, there were supposed to be about 65 scoots but the bad weather had stopped a full turnout. All types of customisation were represented from street-racer to chopper, race-spec. to vintage. The restored vintage Vespas and Lambrettas were of a particularly high standard and would have given many of their British counterparts a run for their money. One of the more bizarre themes was a Rally dedicated to the invasion of Europe by the Allies, 'Operation Overlord'. The display was made up of a sandbag gun emplacement, barbed wire, leather flying helmet etc. Due to a no-smoking/no-drinking rule in the hall the stairway and bar areas were congested throughout the entire day, but this didn't seem to cause any problems apart from having to say "excuse me" about 200 times just to get to the toilet.

Eventually, the awards were presented by Stoffi and Thomas, this year they were wearing what appeared to be l9th century his 'n' hers outfits!! Perhaps Thomas has a secret desire to become a Conservative M.P.? After a quick packing up session, it was back to the hotel for a wash, change and some more food. When we got there, a party of Italian scooterists had booked in, so along with scooterists from Austria Germany, Belgium, England and Holland this was getting to be quite a cosmopolitan event. A lift was arranged and off we went to the evening do, held in a function room above a bar/restaurant in the next village. The evening started sensibly, splitting into two groups and buying rounds. Then Max spoilt it by discovering the dreaded stein, a huge beer tankard that holds a little under 4 Pints. Somebody then decided that it was to be filled up with a mixture of coke and beer and passed around our table. The object being that he who drank the last but one time from the stein had to pay for the refill. Luckily for some of us this turned out to be a relatively simple task resulting in a very cheap night out!! The music, which was mainly Northern Soul, was being played by Thomas, who had changed out of his earlier costume and was now wearing an extremely sad 70's crushed velvet suit complete with a tacky yellow shirt, very tasteful - not! The do was due to finish when there weren't many people left, what time that was I don't know because at six in the morning we headed back to the hotel. Outside, even more snow had fallen, so a brisk snowball fight ensued before grabbing some long overdue sleep, even if it was only for a couple of hours. Then it was time to say our goodbyes and head for home, stopping overnight in Koblenz before finally arriving home on monday evening. All in all, another high quality custom show, repeating last years successful event. Our thanks to Alex, Stoffi, Thomas, Clare and everybody else who made us feel welcome.

RESULTS

Best Overall: Humphrey Bogart.
Best Custom: Stephen King.
Best Vespa: Humphrey Bogart.
Best Lambretta: Million Sellers.
Best Racer: Davidoff.
Best Chopper: Enola Gay.
Best Paint: Humphrey Bogart.
Best Paint: Humphrey Bogart.
Best Oddity: Lucky Strike.
Best Newcomer: Joyful Reminds.

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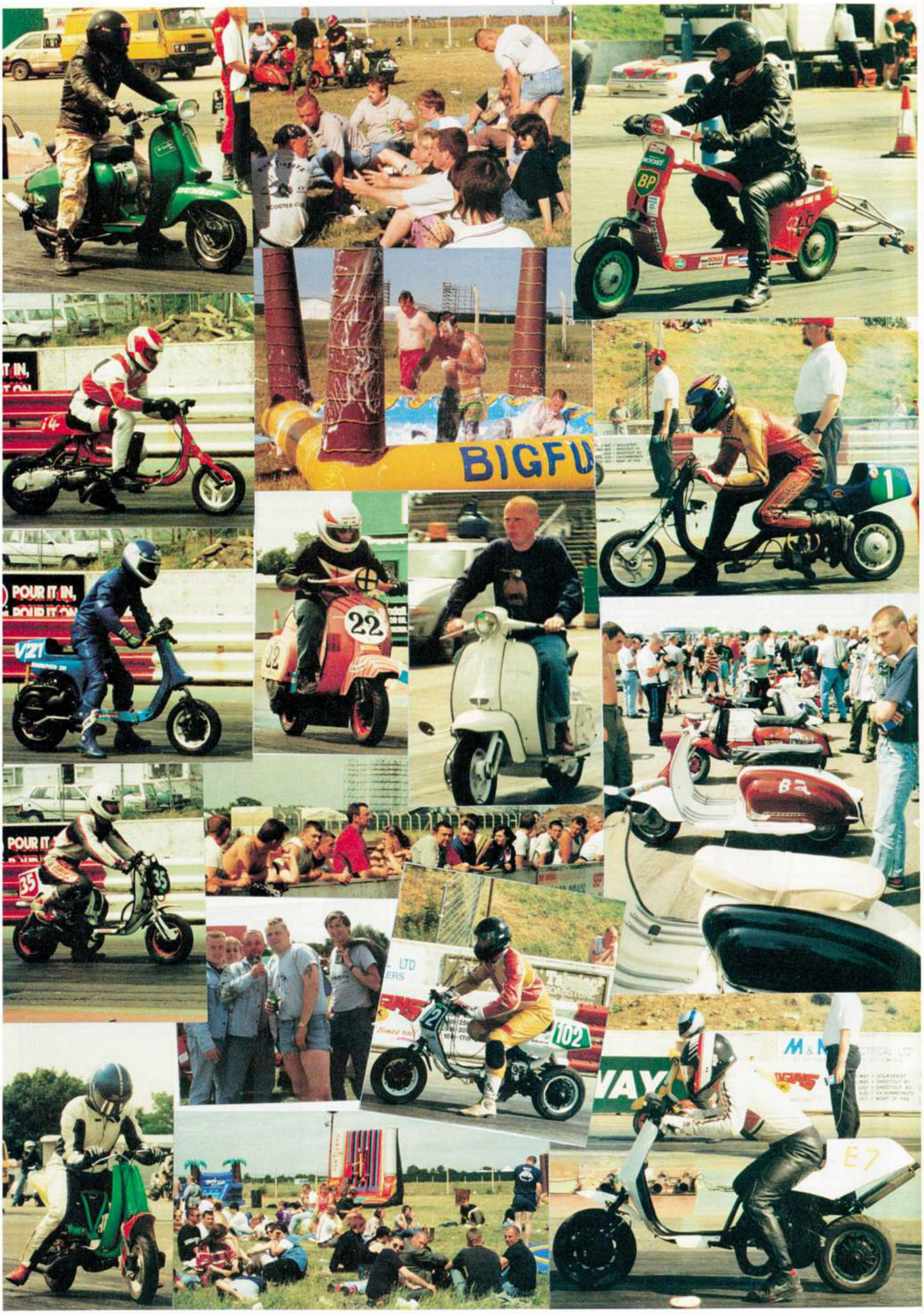
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POUR IT IN,
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POUR IT

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HOLIDAY IN HOLLAND 2 THE LEGEND CONTINUES

PART 1
SPEED DEMONS S.C. RALLY BORCULO

After last year's Holiday, the word had spread that these two rallies and the week in between are the closest you can get to a complete imersion in the scooterist lifestyle for ten days with barely time to take a breath. We were very optimistic of a decent turnout with a good two weeks of sunny weather beforehand but as the rip-off Stena Sealink (more of that later) ship pulled into Hook van Holland we looked out to a depressingly wet and windy port at 7 a.m. on Thursday morning. The disastrous journey of the year before thankfully never materialised and the twenty or so scooters that rolled off the ferry (mostly two up) had nothing more than the odd spot of rain between sweaty bouts of sunshine to bother us. The Hardly Rideables disappeared ahead while we battled through the countryside in a convoy of 13 scooters and an overloaded 1979 Escort van which limped behind, full of records, engine spares, a MIG welder and enough camping gear to equip a small branch of Millets. By the time we had passed Apeldoorn the waterproofs had been discarded into the poor little van and it was t-shirts full steam to the site taking the odd break to liberally sprinkle the countryside with fluorescent direction signs.

The campsite was the same one as the previous year which had it's pros and cons for us as organisers. We had the advantage of knowing what we needed for organising the run and could save some of our costs in organisation but against that we had the problem that everyone knew all the back ways in and out of the site and though most people are trustworthy enough that they were willing to pay the measly £9 (DM 20, Hfl 25) which included all the facilities and entertainment there were a small minority of mainly Germans who were so tight they tried to sneak on without paying. Okay so maybe that's funny at a normal campsite but you are trying to rip off other scooterists and if we ever made a loss on organising a run then we wouldn't bother to do another. Our security against non-payers was that everyone was to be given a pin badge to be worn at all times and shown on entry to the do in the evenings. Sadly (not much) the badges never arrived until early on Friday morning so the 80 or so scooterists on site got a free night's camping on Thursday and our club all got to go for a swim in the local river/canal/open sewer.

On Friday morning I was awakened by a tremendous heat and struggled out of the tent expecting that someone was either trying to set light to it or that my girlfriend had spontaneously combusted. The offending heat source was actually the sun, the temperature in the tent had to be in the high eighties and this was only 8 a.m. Ooh 'eck, I became worried that maybe the ferry captain had mistakenly taken us to Spain or North Africa, but no, this was most definitely Holland but it was on gas mark 7. During the night principal organiser Frits had arrived much to our relief after a difficult journey on a homemade 350 YPVS powered Lambretta that was still suffering more teething troubles than an alligator with dentures. At lunchtime we set up the gate to greet a steady stream of mostly British scooters. By the evening we started to have problems with Germans turning up in cars despite making it abundantly clear on every flyer and advert we produced that cars were utterly unwelcome and even added a little 'no cars' picture in case they were so stupid that thet couldn't read either language. And still they came. In actual fact a lot fewer than last year tried it and we managed to send quite a few home across the border including a couple of carloads from Hamburg. The funniest thing was the Top Ten excuses which those on the gate actually made a list of for perpetuity;

1. I was moving house.
2. My scooter broke down (hundreds apparently did so but it seems to be cheaper to run a Mercedes than fix a Vespa)
3. I've got to come in because my boyfriend is inside.
4. I haven't got a drivers licence. (no comment)
5. I didn't see the flyer (How the fuck did you get here then ?)
6. It's 400 Km (oh, that's nearly 250 miles)
7. We don't own scooters. (Carload of stupid but honest skinheads)
8. 150 Km is too far. (none of us would want to risk 93 miles on one of those nasty shopping moped thingies either)
9. I left the scooter at home, I will go back and get it. (absolutetely dumbfounded)
10. I can't ride it, it's a custom scooter.

There was also another small problem in the fact that the disco equipment we had ordered for the main room turned out only to have two CD decks and no record decks at all. Seeing as we only DJ with vinyl and the Jan Jan the disco man had gone on holiday leaving his friends to look after the system something needed doing quickly. We ended up with two record decks from stack systems but we got away with it and were underway for a steamy night of mainly soul to an appreciative audience. Last year's coffee shop became this year's rave room with Boyd and Mat, two English DJ's playing Happy House, and Jens from Lubeck playing Techno. Despite the fact that the room was a little short on air they all did a good job of packing it for most of both nights which was better than last year. The reason the rave room was moved was because the upstairs dining room that housed it last year was to be used for a wedding reception on Saturday night and the site owner - another Jan - didn't want the tables moved, leaving us without a coffee shop. In addition he put up the beer to Hfl 2.25 a glass which was really ripping it but sadly we had no control over the prices. In the end we finally fell out over the discos which he only had licenced till 2 a.m but wanted to stop at 3 a.m. In the end he stormed off when we refused to turn it off saying we weren't going to get that site again so we ended up blasting out the rally anthem 'Born to be alive' at 4.15 before closing and turfing out the remaining 100 or so people, some of whom filtered into the downstairs rave which went on till 5a.m. Outside there were still plenty of people milling about and mellowing out. The cockerel was still alive and started crowing as we went to bed. Patrick Hernandez might have sung 'Lucky to be alive'.

The following day we hadn't planned any events until 2 p.m in order to let everyone have a lie in but the sun conspired again to make the tent unbearably hot past 8.30 a.m which didn't leave you much kip unless you dragged yourself out of the tent to try and hide in the little shade available with the many wasps. Jan had done a fairly good job with the breakfasts though which was a self-service, eat as much as you want affair for a set price with bacon and scrambled egg, coffee, bread and jam. Also for breakfast was a visit from the police with a message about the noise, there had been complaints from neighbours about the disco and about cars refused entry to the site making noise and mess outside their houses. They said if the do was loud and late again we would get another visit.

The first event for Saturday was to be a mass rideout. Frits had the bright idea of going to a local swimming lake. This seemed very popular because by the time 2 p.m. rolled around the temperature must have been in the nineties and all anyone wanted to do was cool off. In the end over half of scooters on the site set off for the 12 mile ride, probably 2 - 300 bikes in all and easilly the biggest scooter ride out I've ever been on. Frits led the way at around 45 mph (he was the only person who had a clue where we were going) and different people took it in turns to hold up the traffic as the procession made it's way past, jumping red lights all the way. I stopped to block one junction and the trail of the scooters must have taken two minutes to go past and been well over a mile long. Everyone was smiling faces, shorts, t-shirts and towels, occasionally with the lid slung over the arm. There wasn't a copper in sight but none of the Dutch motorists seemed to mind being held up, they just looked gobsmacked. It was fucking magic.

Our arrival at the already packed carpark for the enormous swimming lake must have come as a distant rumble and a cloud of blue smoke. There were two guys on the gate frantically gibbering into a walkie talkie but they had nothing to worry about (unless we were meant to pay ?), everyone just parked up wherever they could find a space and dived in to the lake to cool off. Blinding.

It was a real drag to get back to the site but there was plenty more to do. First was the sprint held on the dangerously narrow road behind the site. It was quite a hard fought battle between some really quicky p-ranges and two or three TS1s from Germany but with British owners. In the end it came down to who a bloke called Jens who fought a frantically wheelying Tronic street-racer PX to hold it full throttle on the back wheel in a perfectly straight line much to the appreciation of the crowd. Jens' prize along with Dizzy from the A 41 Eagles who won best overall in the custom show with his chopper Mellow Daze (no wonder that was popular, with one of the judges being our sponsor from the Homegrow shop) and the furthest travelled solo which was mistakenly awarded to a Frenchman, was a special treat. All three got to fly in a hot-air balloon which left the field behind the do at 8 p.m. Having never seen a balloon take off before it is a most impressive sight. Everyone stopped what they were doing and gazed as the winners waved from the little whicker basket as they disappeared over the tree-line. Lovely.

Also for your amusement was the equally legendary Beer and Banana race which predictably was won by the combined consumptive and crashing skills of Eddie from the Dirty Devils and Cutsy from the English Rose SC though they were chased much harder by some of the other teams. Maybe next year.

On the agenda but cancelled due to time cancer was the scooter football World Cup - a planned five a side confrontation between several nations using a large space hopper as a ball. While we gave up to sort out the balloon ride and the custom show we were pleased to find out that two teams managed to sort at least one match out amongst themselves. After much crashing wheelying and donuting the Belgian/Dutch team trounced the Germans and we were only too pleased to hand them the World Cup, even after they couldn't find a British team to compete against on Sunday.

After all this excitement it was a relief to have a bit of a break while Glen and Martin from Hamburg did a bit of DJing prior to the return of the Riffs live on stage at 11 pm. The band did a marvellous job of packing the dancefloor and making an already humid atmosphere unbelievably hot and sweaty. They danced around the stage like Dirvishes on drugs and coped admirably with what was a pretty tossy sound system operated by Mr Feedback.

Our final entertainment prior to going back to the disco was the strip show. As usual Frits had been left to organise the girls. After last years dreadful showing and with the hall completely packed with letching scooterists we just had to hope he'd made a better choice of the two he'd found. As it happened we didn't need to worry, neither of the girls was what you'd call a looker and there were plenty of geezers in the audience with bigger tits but they did a decent set each and were pleased enough with the behavoiur of the audience to do an extra set together too. After that it was back to both discos until the police were due to turn up to shut it down. The Lord truly works in mysterious ways because by strange coincidence a snackbar and pub down the road in Borculo town centre was gutted by a huge fire on that very night. The pub and snackbar had only opened that day and we had eaten in it (I didn't think the food was that bad). Whilst you wouldn't wish that on anyone's new business the local old bill were too busy with the fire to worry about our discos going on late, so once again it didn't finish till after four when the owner came up, pulled the plugs on the sound system and ran off. Again the rave carried on till 5 a.m.

In the end it was another wonderfully peaceful rally with only some English lads causing any trouble by putting a shower door and some fencing on a campfire. Even so it doesn't look like we want that site again next year. Thanks to everone that came and helped make it what it was. Lovely.

PART 2
THE BIT IN BETWEEN

The celebrated site for most people's holiday between the rallies or before their ferry was once again Ockenburgh in Den Haag on the coast of Holland. As an interesting aside it is rumoured that since we came home Radio One DJ, Simon Mayo who has been running a "beach watch" slot on his afternoon show

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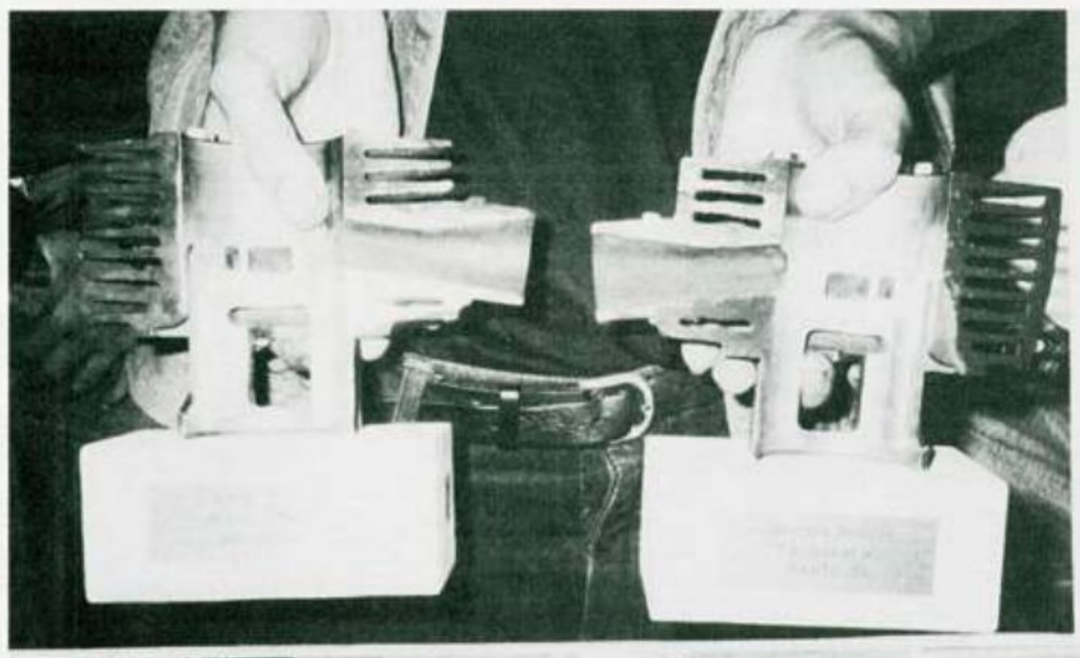

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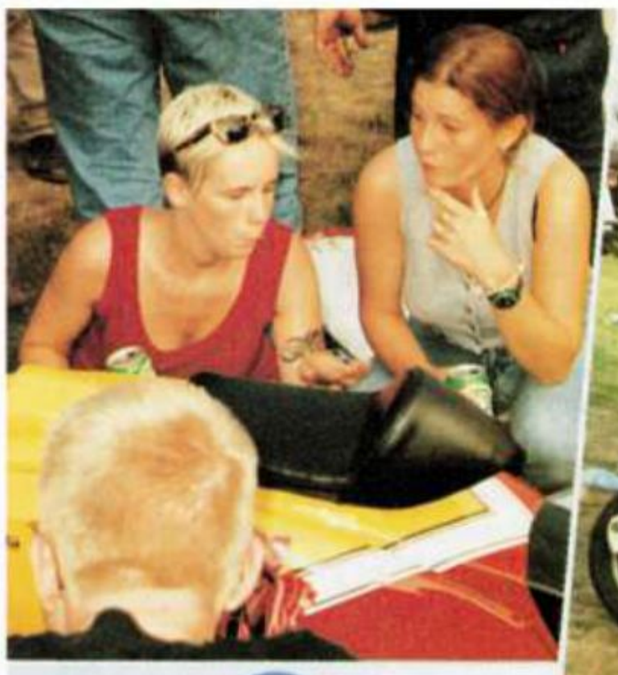

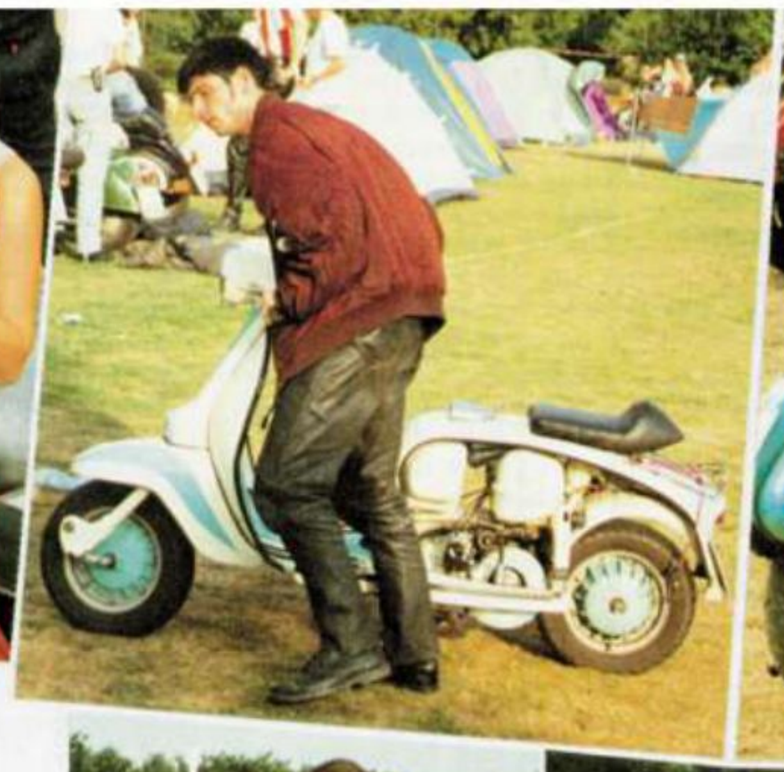

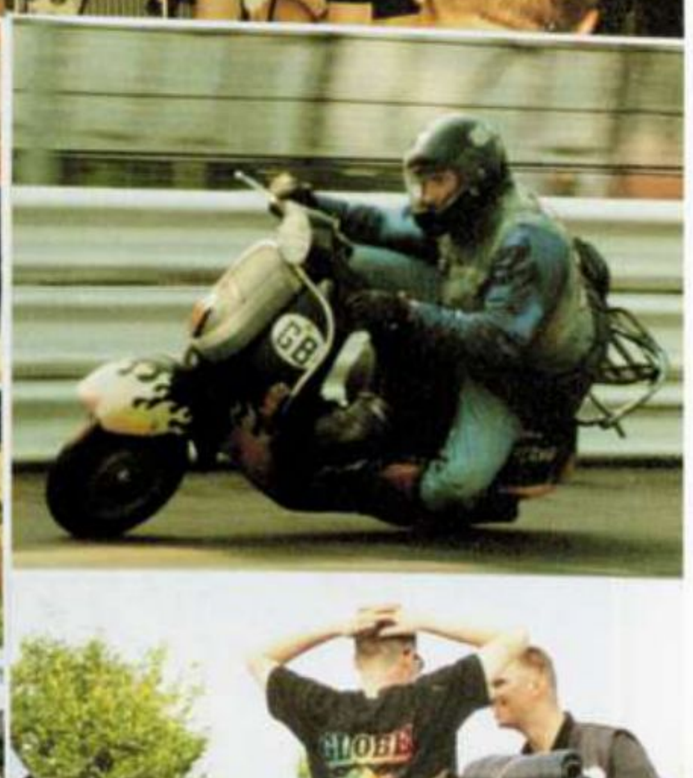

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announced that Ockenburgh was the best beach in the world according to a certain Mr Wobble from Saint George Elite S.C. (who could he mean?). Well for the purposes of the world's scooterist population we have to agree with Mr Wobble, during that week the temperature was in the nineties most days, there were between 80 and 120 scooterists on the site (mainly from Britain and Germany) and a 'kin marvelous time was had by all. We arrived a day late after stopping Sunday night on a site in Amsterdam with a pretty decent sized crew.

The week in Ockenburgh was what you might call 'fun packed', I can remember bits and bobs of what went on; crawling round the site at 2 a.m. on Wednesday morning regurgitating the cocktail list from De Golf bar amongst other things. A fair amount of naughtiness went on: police on pushbikes puffing away trying to catch lidless scooter riders bombing through the site, German holidaymakers having crates of bottles robbed from the wall they built round their tents so skint scooterists could get the deposits back, people caught for not paying, being kicked off the site and returning and having to hide their scooters in tents and behind hedges. It all went on and more besides. Whole days spent in the sea and on the beach letching. We loved it.

PART 3
INFERNAL INSECTS S.C. RALLY BAARLO NEAR VENLO

We rolled into Venlo in the early hours of Friday morning after a mentally long ride. Glenn had managed to leave his wallet on a petrol pump and hadn't noticed till the following stop. Nobody was more surprised to find it still there than he was when he did a round trip of 60 miles to get it. Lucky bastard. The world's weather is definitely all to cock because the temperature in one village we wen through at midnight was 29 degrees (85 farenheit) and we had been told it was the hottest summer since the 1700's in Holland and the hottest ever recorded in Germany.

After a quick beer in a bar in Venlo we found the massive campsite and promptly got lost until some of the site staff saved us by showing us where the scooterists were camped. Wilbert from the Insects found the site earlier in the year, it's a proper holiday centre more than just a campsite, with outdoor swimming pools, a supermarket, a Centre Parcs style indoor tropical swimming complex, a massive horseriding stables for the do's and what finally clinched it - a large oval racetrack. There were down sides, like 1,000 mainly German holidaymakers in chalets and caravans but they were on the opposite side of the site from the scooterists so there shouldn't be any friction.

On Friday morning scooters continued to trickle onto the site and anybody sensible lined their tents up with the other 50 or so in the treeline on the edge of the field who for the most part were veterans of the heat in Borculo and Ockenburgh. We made use of the excellent toilet and shower block (you could warm the showers up if you knew how, eh ?) and disappeared down to Venlo for the day to eat, be hassled by Mediterranean drug dealers on the street and to finally find some solace in the Easy Man, Jah Rasta tea house where we monged out for the afternoon through an almighty thunderstorm. Glad we weren't riding in that bugger.

Back on site the number of tents had grown significantly but it wasn't until darkness fell that the road into the site became clusters of headlights. The do got underway and access was only permitted to those who had a plastic tie wrap and bobbin obtained from the gate though this job wasn't made as easy as it could have been by the fact that the first tie-wraps given out were too short to go round any one but a Rwandans wrist so many of them got attached to shoes, jackets or simply left in pockets. DJ Alex was spinning the almost exclusively Soul sounds and slowly as the people slowly filtered in from the campsite the atmosphere began to build quite nicely. Beer prices were better than Borculo, 2 Hfl for a drink though predictably it was on the same old token system.

Then the police turned up. The do's were only licenced until one o'clock which was all that was on offer from the site owner if the Insects wanted to take the site. They had decided that all the other facilities would probably make up for shutting the do's early and that they might be able to run on longer anyway if they turned the noise down. In the end though festivities came to a close at just after 2 a.m due to pressure from the police and site owner who was being so funny about noise that he wanted any scooters that turned up after 2 a.m. to be pushed onto the campsite. Nice welcome.

The end of the do didn't signal the end of the fun though, plenty of people stayed up chatting, smoking and drinking into the night and a sizeable Spanish contingent managed to make more noise than 20 scooters with the singing of rousing songs about throwing donkeys out of towers and cutting other peoples fishing nets... probably. The organisers were worried that there might be trouble kicking people out so early, and though nobody was pleased about it (apart from the Bristol lot who go to bed at nine) the atmosphere and weather were good enough that it didn't matter too much.

The main focus for the rally was to be the racing on Saturday, a kind of run what you brung but roundy roundy not just a quarter mile sprint. In England this would be virtually impossible to organise because of problems with insurance, noise etc etc. The Insects managed to hire the race track for the whole day for use with road legal scooters only (although a few German brought-on-trailers shitboxes did manage to slip through). To compete cost no extra, all you had to do was sign a disclaimer and wear whatever protective clothing you thought was neccessary. It makes me cringe now to think about the speeds people were doing round corners in just waterproofs or two pairs of jeans (some even knee-down) but what the hell, they probably ride like loons on the road wearing less than that. The only condition imposed by the circuit was that only three people were allowed to race at once, this wasn't great for spectators especially if the riding speed of the racers varied greatly but I don't doubt that it was essential for safety.

The day started at eleven with three hours practice. The suface of the large oval was lovely, grippy and smooth and it soon became obvious who was quick and who wasn't. Thankfully the racing was run anticlockwise which gave the Lambrettas and P-ranges enough ground clearence to give them a chance against the smallframes. The length of the wide corners was enough that somone with riding skill could make up time and overtake someone with a faster bike. One English bloke on a 205 Lambretta glanced at his speedo round one of the corners and it read 65 mph which made it no surprise that the quicker Lambrettas and P-ranges were doing over 80 mph down the straights..

The actual racing was run in three classes; smallframes, up to 180 cc and up to 250cc. The smalframe class was pretty small and was easil y won by Arndt from Hamburg area on a blue 135 SS90 against a couple of other Vespas and a quick but evil handling 65cc Quartz. The 180 class was won by an Englishman, our clubs very own Dime Bar Dave - star of the odd Scootering photo shoot - who had the crowd gasping and watching through their fingers at his exhaust scraping, back wheel off the floor, out of control antics to take his T5 172 powered P-range shitter to several wins against faster scooters. A look at "Disco Inferno" after the racing confirmed that he had worn three holes right through his Mickeck. Ooops. Only one rider was more out to lunch than Dave, the German rider of an orange Malossi 210 in the 250cc class who came closest to crashing several times in one five lap race with his foot out grasstrack riding style (if you could call it that), he nearly came a cropper once when he put his foot inside one of the tyres on the inside the circuit. Look at the photo of him with his boots smoking on the accompanying page. Nutter. The 250 group was won by another English guy on a red TS1 SX 200 who was so far ahead during the final of the class that he slowed on the last lap of the race to pick up a Union Jack from spectators Mansell style and went through the chequered flag with it before the German Vespa he was up against caught up. Bloody show-off.

In the end there wasn't one crash all day and the final score was England 2, Germany 1 so we were well happy.

Also for your entertainment was, a custom show dominated by scooters from Aachen, a sprint on the circuit which was won by Matthias Scherer on a very fast TS1 TV 175, a clog racing fungame and a gymkhana and the whole thing was given a Caribbean soundtrack by Karsten from Scootec who hired a 3 Kw sound system out of his pocket and had three Rastafarian 'Selecter' DJs playing Ragga and Reggae from his stall all day. Good rallies are now separated from average rallies by the amount the organisers can keep the punters entertained during the daytime as well as at night because unless you are at the seaside, just a field can become pretty boring. In Baarlo with all the events to watch and participate in or an indoor tropical pool to dip in if you weren't interested, you couldn't really ask for more for your money.

That night it was back to the do though people seemed to have a lot less energy than before. The trophies given out at midnight were pretty special, homemade and related to what you won, so the winners of the racing got a scooter barrel sawed in half and mounted on a plinth etc etc. Good stuff. One thing that we didn't get was the promised erotic show but I must admit I hadn't noticed until someone mentioned it. Again the do kicked out at just after 2 a.m. leaving those with heads in the clouds to wander restlessly round the site in search of music or entertainment. Sadly the campsite had turned into a bit of carpark after the police told the organisers those shitbags who'd parked their motors out on the road had to bring their cars inside.

By the time we awoke most of the happy campers had upped and buggered off leaving only their litter which we played cricket with. The Infernal Insects had put on a great rally let down only by the do's finishing early, but sadly the event seems to have put a terminal strain on the club with the main organisers pissed off at those who didn't do much work. Something will get resolved I'm sure but do not fear there will be another Holiday in Holland next year. After the first two it has an awful lot to live up to. *Sticky.*

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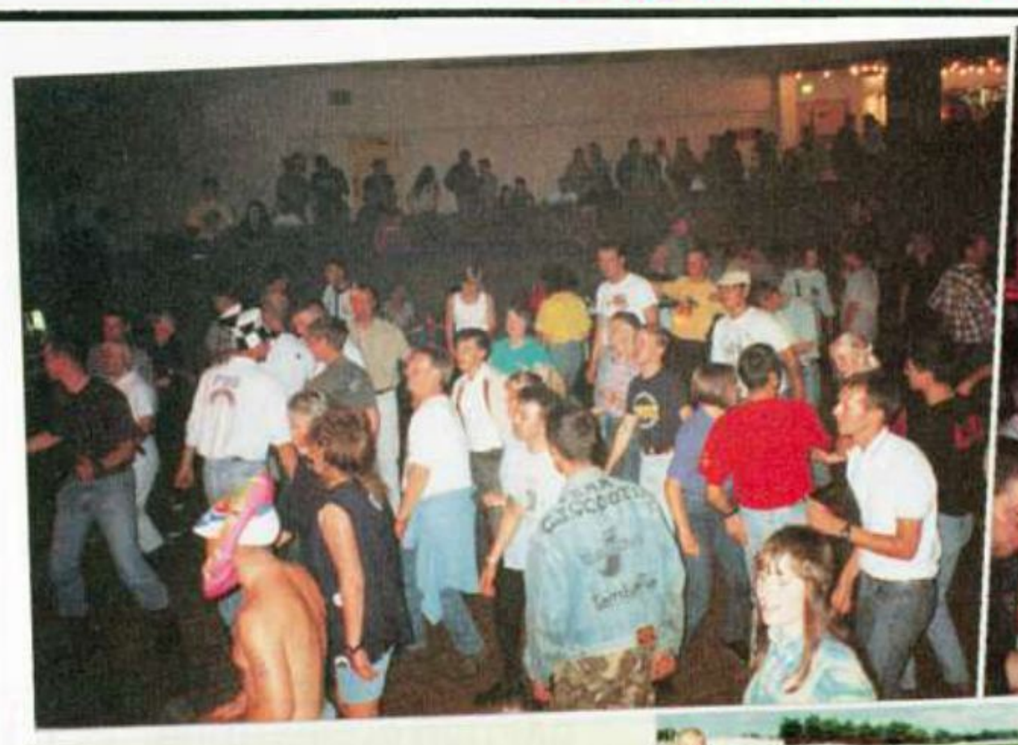
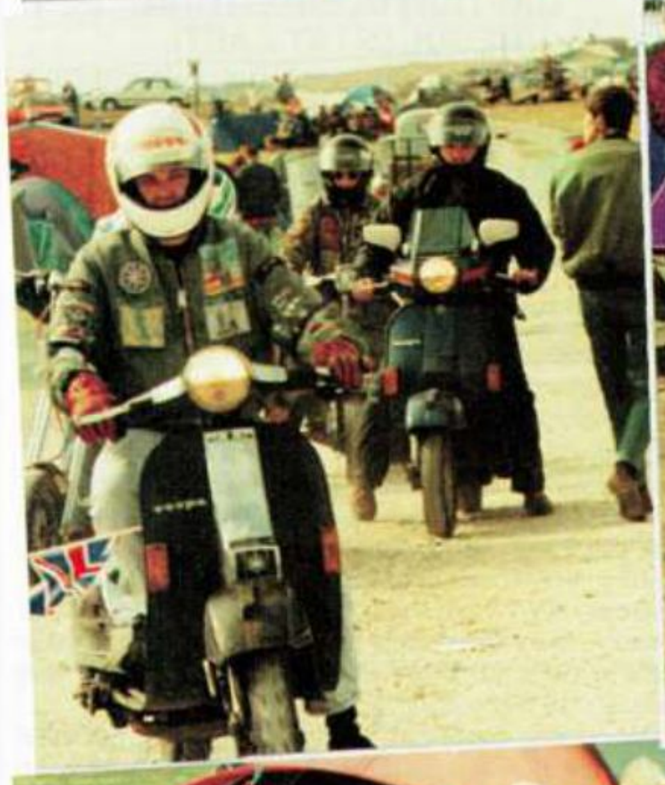
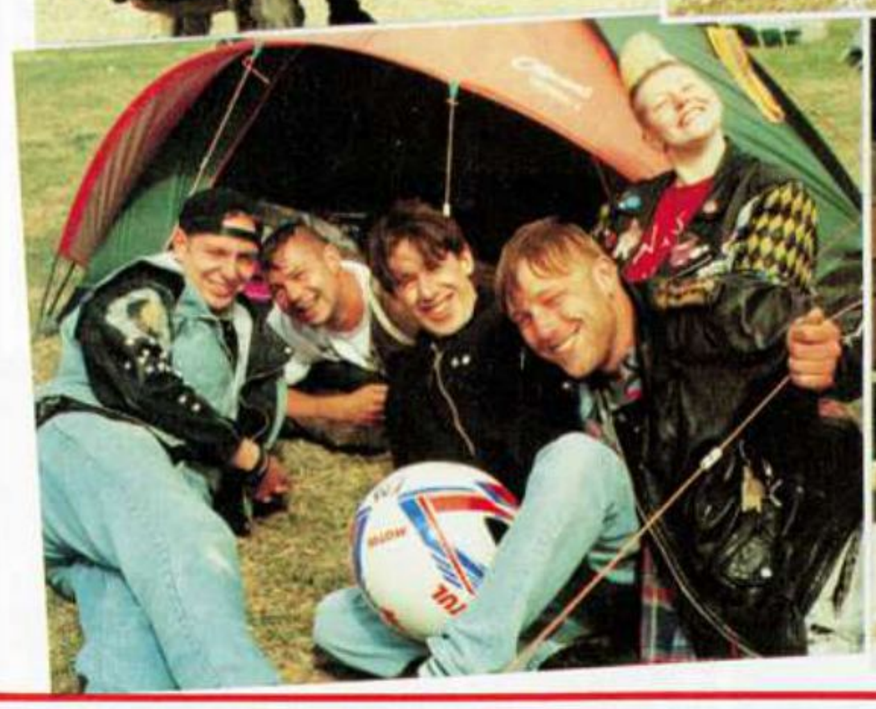
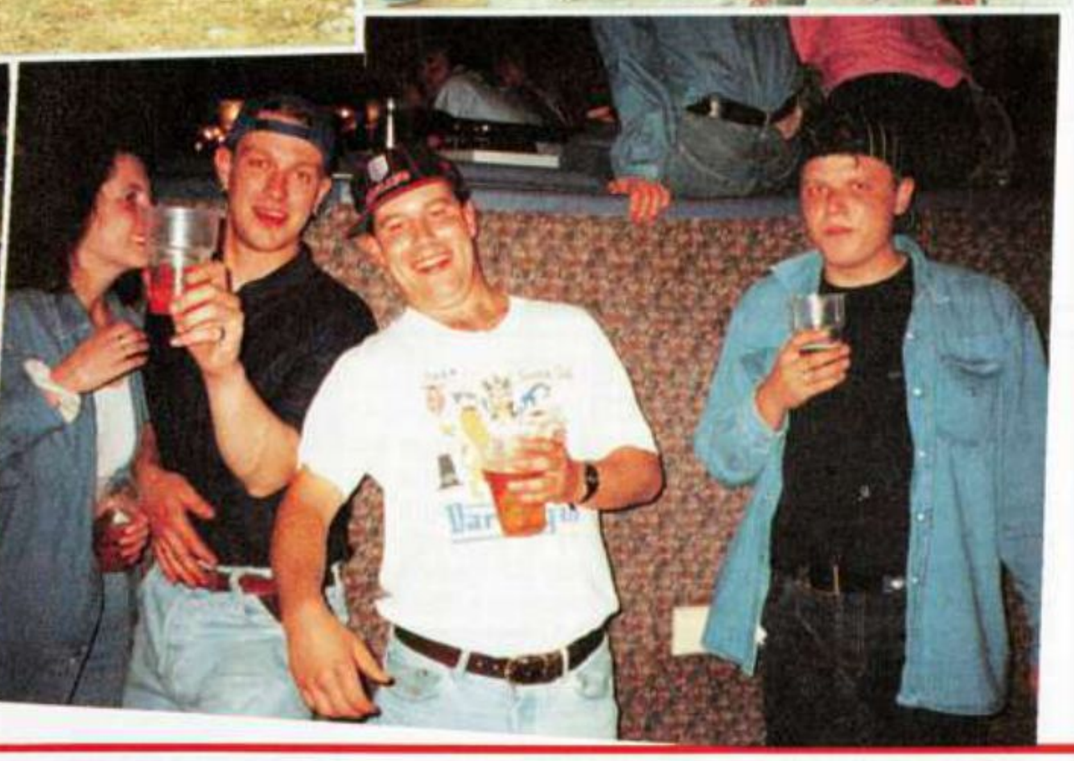
NSRA Rally - BRIDLINGTON

August Bank Holiday 26- 29 August









The choice of Bridlington as the venue for the August Bank Holiday, was definitely a good one as far as I was concerned. I know it's close to the T&C Show but there is such a thing as having your cake and eating it too, and Brid is a cake in comparison to some of the alternative venues available (crummy also!).

One day I'll be able to do an article which covers the journey up to the rally in about two sentences, but it's not going to be this one I'm afraid. The nightmare started only 30 miles up the M5 where I had a front wheel blow-out, which didn't throw me off but caused serious damage to my heart and nervous system. I'd only purchased the Cosa the previous night and to my horror the spare was flat - (mistake No. 1).

The details of the journey with the AA were as usual except I was travelling with Mr Snail, who was replaced half-way by Mr Tortoise, so I completely missed Friday night's NSRA do, not arriving until after 2 a.m. Even so, when I entered to give the luggage which I had been carrying to its rightful owner, there were still table loads of scooterists sat around finishing off their drinks (bastards!!)

The sly old rain cloud, which had been following us for the previous 40 miles, watched us start to unload the scooter and then decided to empty its load (can I say that?) all over Bridlington. Decidedly pissed off now, I took shelter under one of the food stalls looking for a familiar face with the space in their tent. Whilst eating a spud from my benefactor's stall, I spotted the backpatch of a local(ish) club - at last I was having some good fortune - but no, could this generous but pissed individual actually find his tent? During the search for Cuttsie's tent, the rain grew heavier; we became wetter and then all of a sudden we found it - directly opposite a large Union Jack which was visible from all over the site, so I moved my gear into the four-man tent, although four-man tends to translate into two-scooterist, once you include waterproofs, crash-hats, riding-gear and all the paraphernalia needed for a long weekend away. Then it was time to crawl into the maggot and try to sleep - more difficult than usual due to most other people being loud (drunk) and myself being completely sober (rarity).

Upon waking, the first thing to do was to purchase an inner-tube from CJ (who was the only new parts dealer present) and to fit it. The camp site was pretty full. The weather had brightened up and the bike was fixed, so things were looking up - it was my birthday after all. Then the wind blew the Cosa over and snapped the clutch lever at about the same time as I realised my crash helmet had been left in the AA van (the first one). The AA located the helmet and promised to get it up to the site by Monday morning, but I couldn't get hold of a lever despite trying all the local(ish) dealers. The AA did offer to relay the bike home but as it's nearly all motorway home, I told them I'd rather ride it anyway (mistake No. 2).

The numbers on the site looked encouraging - about 800, with a lot more bodies in B&B around the town. Over the weekend around 2000 were in attendance at one point or another - those of you who didn't attend missed a damn good weekend.

After catching the local bus into town (only 30p) we entered the New Inn which looked as if everybody else had done the same, so had a quick one and moved across the road to the Ship Ahoy. This pub, for those who don't know, has a front, back and top

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bar, plus an outside area so space was never a problem. We were in there all afternoon until it was time for the custom show back on site, then those of us left went into the front bar to catch the football results. No comment on any of the results, save to say my team picked up three points and that those who lost were singing the loudest, weren't they Leeds? By now the old stomach was demanding food so a greasy spoon type cafe was located and another local business was saved further financial problems for a day or so, After the cafe we then tried to find a shop that would have a "I am . . . " birthday badge, but had to settle for two registration stickers stuck to my T-shirt!

We then returned to the Ship Ahoy, met the others, had a few more pints and then strolled up to the Lido which was devoid of any queues for a change. The cost of the ticket for both nights had been set at £15 which we duly parted with and then headed for the bar. Unfortunately we had arrived too late to catch the first band of the night, 'Technical Itch' (reviewed Issue 104) but they went down well, I heard, despite being unable to play any Jam covers as they normally do, for obvious reasons. Within ten minutes of us finding somewhere to sit, the second band 'Beat Surrender' took to the stage. One small point of interest being that the Jam actually played the Lido on their farewell tour way back in December '82. Apparently the band's usual audience consists of students, the majority of whom are well under 28, so to play in front of a crowd who appreciated them was a novelty in itself. I know a few people say that it's just a con, doing cover versions of old songs, but when it's done as well as this - who cares? People were dancing and singing to their hearts desire, and the band lapped it up!! They overplayed their set by 15 minutes but nobody seemed to mind (I don't expect many knew!) This does prove that you don't have to play Ska to go down well at an NSRA Do!

After the band had left, it was down to some serious foot-shuffling with a DJ who hasn't played a rally before, Geoff from Harrogate, who kept the floor packed for the entire evening - somebody to watch out for in the future maybe?? The hall was heaving, hardly surprising as there were 800 through the door that night, but as we still live in a backwards country the fun had to end at 2 a.m. After the srewards had requested/threatened that we leave, it was time to catch a cab back to the site for some well deserved shuteye.

Sunday came, I started to pack, then remembered it was a Bank Holiday and the party could continue, but left the gear packed as I fancied a B&B for the final night. There was the usual exodus of scooters from the site who we watched whilst polishing off a bottle of 20/20 before heading over to the washrooms to freshen up.

We missed the bus by a few minutes so took the first three taxis and went to the New Inn which was buzzing along nicely. The lack of room was sorted when the doors to the bottling up area were opened up for some fresh air. Memories of European rallies came flooding back as we grabbed several beer crates and upended them to make temporary stools in our small but adequate beer garden. For those of you who don't know, next year (sometime) pubs will have the option of opening all day on a Sunday, which will please the owners of the New Inn and Ship Ahoy, if no-one else. Alas, this year we had to resort to finding a cafe (licensed, of course), which wasn,t too diffcult despite the owner looking a little concerned at our, ahem . . . jubilant arrival!

Needless to say, when he realised the amount of money that would be finding its way into his till he became a lot more hospitable. When we left he invited us back for the T&C Show, yet another convert!

The rest of the day was spent back on site, chatting, sleeping, eating, changing etc. until the pubs beckoned us once again. Our taxi driver engaged us in the usual conversation informing us that the usual visitor to Brid was only there for the day and so didn't use taxis and that we had established a worthy reputation throughout the town, but we still didn't tip him! He did have a point though, because during the entire weekend there weren't any arrests.

No prizes for guessing our first stop, the New Inn, which was its usual busy self, and I couldn't help but detect an air of anticipation about the place as if everyone was determined to make this a good last night. Towards 9 p.m. we moved along to the Greyhound, which is situated directly opposite the lido, but that was its only redeeming feature as it was holding a C&W night, or something just as ghastly. A few people had a beer but the rest just sat outside on the tables chilling out before entering the do. Once again, within ten minutes of entering the music stopped and the band took to the stage - it was good of Mr Starr to wait for us before starting (Pah!) Well, what can I say about his performance that hasn't been said before? I could run through a list of superlatives, but unless you were there they would remain only words. I've not seen him for 10 years (my 18th in fact), and I know a lot of people regard him as old hat, but if that's the case, I'd plump for an old hat every time. He had the crowd singing along with different choruses about their scooters - it was hard to tell who was having the most fun, him or the crowd. Eventually the man left and Mick Gauntlett had the difficult job of keeping the masses happy. Needless to say he managed and eventually changed the sounds to a more non-soul orientation - at the end of the day not all scooterists enjoy soul. My hat off to him for being able to do it in such a subtle manner. No complaints from me about the do ending as I was looking forward to a decent night's kip before the ride home.

Monday morning and scooters were leaving the site in droves by the time I arrived, only to find my helmet hadn't arrived so the AA were relaying me to Leeds to pick it up. On the way down the M1 we passed several scooters wobbling along in the strong winds, and soon enough I was doing likewise. The journey home was eventful, stranded on the M42 with no cash or petrol, being hassled by the police for doing so and then getting knocked off in a service station! Looking back, personal set-backs included, I'd still rate it as my best NSRA rally this year.

Ride safe (unlike me), see you at Penzance.

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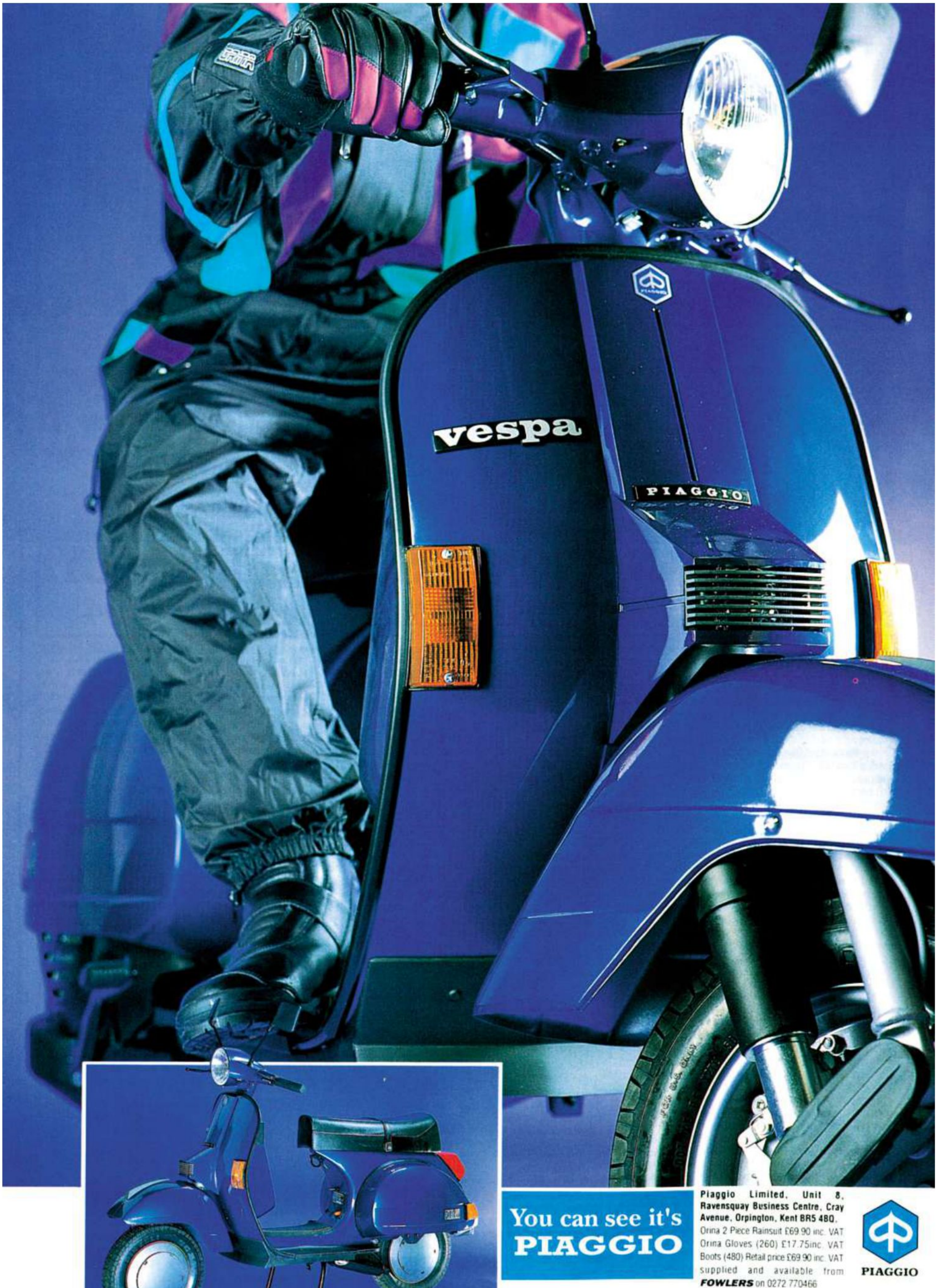

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AUCTION FEVER

LPS AUCTION WEEKEND

The punters can't wait to part with their money.

The Three-Wheelers, loads of money. All three for £10,500.

This neon Lambretta sign - £240 to you mate.

The Lambretta Man, handmade by Mike, went for a staggering £500.00.

You can always rely on Waddo to sum up any situation in a few words, and so it was on Friday, 16th September, 1994 when I walked into the Green Dragon pub in Northlew, Devon and he greeted me with "Aye up Walshy!. Well it's Uncle Mike's last stand", a poignant reminder of why we were there this weekend.

The pub was full, literally, of old faces some of whom had come to relive their happy memories but most to try and purchase some souvenir of what was one man's dream/lifetime's work and would always be THE FIRST LAMBRETTA MUSEUM IN THE WORLD. Despite all this the atmosphere was buoyant as we wallowed in our memories and had the odd drink for absent friends who hadn't made it or preferred to remember 'Kesterfield' as it was.

All too soon the night was gone and despite what we had said in various publications about LCGB not putting on a campsite, when I had been in Northlew a couple of weeks before, I found a site and even a bus (turned out to be a Peugeot estate) to get people back to it when the pub shut. (We can't stop looking after our members.) I didn't have far to go as I was a guest of Dave and Marion in the pub, so was soon dreaming of buying the whole museum with my recent pools win . . .

Next morning I was woken by the thumping on the door and an apologetic Marion telling me, "Sorry, I forgot you was wanting to get up early". A quick swill and off round to Kesterfield to find Norman's car as all my bits were in it. The field next to Kesterfield that had been used for grasstrack racing in 1992 now was a car park and a new entrance had been made to get people to the auctions without using the main entrance to Kesterfield. There was no sign of Norman or his car anywhere so it was an amused Tony Class and Emma who found me actually running up the lane back to the village. Just round the corner though and there's Norman. He'd been into Okehampton for a wash.

Going into the museum was a strange affair as soon it would be all gone and a piece of Lambretta history would be but a memory. People were milling about trying to sort out what they wanted and match it to the lot numbers in their catalogues. Most had a problem in that to stop pilfering all the boxes had been covered in clingfilm and tape so you couldn't really see what was in them and would have to bid blind in most cases. Yes - you have to stop pilfering but surely some idea of the contents could have been displayed on the box. I queued up to register as a bidder for both LCGB/LPS, and myself, and then fought my way through the throng to make a note of what LD's I would bid on for myself. I never noticed at this time that there were a number of new lots out in the form of books, manuals etc. and it transpired that these had only been found the night before in the other barn and Vic Saunders and friends (helping out in the museum until the very last) had been up till 5am putting them into lots. Many years previous Mike had shown me this literature and spares for Series III's that had been in that barn, and Stuart Lanning had also been treated as well to view on a separate occasion.

11 a.m. in a marquee of a similar size to the one we had for the 40th anniversary of Lambretta, to around 400 or so gathered for trhe occassion, Tim Evans, the auctioneer, gave his opening speech and the beginning of the end of 40 years had begun. I borrowed the mike to ask basically if everyone who bought something at the sale, and especially machines, contact me in the near future so we would have an idea at least where the collection had gone. I then directed my remarks at those who were obviously not there for the love of scooter-ing/Lambretta and asked that when they had finished with a machine could they contact LCGB so we could buy it back and recirculate into scootering. I did get a remark on this speech later in the morning when someone suggested I was trying to get in on the act, or gain some kind of glory with my remarks. I told him in no uncertain terms if what I had to say brought even one machine back to us then that's all that mattered to me. No doubt the majority present would feel the same.

I've never been to an auction before and it really is an experience. The auctioneers are fast, fluent and very clearly spoken and the atmosphere is one filled with apprehension, i.e. will I get what I'm bidding for? As such it seems to drive people into bidding far more than they would normally pay for an item. This was illustrated in items such as stickers you can still buy for 70p each, fetching £10 or £15 in small lots. Legshield banners of past, and in some cases present, scooter clubs and some recent LCGB banners fetching £20 or even £30 in lots of 3 (I must have thousands of pounds stowed in my attic). This madness continued into the spares which, as I've already said, you couldn't even inspect properly. Add to this the fact most of the stuff had been donated for free to the museum and I was in a state of mind that meant I had to leave the marquee frequently. The real hype though came when the enamel signs, pictures, tools perspex signs, large banners etc. came under the hammer with the neon Lambretta man Mike made fetching a whopping £500, and £470 for his Lambretta neon sign. Plus you have to add 10% commission and VAT on that commission. The Lambretta Preservation Society/LCGB were prepared to have bid £150 for the Lambretta man and we thought that was over the top. We did though get the LPS illuminated sign made by Mike for £100 but this had to be the bargain of the day. We also bought some workshop manuals and one on workshop tools for £15 and copies will be available soon through the LCGB Club Shop.

Tension visually rose when they finally got to the machines but prices immediately went down to normal scooterists prices as they started with the machines from the back of the museum that wanted a thorough restoration job. There were lots of bargains picked up here with machines from £30 - but then again, it was a Cento. Not the case though with restored machines as half had V5's with them, which means their numbers could be transferred. Here the number plate dealers

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steamed in and some that said they weren't dealers only bought machines with V5's or ones that had good numbers on them. You have to ask here why they only bought such machines and that if a way could be found to transfer their numbers they would be very valuable?! I managed a couple of bids on a personal basis for the LD's I wanted but £400 was all I had, and I wouldn't get in over my head.

As the day wore on the air of expectance rose but surprises were in store with the Italian SX200 only fetching £1,250, and the Italian GP200 £1,000. The Model 'B' only reached £1,100. We waited with baited breath for the 'A' model as there were a few there who were after it. In ten minutes it raised £3,950 plus 10% commission and VAT on the commission, but when I say Ray Kemp of AF Rayspeed got it, you can believe me when I say the cheer that went up was heartfelt. Onto the three-wheelers and the basket delivery truck went for £2,000 to a scooterist, the Rickshaw raised £4,500. The Blue LPS truck £2,000 and last in the sale, but most emotional, was the Fire Engine which was bought by Clive and Pam Jones of CJ Scooters for £4,000 which brought a tear of happiness to more than a few present as a cheer went up that could be heard all over Devon. They had also bought the LPS truck and will display them at various events in the future.

It was all over and the scramble was on to get what you had purchased. This entailed queuing up, paying, having your receipt checked out, then finding a porter that was doing nothing so he could remove your purchase. Unfortunately some couldn't wait and various items had gone missing by the time their new owners got to where they should have been!! Someone even hoisted Vincent's tools left in the Lambretta service bay, and, as you will see below, the visitors books. While I waited for the porters to lift down our LPS sign I remarked to a chap wheeling out one of the LD's I had bid on, he had my machine. He replied, to my surprise, he was a number plate dealer and didn't want the machine as such so would ring me when it was transferred. He also said he would let me have the machine cheap. The machine in question was the brown LC featured on the cover of Jet Set 70 that Rachel was sitting on, and as such had great personal connections. He also said he's bought other LD's and once the numbers were gone he didn't want the machines so these would be available as well.

By 8.30pm just a few of us were left to look at an empty area with the exception of the few machines that had to wait till cheques etc. had cleared. I've had a few sad moments in 30-plus years in scootering but standing there, looking at an empty space that hours before had been full of not just scooters and memorabilia but one man's lifetime of devotion, had tears welling up in my eyes and a picture that will haunt me the rest of my life. So many people had put forward ideas on how we could have kept it together and we had explored them all, but I will always be asking myself if there was something we could have done? Did I let Mike down somehow?

Just before I left though, I noticed on the service bay wall, a framed certificate of when Mike had passed his course on Lambrettas at Purley Way, Surrey in 1959. Somehow the auctioneers had missed it. I offered it to Rachel before it went missing or got damaged, and she in return said I could have it. I may not have got a machine, but that certificate was worth as much to me.

When I got back to the Green Dragon, only the regulars from LPS rallies were left and once again it was Waddo who summed it all up - "He's gone Walshy, his spirit's left" and I knew exactly what he meant. Whenever I have walked into the museum since Mike's death I could feel his presence, I was too busy running round earlier to have noticed that feeling was missing.

Soon the Peugeot was ferrying us down to the campsite to boogy the night away to Tony Class, in a small but adequate marquee. He was at his very best and those that made it to the end, about 5am, will testify to that.

9am Sunday, it's drop the marquee time, deliver it back to its owner, and go one last time to Kesterfield to pick up Fred Willingham's sprinter, which is going back home, courtesy of LCGB and will feature in a future Jet Set. Rachel was on hand to lend me yet another set of Mike's films to be transferred to video. It was an emotional farewell.

As we headed home, my thoughts were of next year and the 2nd Mike Karslake Memorial Rally to be held in Northlew over the weekend of September 1st-2nd (the 6th is Mike's birthday) using the same campsite, the village hall for a disco and, of course, a few drinks in the Green Dragon. This will be one of the few ways we have left of remembering the man, who to a generation of Lambretta enthusiasts became 'Uncle Mike'.

KEV WALSH

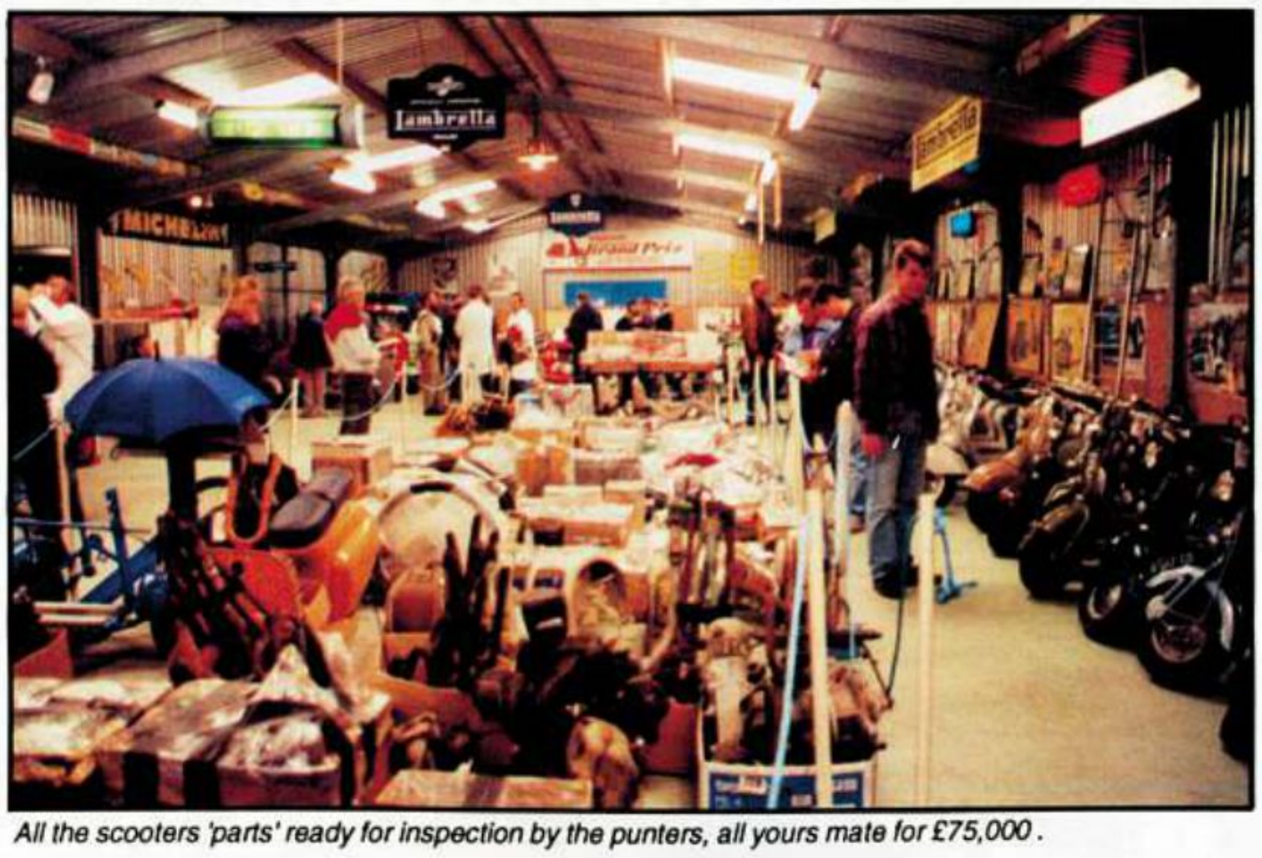
MIKE'S TRACTOR

Just as important to some over the weekend, although I doubt it raised the same emotions, was the sale of Mike's collection of model tractors and various models, the day before. I couldn't be there due to work commitments, but John Illing was with my £20 out of which I hoped to get a small tractor as a memento. In the catalogue he saw a tractor listed as an H K Hubley Arrow. He guessed the H K stood for Howard Karslake, although we all knew him as "Mike", his middle name. Bidding only started at £10 and in the end he got it for £15. Being busy all weekend I never even saw the tractor till Sunday but I suspected it was one I had seen before.

Once home after the auction, by coincidence a guy phoned me on the Monday to enquire whether a key for a Lambretta had been handed in, which it had, and I had it. After a short chat it transpired he was going away for six months on a world tour buying toys and had been at the museum for the tractor/model auction. When I asked him about my tractor he said he would get me the number of one of the world's leading experts who just happened to be one of Mike's best friends in the tractor world. Good as gold, he got back to me later in the day and when I spoke to the guy he informed me the model I had was one of two Mike made as samples. One with metal wheels that had gone missing over the years, and the one I had, which had rubber wheels. I now own the most precious tractor in the world for various reasons. Why so cheap though? Well, quite simply Mike wasn't a recognised model maker, which was lucky for me.

Just to add more to the tale, I remembered somewhere in my boxes of photos in the attic I had a picture of Mike working on a tractor model from when myself and the family had stopped with him 17 years ago when he lived in Southend. No, it wasn't my tractor but from what I can tell, it's the missing one. I wonder who has it now?

KEV WALSH



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278. A model LDB Mk 3 Lambretta, 123cc, Reg No 943 DPJ, first registered August 1957. RF60 & V5..... £340.00
279. A model LDA Mk 3 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No TFK 351, first registered May 1958, RF69 & V5..... £280.00
280. A model LDA Mk 3 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No LCH 372, first registered July 1957, Rf60 & V5 ..... £440.00
281. A model Cometa75 Lambretta, circa 1970,Reg No CYN 841H. VE60 document £150.00
282. A model J Lambretta, 49cc, Reg No DLL 288J, first registered April 1971. VE60 & V5..... £50.00
283. A model Cento Lambretta, 98cc, Reg No HGU 371C, first registered May 1965, RF60 & V5..... £50.00
284. A model Cento Lambretta, 98cc, circa 1965, Reg No EGU 376C. No documents £45.00
285. A model Cento Lambretta, 98cc, circa 1967, Reg No RLC 998E. No documents £75.00
286. A model Li Series 2 Rallymaster Lambretta, 148cc, circa 1962, Reg No CWC 313. No documents £240.00
287. A model Li Series 1 Lambretta, Reg No YXK 456, RF60 & V5 documents ..£260.00
288. A model Li Golden Special Series 2 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No HUV 16C, first registered December '65, V5 ..... £320.00
289. A model Li Series 2 Lambretta. 148cc, Reg No 191 AHJ, first registered July 1961, RF60 & V5..... £370.00
290. A model Li Series 1 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No WYE 536, first registered May 1959, VE60 & V5 ..... £340.00
291. A model TV Series 2 Lambretta, 173cc, Reg No 878 VMY, No documents £120.00
292. A model Li Series 2 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No 800 AHJ, first registered April 1962. V5 document..... £480.00
293. A model TV Series 2 Lambretta, 173cc, no registration..... £160
294. A model Li Series 1 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No 880 JPE. RF60 document £80.00
295. A model TV Mk 1 Lambretta, 173cc, Reg No 191 EPC, first registered May 1964, declared year of manufacture 1958. V5 document £600.00
296. A model J Lambretta, 123cc, Reg No GDV 400, no documents £40.00
297. A model J125 Super Starstream Lambretta, Reg No RCR 440G. No documents £45.00
298. A model Cento Lambretta, Reg No FUU 53C. RF60 document £100.00
299. A model J125 Lambretta, 123cc, Reg No DYY 64C, first registered April 1966. Mileometer reading 17 miles. RF60 and V5 documents £450.00
300. A model J125 Starstream Lambretta, 123cc, Reg No XGC 65G, first registered August 1968, V5 ..... £170.00
301. A model SX (Spanish) Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No POO 536P. No documents £190.00
302. A model GP150 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No BHM 75H, first registered June 1970, VE60 & V5 ..... £400.00
303. A model LD Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No PHK 58. No documents £300.00
304. A model D Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No 53 CPB, first registered September 1988, declared date of manufacture 1965. V5 document £1,200.00
305. A model D Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No NCH 371, first registered September 1958, RF60 & V5 ..... £520.00
306. A rare Italian model D Mk 1 Lambretta, 123cc, no registration..... £320.00
307. A Lambrettino moped, 49cc, Reg No WLW 610G, first registered January 1969, VE60 & V5..... £30.00
308. A Lambrettino moped, 39cc, Reg No HVB 12D, first registered November 1966, VE60 & V5..... £95.
309. A model Li Serveta Series 3 scooter Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No WDV 896S. No documents £120.00
310. A model D Lambretta, 148cc, no registration £75.00
311. A model J125 lambretta, 123cc, Reg No ETA 33C, first registered October 1965, V5 document £110.00

IN GOOD ORIGINAL OR RESTORED CONDITION

312. A model Li Series 3 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No FPR 115D. No documents ..£320.00
313. A model Li Series 1 Lambretta, 148cc, Reg No 782 GKL, first registered July 1959. *This machine starred with Robert Lindsay in the 'Citizen Smith' series.* RF60 & V5 ..... £550.00
314. A very rare model GP Lambretta, 125cc, Reg No ORV 15H. No documents £720.00
315. An Indian Grand Prix 150 Lambretta, 148cc, with Italian specification, Reg No CVW 416T, no documents £480.00
316. A Vega 75 Lambretta, Reg No VDG 42J. No docs £210.00
317. A Vega 75 Lambretta, Reg No FLH 39J, first registered January 1971, VE60 & V5 ..... £220.00

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N.S.R.A. CHARITY RUN

'Lands End to John O'Groats'

1st Row: Shaun (Rushden), Bill (Scooter Willies), Jane (Hornets), Fletch (Monsters), Becky (Ratshaggers), Lee (Ratshaggers), Wayne (St. George), Johnny (Warrington), Kenny Coyotes) Hugh (Sussex Saints).
2nd Row: Johnny (Blazing Glory), Dave (Blazing Glory), Jeff (St George), Womble (St George), Jeff (NSRA), Matty (Monsters), Simon 2 (Orgasm Addicts), ? (Orgasm Addicts), Simon 1 (Orgasm Addicts), ? (Bogwoppit).
3rd Row: Jo (Scooter Willies), ? (Bogwoppit), Chas (Glasgow), Pete (Aldershot), Harry (Ratshaggers), Lisa (Ratshaggers), Mitch (Brackwall.
4th Row: Dave (Birmingham), Glynn (Scooter Willies, ? (Bogwoppit), Gary (Scootermaniacs), Caron (Blue Diamond), Tid (Blue Diamond).

SUNDAY

The charity ride from Lands-End to John O'Groats was due to leave on the monday morning after the Penzance rally. Those of us staying on the site spent most of sunday fixing the early casualties, a Vespa needed a new oil- seal, Matty's Lammy needed clutch attention and Wayne fitted over a grands worth of Taffspeed motor into an old GP, as his engine was dead. The new engine needed running in anyway, which saved Womble having to do it himself. Lee's chopper was beyond help so it was put onto the accompanying trailer which was due to follow us all the way, towed by the St. George Elite's transit van. Lee then had to borrow a scooter from his good lady, which meant that she had to stay with us until tuesday so that she could be dropped off on the way.

After everything was sorted, we all clambered into the transit van and went into town for food. Imagine our delight when we parked the van up and spotted the AA scooter-team, complete with huge flat-bed truck and trailer already parked in the corner!! Feeling alot more confident about the whole journey now, we headed for a nearby Wimpey where they served us the worst food possible, but retribution was gained by taking the piss out of the food and the staff, all good natured stuff of course, until they had to close. We then had an hour to kill until opening time, with absolutely nothing to do except wait outside the pub in the rain.

We had a few in there and then went to the Longboat, where a Karaoke night was being held. The night was a success, with about 90% of the singing being done by us and the punters donating £30 to our coffers. Highlights of the night included; Womble, with his unique style of singing, Orgasm Addicts SC, for performing a harmonious rendition of 'Please don't go' whilst we danced around a handbag and a team effort with 'Country Road', which was to become our anthem over the next four days. Then it was closing time and we headed off to our respective beds/sleeping bags for the night.

MONDAY

The day started as it was due to continue with constant drizzle, so with waterproofs on off we set to Lands end, which was only 10 miles down the road. At Lands end we met up with everyone else who had stayed in digs and received our legshield banners and t-shirts, then spent an hour taking photos and buying souvenirs. Then we were on our way with 21 Vespas, 8 Lambrettas and 33 people, plus the transit and the AA wagon winding our way across the misty A30 towards the M5, heading for Avon Park which was to be our first stop off point.

We expected breakdowns, it would have have been nothing short of a miracle not to have any at all - but 5 miles from Lands end was taking the piss a bit! Matty's SX deciding that it hadn't been fixed properly the day before. So with the SX on the trailer and Matt on the back of someone else we continued our way to the M5. At one of our fuel stops, Jeff from St. George hit a patch of diesel and slid a good 20 metres across the service station, but amazingly suffered no damage to his Benneton TSI's paintwork! A little further up the M5 and I called into Weston to pick up a scooter, one of the Ed's T5s. As Jane and I took the bend off of the motorway, we hit some diesel as well- a wobble to the left, a wobble to the right and then the tyres found a grip and we were sill on board, much to our relief. Despite hanging around at home for an hour I arrived at Avon Park only twenty minutes behind the main group. The Racers Return had been opened up for us to use, but there was no electricity and it was filthy but at least it was dry. After a quick change (in the dark) the transit ferried us all into Stratford for a bite to eat and a couple of drinks, then it was time for bed as tuesday was going to be a long day. We had been warned of rats in the Racers Return but I think the snoring frightened them all off!

TUESDAY

After a few minor repairs and a fuel stop we made tracks for Nottingham, this time we travelled as a group with several of us blocking off roundabouts en route so as to keep the group together. We had arranged have lunch at Harry Ramsdens (the international fish & chip restaurant chain) at midday and actually arrived an hour early, which must be some kind of record for such a large collection of scooters.

After a splendid meal we assembled outside whilst Matty's SX was brought back to life and then we rode a few miles across Nottingham to a park for a photo session with the mayor of Nottingham and some reps. from childline. The looks we received from the public were quite amusing although we did have Thunderbird 2 leading the way. Once the local press had taken their photographs of the mayor sat on Jeff's Benneton surf-board we arranged to make our way up the M1 and meet at Washington services. Then, just for a change it started to rain heavily to add to our enjoyment. The TS1's sped off into the distance, only to be overtaken by the larger group of Vespas when they stopped for fuel, who in turn were passed by the freshly refueled Lambrettas. This pattern basically continued all the way up the M1, although nobody could catch up with Thunderbird 2 despite his top speed of 60mph. The reason being that he had an extra fuel tank fitted to his sidecar outfit so was able to travel over 150 miles before stopping for petrol! Petrol stops took a long time for the rest of us, infact many a cashier became flustered due to several of us using the same pumps and confusing them! We met up at Washinton, just outside of Newcastle and stopped for food in their burger bar, the girlies behind the counter must have been the timid type because we soon became the centre of attention for two security guards, but at least they left their dog outside. Remind me never to donate any money to the Burger King Employee Fund!

By now it was dark, as well as raining and at least two scooters had no tail lights, but what the hell - the rest of us did. Finding the campsite was a bit of a nightmare, so we pulled over to ask directions from two young lads, whose response was to give a very quick impression of Linford Christie - I know we were in need of some decent washing facilities but I didn't think we were that bad. By now tempers were starting to wear thin, as we knew were close, and our riding seemed to reflect the mood with some us missing a slip road, so just mounting the kerb and riding across the wide grass bank to rejoin the main party. A tricky manoeuvre on the wet grass as Pete discovered when his chop slid over!

Eventually we found a local who didn't run away and he pointed us in the right direction, which involved driving down a dual carriage, round a round-a-about and then back up the other side of the carriage way. As I accelerated up the road, scooters were still coming down the other side, much to the distress of the two lads we had scared earlier!

The campsite was at the back of Newcastle racecourse and was actually a scout camp, which was very convenient as the caretaker opened up a small hall for us. This was sheer luxury, especially when he showed us where the mattresses were, now it was heaven! There was even a fully equipped kitchen, not to mention basics such as electricity, hot water and heating. Remind me to make a donation to the Scout movement! When everybody had freshened up, the van ferried us upto the racecourse which had its own pub. Fletch went in first and asked if it was alright for some charity workers to use their bar, "Of course" came the reply, and in walked the first van load, looking more like charity-cases than charity-workers. We had a pretty good night in there anyway, probably helped by the fact that we were now just over the half-way mark with no major breakdowns. One of the Scarborough Bogwoppits had replaced his barrel and piston on the M1, Kenny-Coyote had a jammed back-brake, Womble had a wire problem and Hugh (Sussex) had seized. All in all not too bad, and at lest the AA had some more work to do in the morning.

WEDNESDAY

After everybody had taken advantage of the hot showers and had a cup of tea courtesy of Harry we tidied up the hall and prepared for the next stage of the journey, destination Inverness. As usual the AA were busy fixing the previous

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days casualties, Dave needed a complete clutch (he had a spare one) and Kenny's brakes were freed but Hugh's Lammy was beyond repair as his crank needed replacing. When we finally left we had to leave Kenny behind with the AA as he couldn't get his scooter started. Only a few miles up the road and we were stopped by the police but only because a nuclear waste convoy was due to pass by. Pete and Lee used the time to collect money from the queue of cars that had built up behind us, even the motorcycle cop made a donation. Then Kenny caught us up, his Lammy was running fine now that he'd removed his gloves from the air intake!

By now alot of us had discarded our waterproofs as it was bright and sunny, (except Mitch who had no waterproofs anyway) The only person I know who would attempt a round trip of 1800 miles without waterproofs! The roads upto and in Scotland were beautiful, sweeping bends with undulating straights, perfect riding terrain for scooters. The scooters could actually travel faster than the cars because we could overtake, regardless of oncoming traffic. We even developed a system whereby Pete would overtake and then ride with his arm raised to let the rest of us know that there was no traffic coming round the bends. We could then overtake queues of traffic on the wrong side of the road on blind corners! Infact we made very good time and for the first time arrived at Inverness with plenty of daylight left, which was useful as we had tents to put up. The evening was spent in the bar of the local ice-skating rink, although half of us ventured into town and then onto a nightclub. Then it was time for bed, in preparation for the final leg.

THURSDAY

The weather was still being kind to us, which was good because some of the bends along the coast of Scotland were very sharp, with a long drop off the side. We stopped at a pub just outside of John O'Groats for some lunch and for the stragglers to catch up, then rode the last few miles together.

The obligatory photos were taken, post-cards written (bloody tourists) and that was it - we'd finished. Apart from the ride home of course, which varied from 300 miles to 700 miles depending where you lived. For practical reasons we'd left the tents up at Inverness, so saving 130 miles on the long trek home. The final night was spent in the nearby ice-skating rink, keeping the solitary barman busy!

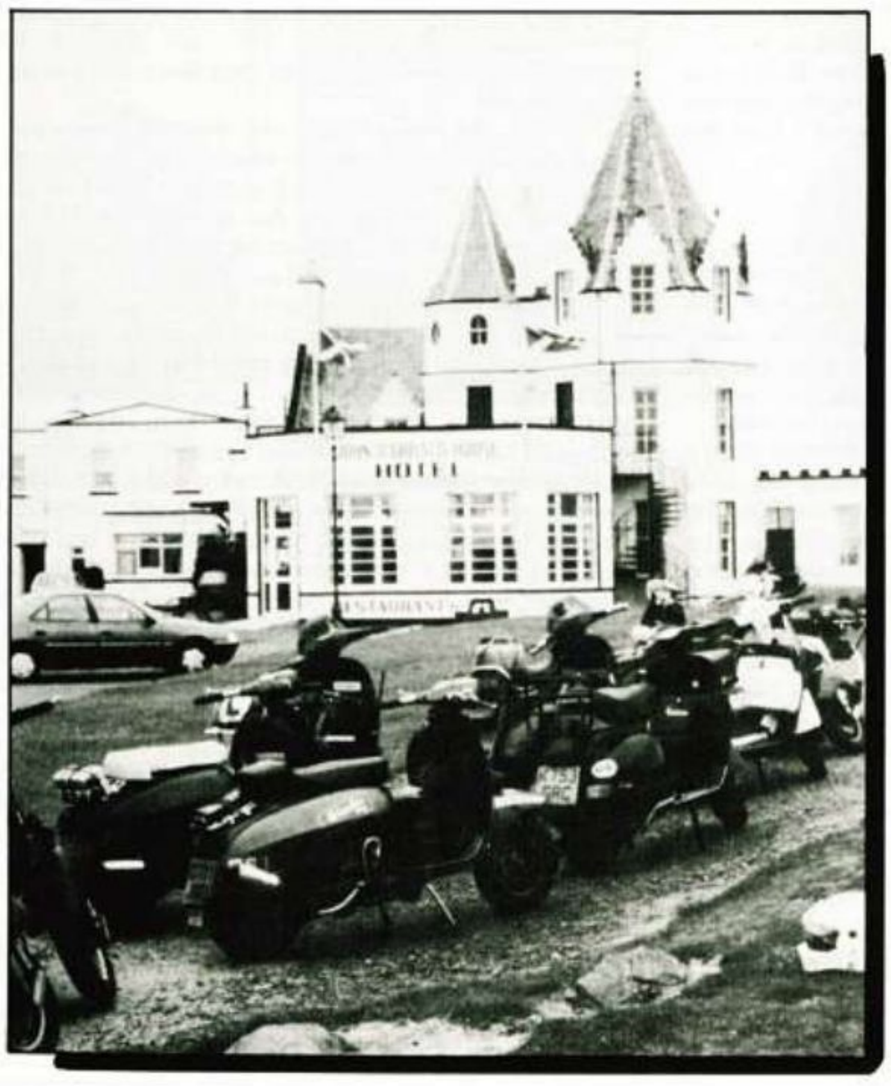
FRIDAY

The transit and trailer left early with 6 scooters on board, the others left soon after until there were only four of us left. Hugh had arranged for the RAC to take his scooter home and they gave him a hire car, which could just about carry Kenny and his Lambretta as well. That just left Ken and myself, who had decided to attend the Scottish Rally at Lossiemouth which was only 40 miles to the east.

All in all a very good five days, which more importantly raised alot of money for Childline. The final figure isn't known yet, but it should be in the region of £7,500. A special thank-you must go to the AA, especially Mick and Bob, and to Harry Ramsdens and last but not least to; *Shaun, Ken, John, Dave, Chas, Mitch, Kenny, Pete, Johnny, Dave G, Hugh, Jane, Joe, Glynn, Bill, Matty, Fletch, Caron, Tid, Nick, Chris, John E, Lee, Harry, Lisa, Jeff, Womble, Wayne, Simon 1, Simon 2, Steve and Jeff S.*

GT.

WHEEL APPEAL... **More than 50 members of the National Scooter Riders Association, whose HQ is at Mansfield, set off from Land's End on Monday to ride to John O'Groats, where they hope to arrive today to raise money for ChildLine Midlands. Our picture shows the Lord Mayor of Nottingham, Coun Vernon Gapper, who set the riders on their way from The Forest after a refreshment break in the city. He is being flagged away by Sara Main, the ChildLine Midlands fund-raising manager, watched by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs Lilian Gapper, and some of the riders.** *POSTPHOTO 946374/17*



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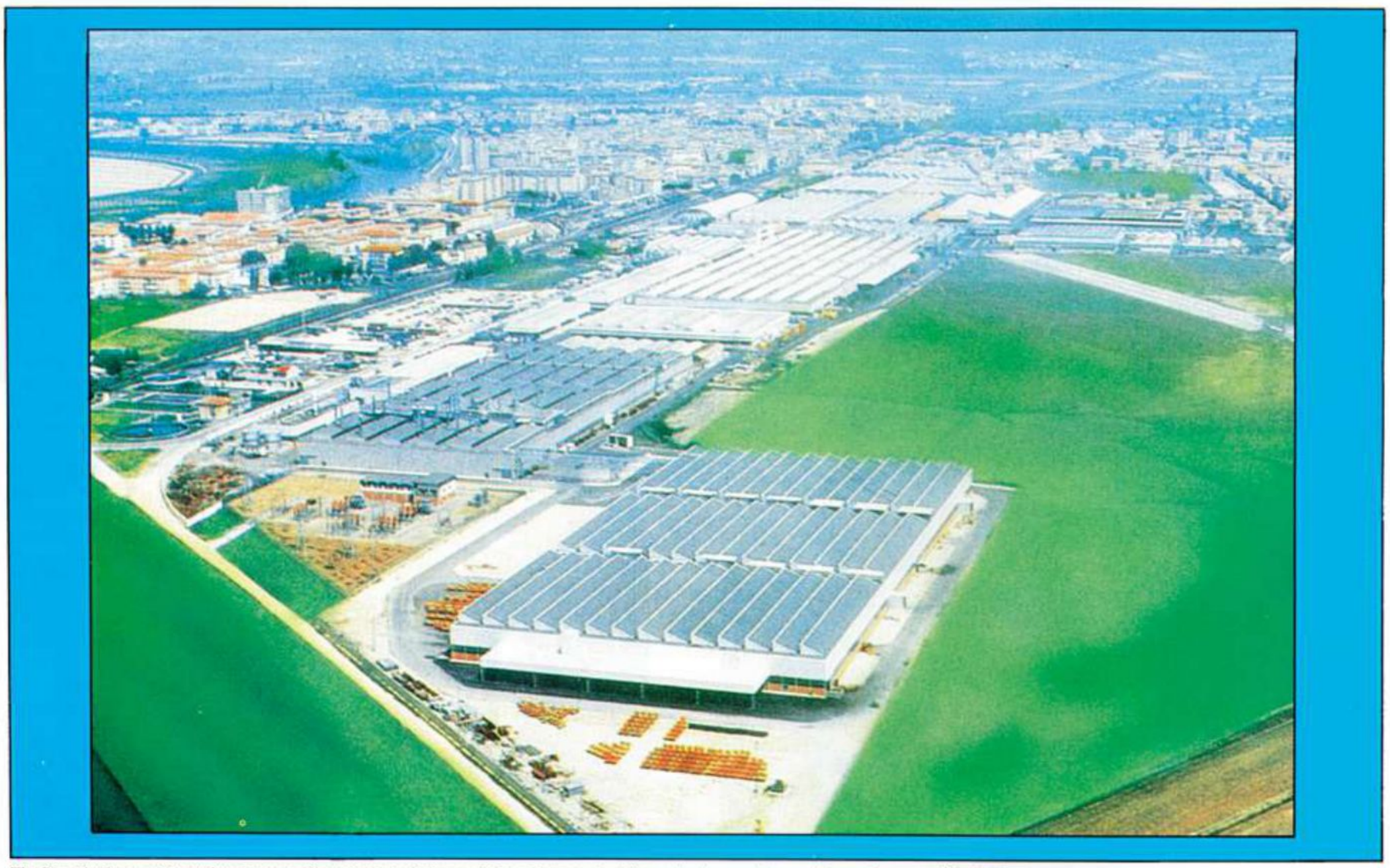

The Piaggio Factory Yesterday. I'm sure if you look carefully you'll be able to see atraffic accident somewhere on the roads around Pontedera

THE PIAGGIO FACTORY EXPERIENCE

A little like the Jimmy Hendrix Experience, but slightly less psychedelic.

Since the success of the Vespa, the Piaggio company has built itself up to the worlds third biggest manufacturer of two and three wheeled vehicles. The company has slightly changed names several times. Since a major shake-up in 1988 at Piaggio & C. S.p.A. the motorised products are now produced under the title of Piaggio Veicoli Europei and all the company's main offices moved from Genoa to the famous Vespa factory in Pontedera near Pisa. We were very lucky to be shown around the biggest scooter factory in the world on our recent trip to Italy, but even more so to see the normally very secretive design department and maybe even get a glimpse of the future.

THE HISTORY

The Piaggio company was founded in 1884 by Rinaldo Piaggio. The family had a long association with the sea, so it was only natural that Rinaldo's first step into industry came from converting his fathers small joinery into a fully steam powered sawmill to fit out naval vessels. Within five years the Sestri Potente plant had cornered the ship fitting market in their area, and became famous for their ability to customise fittings and furnishings to the customer's requirements. Diversification next came from a move into fitting out railway carriages. Their success in the field prompted them to begin building complete carriages from scratch, diversifying further into luxury cars, trams and truck bodies.

All this was interrupted by the outbreak of the First World War when the government conscripted the new Finale Ligure factory to produce arms and munitions for the army. The war work actually inspired Rinaldo to some new directions; power boats and aircraft when the company was given contacts to build and service armed forces planes and anti-submarine boats. After the war it was only a small step to change production in the first two factories to build complete aeroplanes whilst the coach building operations were transferred to a new factory in Pisa. In 1924 another small site was bought, previously a car making factory, in the town of Pontedera. This was quickly equipped to produce aircraft engines under licence.

Piaggio Built increasingly advanced planes throughout the twenties, thirties and into the second world war. Sadly Rinaldo Piaggio died in 1938 and would never see the product that would make his company famous throughout the world; the Vespa.

The Vespa was the brainchild of one of Rinaldo's two sons, Enrico, and one of the firm's foremost designers, Corradino D'Ascanio.

After Rinaldo Piaggio's death the company was shared between his two sons. Armando took over the first two factories while Enrico took management of Pisa and Pontedera. To be frank though, at the end of the war there was very little left for Enrico to manage, with the Allies having bombed Pontedera to the ground, and the Germans blowing up what little was left as they retreated. A new product was needed, one that wasn't banned under the terms of surrender, and preferably one that would qualify for the government grants being dished out willy nilly to anyone making basic transport. Piaggio's solution was the Vespa. At least it was the Vespa on the second attempt anyway. The first, a more Piatti-like creation called the Paperino (Donald Duck) was not well received and the idea went back to the drawing board.

At first the new 98cc Vespas were built using a Sachs-based motor but quickly D'Ascanio developed a motor completely their own and production began in earnest.

The Vespa was an undoubted success with 1,000,000 being produced in the first ten years. Some feat for a project that was intended to be temporary. 1996 is the 50th anniversary of the Vespa, and we have been told to expect something pretty special to commemorate the occasion. The legend lives on?

In 1965 Enrico Piaggio died. His chairmanship passed to Umberto Agnelli, his son in law, and member of the family who controlled Piaggio's 4-wheeled equivalent; Fiat. It seems clear that the Agnelli family (who still control both Fiat and Piaggio) had a fair bit of influence even before then. In 1956, when Piaggio debuted a new venture - the D'Ascanio designed Vespa 400 mini saloon car - which would have rivalled Fiat's new 600, somehow Enrico Piaggio was persuaded not to sell it in Italy and it was mainly produced and sold in only in France.

PIAGGIO TODAY

Currently Piaggio have diversified into many fields. Motorised two wheelers are produced under the names Piaggio, Vespa, Gilera and Puch. Bicycles from their FIV E. Bianchi division sell bikes under the names Bianchi, Legnano, Puch, Kalahari and Raleigh. One of their latest projects is the development of a new small commercial vanette (similar in concept to the Bedford Rascal for instance) together with Japanese motor giants Daihatsu. This new vehicle called the Porter sports a 1000cc Japanese designed engine and is sold in Europe as either Piaggio, Daihatsu or in the case of the six seater version for Italy as an Innocenti. Yes, the Fiat group bought the name Innocenti allowing the people carrier we were transported round the enormous factory in to have a Piaggio badge in one corner and an Innocenti one in the other. I can hear the screams of the Lambretta club now.

Piaggio vehicles are now made under licence or by subsidiaries in many countries including, Spain, India, China, Taiwan, Indonesia, Thailand, Iran (!), Pakistan, Tunisia, Egypt, Czechoslovakia, Equador, Venezuela and the Peoples Republic of the Congo. Investments and business interests

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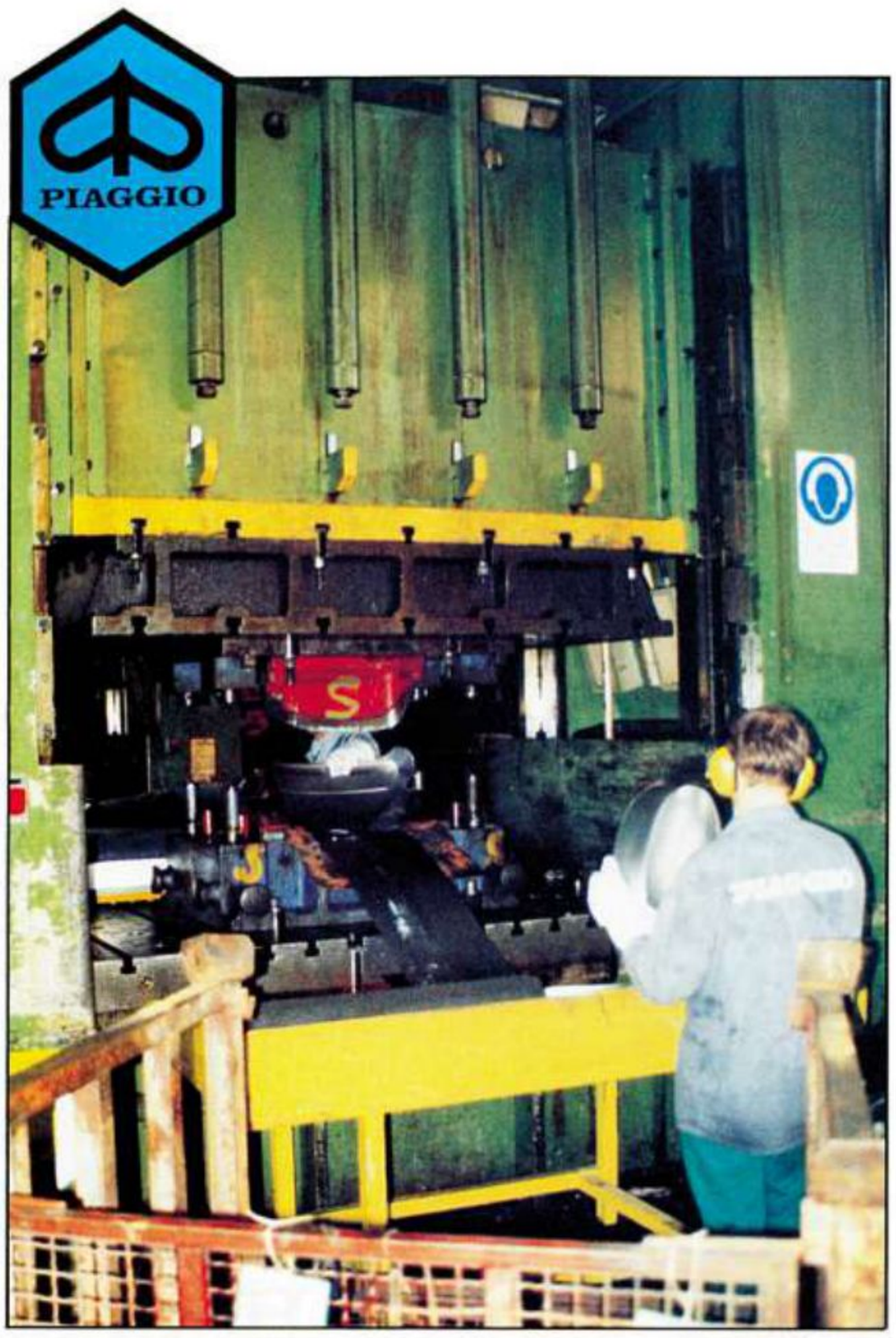
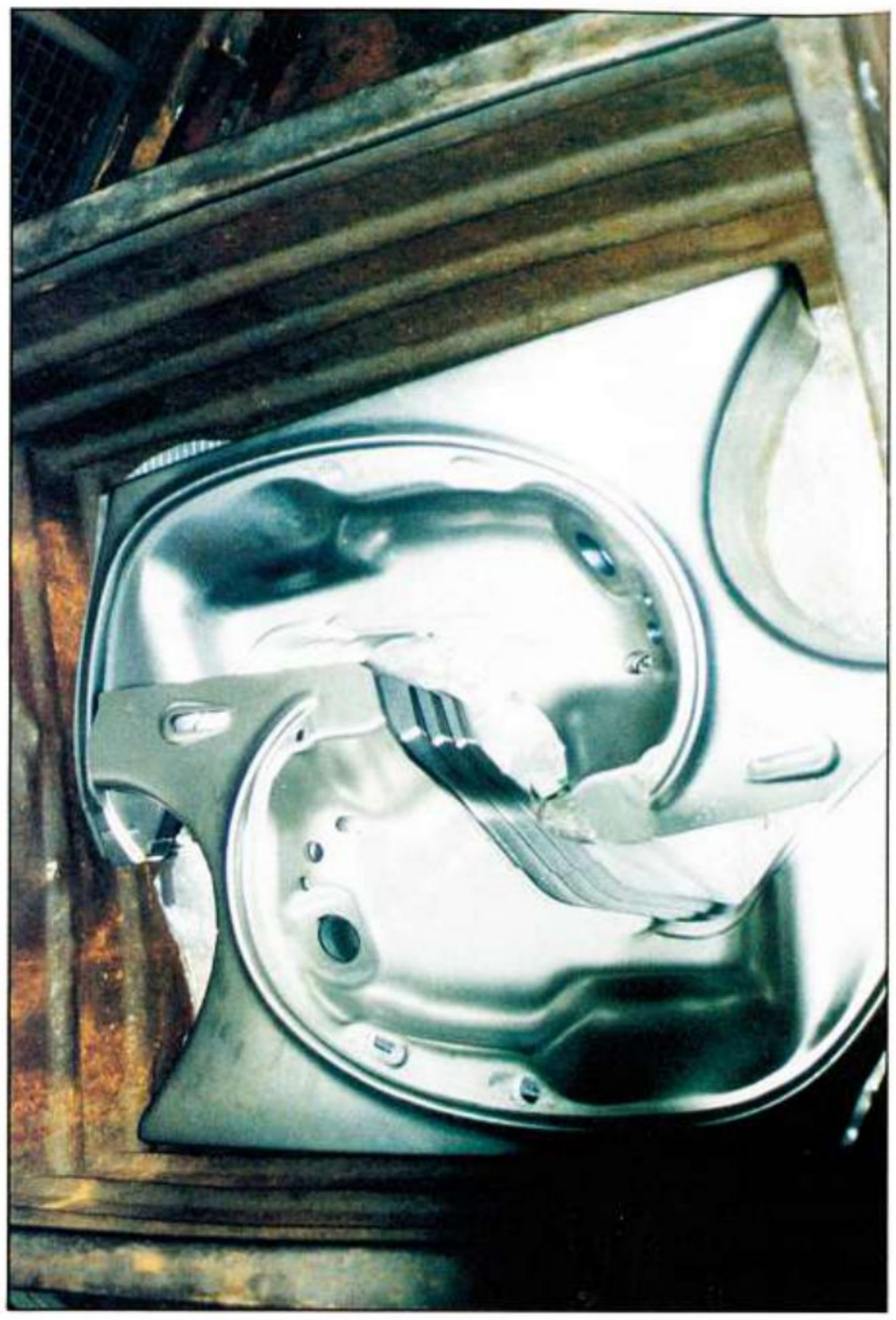


This is only the bottom half of one of the enormous presses used to make all the pressed steel components. Here it's bashing out P-range panels but formers for any part can be inserted into the press.



A crate load of Cosa frame halves waiting to be welded together.

stretch far beyond motor vehicles into plastics and other new technologies, but we won't concern ourselves with that. The hub of most European scooter production though is no doubt the enormous 600,000 s.q.m Pontedera site.

PONTEDERA - FACTORY CITY

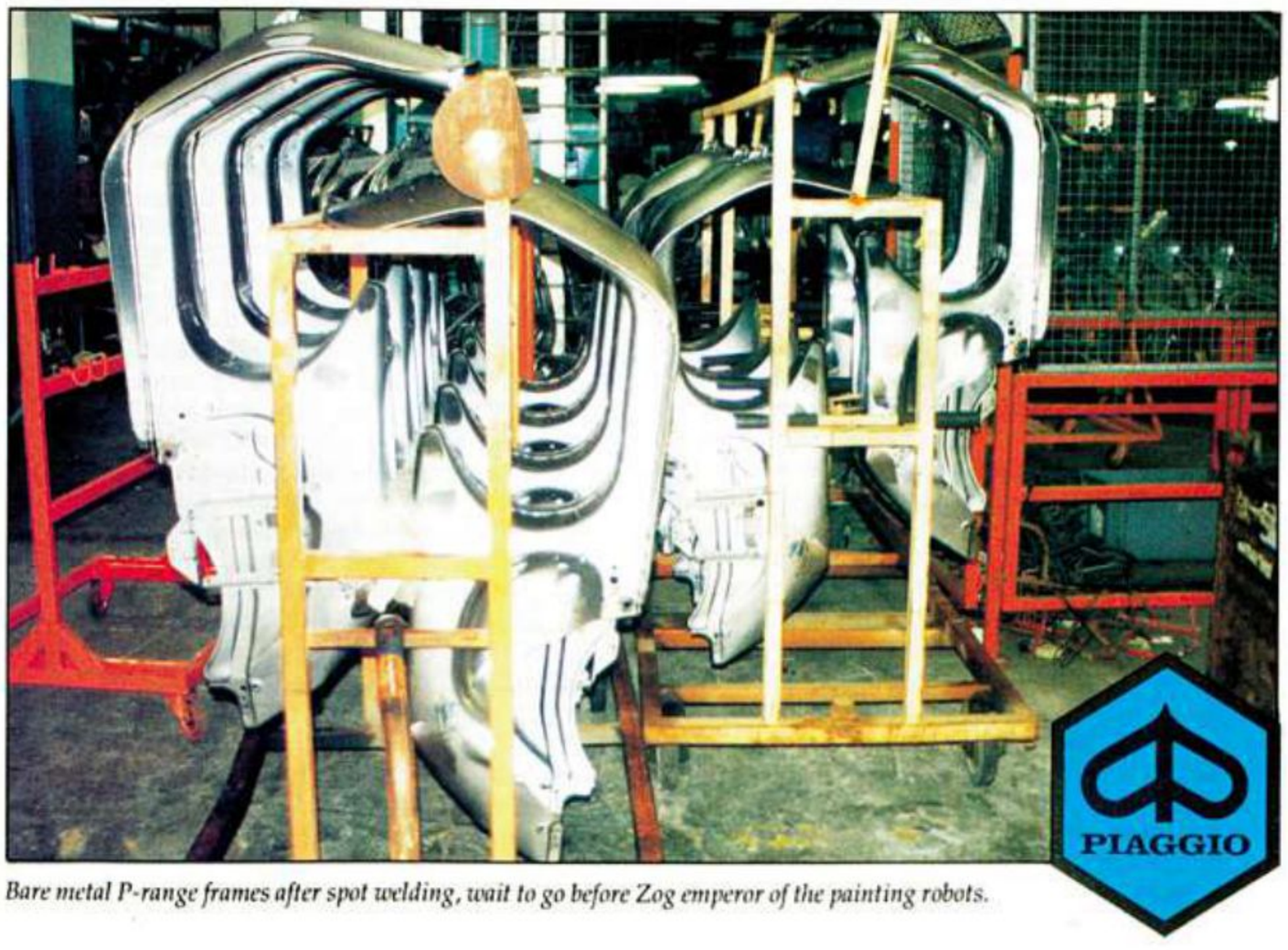
The small town of Pontedera is completely dominated by the Piaggio factory buildings which stretch down either side of Viale Rinaldo Piaggio. The workforce is equivalent to a seventh of the town's population. We drove up and down outside it's many entrances before we found the correct one for the External Relations department where our factory tour was due to start. First thing on the agenda was the engine production and assembly plant. It seems virtually nothing on the shop floor isn't controlled by a computer though humans are still needed for assembly of the machined components. Engine assembly takes place on a moving workbench where lines of employees each have a set job to do on each engine as it comes past their position.

This 'production line' method was pioneered by Henry Ford as the most efficient way to use personnel for speed and accuracy but there is no denying that it must be rather boring, endlessly repeating the same tasks.

According to our guide many of the engine components are no longer manufactured in Pontedera but left to independent or subsidiary suppliers who make all the hardened components such as shafts, bearings and gearboxes or specialist items such as pistons, brake shoes and alloy barrels. This seems to be a growing trend amongst bike manufacturers, and taken to extremes you get firms like Aprilia who make virtually nothing on their bikes and scooters themselves, just assemble them. Piaggio though still cast all their own engine casings, and they are all machined in computer controlled milling machines.

On display in the engine area were several cutaway motors including the latest Cosa 200 engine with it's alloy Gilardoni barrel, thin ring piston and beefed up four plate clutch. Apparently these new style clutches are also coming through now fitted as standard to the latest batches of P200 and T5 machines. They are completely interchangeable, light to use and eliminate all that nasty clutch snatch and wheelying you get on older large frame Vespas. That's good, one problem solved and it's taken less than fifty years to do it! The problem for all you people with tuned Vespas that would like to buy one of these complete clutches; they are only available as genuine spares at £150 for the complete set-up. As soon as one of the pattern parts manufacturers gets hold of them though, someone is going to make some good business.

Chassis manufacture starts in another huge building. Inside, the ceiling must be three or four storeys high but the huge hydraulic sheet metal presses aren't far short of the roof. Inside the doors are rolls and rolls of sheet steel varying in thickness from P-range toolbox right up to Vespa wheel rim. Each press can take any number of different formers, a pair of which press a specific item. For instance; when we were walking round, one of these 40 foot high machines was being used to press the in the rounded edges and indicator



Bare metal P-range frames after spot welding, wait to go before Zog emperor of the painting robots.

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holes on left hand side P-range panels. Somewhere in the massive stack of formers behind us were the presses for 90 SS frames, couldn't they just run a few frames off for us?

Many of the buildings are linked by covered bridges through which parts travel, hanging from moving rails, to the next step in the process. The next step in the case of the boxes of Cosa frame section was the welding shop.

Many of the newer models are held together in jigs to be welded by robots, but the older PK range frames are unfortunately constructed in such a way as to make this impossible. As the pressings come together into complete frames they are hung on tracks which move them along to the painting booths. Here they are mixed with frames of other models and sent through in batches of one colour at a time to keep colour changing to a minimum. We watched a batch of blue frames go through; some automatics and some pressed Vespa chassis'.

Some painting is still done by employees in rooms with massive extractors constantly filtering the air of loose paint particles, but for me one of the most interesting parts of the visit was watching the 'humanoid' painting robots. These mechanical arms, each about seven feet tall seem to have about the same number of joints as a human arm. Each 'hand' is a paint-gun, and if you can imagine what a robotic disco dancer would look like if he was pretending to spray a scooter frame, that's exactly what they do look like. Most amusing. The robots are programmed to have a slightly different spraying routine for each model's bodywork, and after each paint cycle they seem to retrace their movements inspecting what they have done. I don't know whether they are or not but it looks really peculiar. After painting, the frames rumble on along a moving platform and the robots hang their hands low as if sleeping until the next frame stops in front of them or the colour needs changing. The 'humanoids' were really magic to watch and I could have happily sat staring at them for hours, but there was still plenty left to see.

One aspect that Piaggio are particularly proud of is quality control. Parts quality is closely monitored throughout the production process and the best particular scooter from a production run is displayed as a goal to strive for with every machine made.

Assembly again is run on a production line basis with nearly complete scooters hanging from moving tracks before finishing, testing and being put into storage on racks five scooters high and tens of scooters deep. The storage unit looks like a giant toy shop.

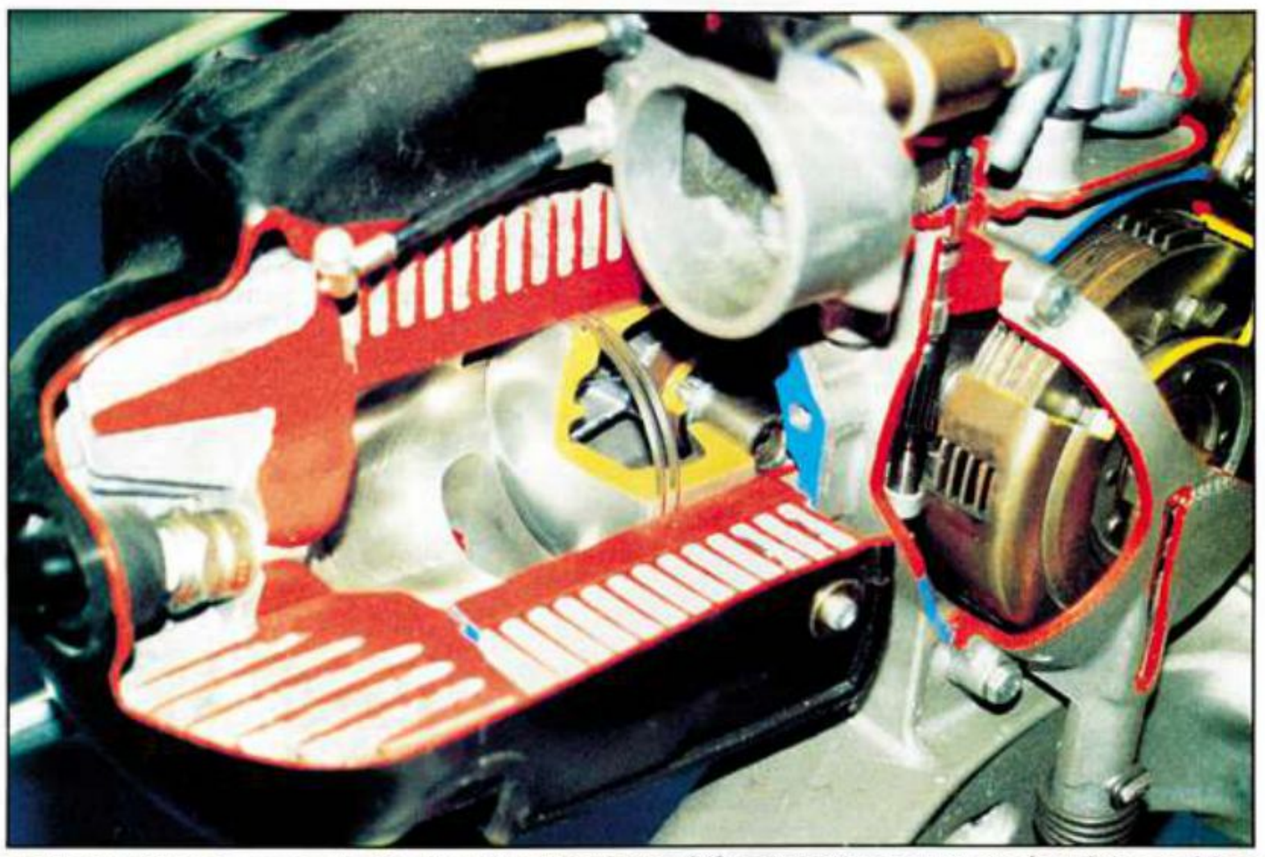
In the same department was a display of all the scooter models currently in production and a list of the '93 production figures. Of the proper scooters, the PK had the highest figures of nearly 26,000, all the P-range scooters followed at 12,700 in total, beating the unpopular Cosa (7,350) into last place apart from the Bravo moped on 3,500. Both the Quartz and the hideous Free were made in bigger quantities than the PX range but all these figures are dwarfed by the popular Sfera on 51,400 units, and last year's newcomer, Typhoon of which 46,800 were made.

One thing that did come as a surprise was that they are still making old style smallframe Vespas, but only for the nostalgic Japanese market. The Vespa 50 Special on display had the bodywork, headset and wheels of a Vespa 90, a legshield spare wheel carrier and the only concession to modernity, some handlebar-end indicators. What this shows is that while the factory and Piaggio operations are enormous, the firm can still be diverted to make small batches of machines for specialist markets. That is why we can still have the T5 motor in the Classic 125 which was uniquely popular in the UK while pretty much all the rest of the world has to suffer with the PX125 engine.

After our tour of the production areas we were very privileged to take in one of the areas not on the normal factory visit - the design department - and to speak to the Executive in charge of technical innovation, Marco Nuti.

As with the rest of the plant, the design rooms too are very high tech. Technical drawing boards were most noticeable by their scarcity, virtually everything now being done on the 50 plus powerful computer work stations. These systems

Fully assembled PX125 engines by the truckload, actually very little is transported round the factory by truck, most moving between buildings on overhead tracks.



One of the few things we were actually allowed to take photos of (for some reason my camera kept firing on it's own throughout the tour, can't trust the Japanese rubbish can you). This is the latest style of Cosa engine featuring a Nicasil lined alloy barrel and the new 4-plate clutch set up that promises to eliminate the snatchy action we all know and loathe. These clutches are also fitted to the very latest P200s

One of Piaggio's 35 engine testing rigs last Wednesday

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run what is known as CAD/CAM programs, acronyms for Computer Aided Design and Computer Aided Manufacture. Any part of a new model can be designed from scratch on screen, visualised in 3-D, and even manufactured to scale as a prototype in a suitable material by milling machines connected directly to the computers. In all over 450 people work for the design department. When we were shown round, one of the operators was working on a crankshaft for a forthcoming 50cc four stroke engine. Not only could the crank be shown in detail on the screen but even tested for possible stress points by getting the computer to simulate huge twisting forces being applied to it. Eliminating design weakness' before even the prototype stage must save a lot of time and money in development costs.

Piaggio's own literature is a source of some very interesting information about the design department and the aims of the company. Their current strategy is to concentrate funds and resources into sectors where it seeks or has market dominance, and to increase funds in research on form, function and safety.

Reading between the lines this explains why motorcycle manufacture by Gilera was halted but the stream of new Automatic scooters being produced continues unabated. In terms of function Piaggio's scooter engines are currently among the worlds best for economy, performance and low exhaust emissions. Green issues are constantly being addressed by continued improvement in thermodynamic efficiency of their two stroke engines but also with experimenting with 4-stoke engines, electric engines, fuel injection, exhaust catalysts and even gas afterburners to reduce harmful emissions. Clearly Piaggio don't wish to be legislated off the road in the future.

Perhaps most surprising is their safety research which has already resulted in the worlds first ABS scooter. Other things being investigated include - and I know this is going to upset a few of the scooter scene's MAG members - leg protectors, airbags and energy absorbing structures. It isn't really possible to comment on their leg-protector designs because we have no information on them. I can see no reason to object to leg protectors if they work and are fitted unobtrusively into the styling of a scooter, after all it's up to the customer to chose whether that is a feature they want or not. The problem is that this research encourages civil servants and politicians to press for protector compulsion on vehicles that weren't designed to have leg protectors. Sadly that isn't likely to be of concern to a company that just wants to sell lots of scooters. If they think there is a market for a safety scooter promoted Volvo-style, then they are going to make it.

Beyond what we found out from the literature supplied by Piaggio, the best way to find out what was happening was to talk to Mr Nuti. He was very helpful and forthright in answering most of our questions.

As far as collaboration with other companies and bodies goes, Piaggio are working with a remarkable amount other people. At present they are, or have been working on two stroke technology with Orbital Engine Co. (Fuel injection systems) and are part of a coalition of manufacturers including several of the outboard motor makers funding research with the Queens University Belfast into completely mapping the properties of two stroke engines.

This sort of research has just resulted in a prototype fuel injected scooter engine co-developed with the Institute Francais du Petrole going on display in Berlin at the Exhibition for Promotion of European Energy Technology. The new IAPAC engine (designed to fit a Cosa by the look of it) uses approximately 30 - 35% less fuel than a carburated engine and reduces hydrocarbon emissions by 80%.

As some of you will remember Piaggio previewed a fuel injected P200 motor at the Milan show several years ago. This prototype was still on display in the engineering department. According to Mr Nuti it was too expensive to make and not efficient enough to make it worth bothering with. He sees the Orbital and even the new IAPAC engines as still too complicated, but Piaggio are continuing to strive to simplify a system of two-stoke fuel injection for real life application in 3-4 years. It seems the future for the two-stroke is fairly bright as long as it remains more simple and cheaper to build than the four stroke.

We asked if (as rumoured) a 200cc version of the T5 was on it's way and could possibly be the basis for the 1996 50th anniversary Vespa. Mr Nuti said powerful Vespa engines have been produced by the design department in the past but as far as he new there were no plans to put any of them into production. It seems the company is more interested in meeting emissions regulations for the future than producing gas guzzling monster scooters, but with catalytic versions of the current models not proving very popular it would be nice to see them produce one more sporting Vespa. Having said that from what we have seen and been told, it seems the Vespa scooter still has a good future and the design department continue to work on pressed steel framed scooters. Thanks to all the people in the external relations department and Mr Nuti we learned a good deal about the company and it's aims for the future. The company is not infallible as the disappointing sales of some of their vehicles goes to show. Maybe styling (which they collaborate on with outside consultants) is their current Achilles heel, certainly when they get it right, as they have with the Typhoon, sales can be tremendous. Either way they are still a very powerful company and Piaggio Veicoli Europei will certainly be around well into the next century. ***Sticky***

Scoots-R-Us, the famous Italian scooter superstore.

Early fuel injected version of the P200 engine on display in the design department. It wasn't designed to make any more power, only to be more economical. It was too complex and expensive to put into production.

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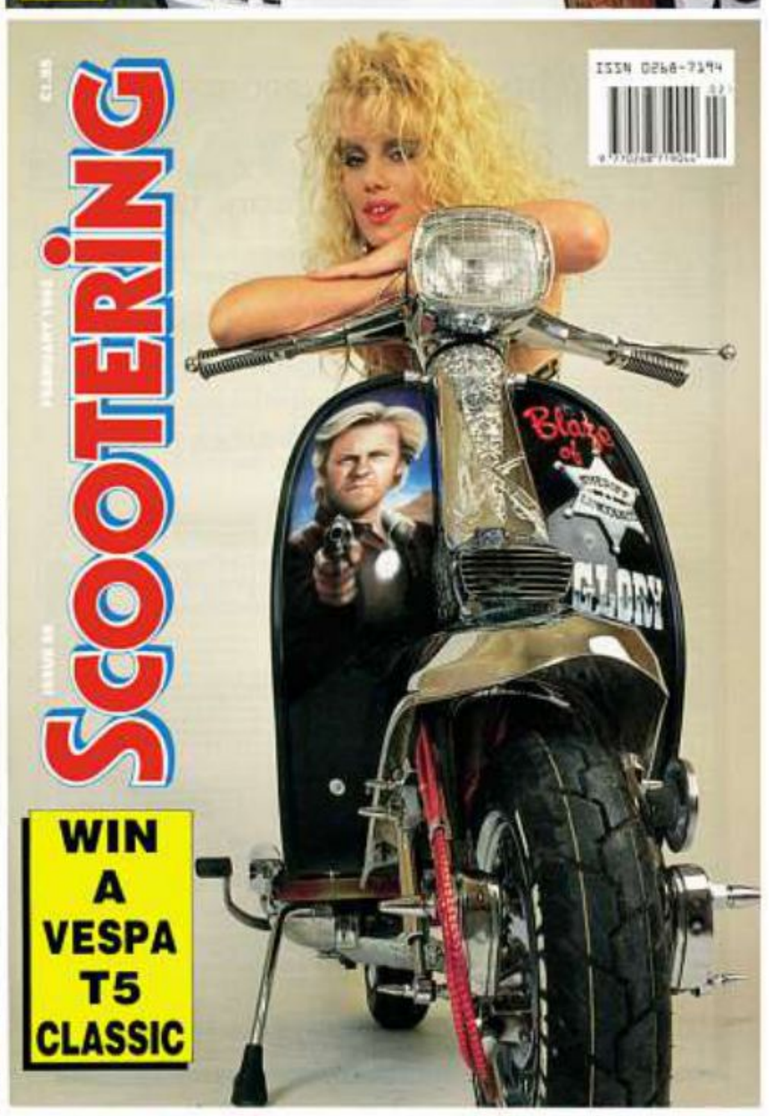
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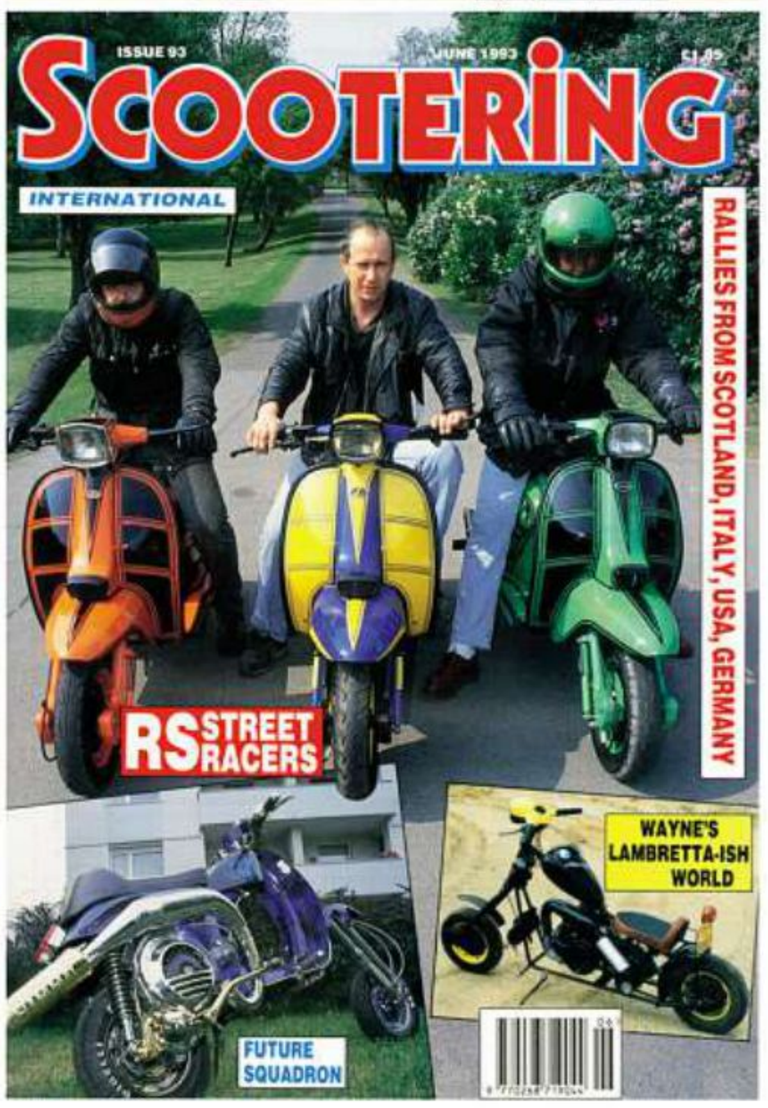
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